

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XII.]

NOVEMBER, 1877.

[No. 5.]

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

I.

IT is stated that Bishop Butler on one occasion, after having remained for a long time buried in deep thought, suddenly turned to his chaplain and exclaimed: 'Do nations ever go mad?' We have been left in ignorance of what reply was made by the chaplain, or what conclusion was reached by the author of 'The Analogy.' For my own part, however, I do not hesitate to say that, on this continent at all events, nations do occasionally make an approach at least to the loss of sanity, and that at the time when they have most need of it—in the midst of a general election.

The scene then displayed is not calculated to exalt representative institutions in the eyes of either friends or foes, or to encourage hopes of their future success. It is the occasion on which they are seen in their darkest hue; and yet, if all that is said by vehement admirers of popular government be true, it is precisely the period at which they should shine forth in their brightest colours. If misgovernment be due entirely to the selfishness of kings, aristocracies, or ministers, and purity and patriotism can be found only in the people—as the language of vehement democrats generally seems to imply—surely the favourable contrast ought to be most evident at the time when the people stand forth in their uncontrolled might to decide who

shall bear sway over them. Yet, is it so? For an answer, I appeal to the fact that across the line the scene has degenerated to such a degree as to hinder the more respectable portion of the community from taking any share in it. Amongst ourselves, it is gratifying to know that this depth of degradation has not yet been reached; but, with shame and sorrow, it must be admitted that Canada seems to be progressing towards it. The writs are issued. Candidates must be selected. As no numerous body is capable of acting in an executive capacity, this duty is one which must be discharged by a few. Nominating conventions have not yet been brought to the same pitch of mischievousness with us as they have in the States; but the leading question with the nominators is the same in both countries. The search is not for the man best fitted to discharge the duties of a legislator, but for the candidate most likely to attract votes. Here is an ex-member: it may be one who has been a minister; who unites talent and experience, and is, unquestionably, fitted to adorn the Legislature and to serve Canada; but, perhaps, he may have spoken freely, and not in accordance with the party traditions on some matter, and, besides, 'a local man' will run much better: so he is set aside. Here is a good local man, but he is involved in a local quarrel which will

turn the votes of some village or township against him, so he may share the fate of his predecessor. Here is another, but this religious sect, or that semi-religious association, can be conciliated only by naming one of its members, and, as it holds the balance of power, he is out of the question. And so on, until, at last, as in the United States' Presidential elections, it frequently happens that a candidate is selected chiefly because, being a Nobody, no sins of commission can be brought forward against him. At last, however, a candidate is chosen, and now comes the tug of war. Two candidates are opposed to one another, and they and their supporters struggle, not as fellow-countrymen equally interested in promoting the good of the commonwealth, but as ancient foes, whose only object is to crush their opponents at any cost. Nothing is sacred to the ruthless hand of party spite. The sanctity of the domestic hearth is often violated. Old transactions, which have lain buried for years, are dragged to light, again to sink back into obscurity the day after the close of the polls. If a candidate has been previously in the Legislature, his words and votes are misrepresented in a manner calculated to make the unfortunate man howl with rage, even if to this misrepresentation there were not added the further sting arising from the fact that his foes strive to penetrate into secrets known only to the man and his Maker, by pretending to explain the *motives* by which his conduct was influenced—which motives, we may feel pretty sure, are not admitted to have been unselfish. And now, at last, polling-day has arrived! Votes *must* be won; and men work to win them by ways and means which, if proposed to them in their calm moments, would elicit the indignant reply: 'Is thy servant *a dog* that he should do this thing?' Patronage, money, liquor, and intimidation are called into play as influences, while the three former seem, in very many cases, to be eagerly welcomed, if not demanded, by electors. And now comes the climax. At the declaration of the poll, the majority in each constituency has all the representation; the minority has none, even though the difference between them should be only a single vote. Hence, it often happens that elections are virtually decided by the votes of a dozen rowdies purchased at two dollars each.

Such a system of election cannot fail to demoralize the electors and to deform the House. The scene which I have described cannot fail to be most mischievous to the electorate, for a near acquaintance with vice always tends to render the mere spectator increasingly charitable to it, which is the first step towards its adoption. In this instance, all are spectators, and, where the franchise is so widely extended as it is in Canada, nearly all men are participants. Few, then, can escape infection of the disease. Besides which, the actualities of an election tend to blind men to its true ideal. In any event, it is a most serious exercise of power, which cannot fail to influence the welfare of the existing generation, and the effects of which may be felt by unborn millions. To render its influence beneficial, the action of the electors must be kept subordinate to the dictates of patriotism, intellect, knowledge, and uprightness; but it must, I fear, be admitted that the man who takes his stand on the possession and exercise of these qualifications is not one most likely to come to the front of his fellow-electors in a contest; that what is wanted is rather one who is ready to go anywhere and do anything for the party. Passionate and unreasoning ardour prevails everywhere. The consequence is that the electors are led to regard the whole scene as a mere struggle for power, in which victory belongs of right to the strongest, and to look upon their votes, not as trusts to be used for the promotion of the good of the commonwealth, but as private properties of which they are entitled to dispose according to their own sovereign will and pleasure—forgetting that their action will affect, not themselves alone, but will be powerful for good or evil on their fellow-countrymen in the present day, and on their children in future times; and that, for acting aright towards these they are responsible to their God! As like produces like, it follows that these influences on the electorate react on the Legislature. The first requisite of any candidate is, that he shall be a popular man. To be this, he must be prepared to swallow all the popular shibboleths of the day; and a disposition to do so is usually developed in an inverse ratio to the power of independent thought. A man who 'has a mind of his own, and is not afraid to speak it,' is always least in favour. Then,

besides being prepared to swim with the tide, it is essential that he should be willing to give and take almost any amount of abuse in reference to both public and private matters; and that he should not be very chary in promising support to local jobs, or in spending money to procure the support of such 'free and enlightened electors' as value their votes just in proportion to the dollars which they will command. Across the line, the influence of these causes has ended in leading respectable men to abandon politics, and in making the name 'politician' almost a term of reproach. Like causes will produce like effects in Canada, if they should be allowed free play. If patriotism, wisdom, and uprightness are at a discount at the polls, so will they be in the House. Can anybody in his senses suppose that a process of election such as that already described, carried on by an electorate almost co-extensive with manhood suffrage, in which men of ignorance and intelligence, of industry and of idleness, of vice and of virtue, all stand on a footing of absolute equality, will give us a Legislature in which the action of members is likely, in face of increasing temptations, to be swayed by motives of patriotism, intelligence, wisdom, and uprightness? It may do so when a clean thing can proceed out of an unclean, but not before.

The chief cause of the prevalence of these evils is to be found in the system of the election of representatives by local majorities. It is, indeed, true that when constituencies vary in size and character; when the franchise is confined to the more intelligent classes of the community, and when the great majority of the representatives consist of men of wealth who have sought election chiefly for the honour which it brings, the system may result in the formation of a very good legislature, as has been the case in England, though even there its evils are being rapidly developed, in proportion as numbers are being taken for the basis of representation. The system, however, must always be pernicious; and without safeguards similar to those formerly existing in England, can scarcely fail ultimately to induce political demoralization. The reason is that it forces both electors and representatives to act under conditions most unfavourable to the dis-

play of whatever amount of political virtue they may possess. It limits the electors' field of choice to two candidates, and thus forces non-partisan electors to accept one of two men both of whom they may dislike; while it compels partisans to vote for one who may stand much lower in their estimation than many of the candidates in neighbouring constituencies, and thus deteriorates the character of the House, and keeps highly popular men out of it. If anybody should doubt the correctness of these views, I would invite him to consider the cases of East Toronto in 1874, where Conservatives were not much enamoured of Mr. Coatsworth or Grits of Mr. O'Donohoe; of Messrs. Brown, Dorion, Drummond, Thibaudeau, and Laberge defeated in 1861; of Mr. Brown again defeated in 1866; of Sir George Cartier and Sir Francis Hincks defeated in 1872; of the general defeat of Conservative leaders, and of Sir John A. Macdonald's narrow escape from a like fate in 1874; *although in all these latter cases there can be no doubt that from one-tenth to one-half of the electors desired to have these leading men in the House and would have voted for them had they been at liberty to make a choice from the whole list of candidates.* Then, when the elector has decided for which of the two candidates he shall vote, the system renders it impossible for him to return the man of his choice otherwise than by defeating one whom his neighbours prefer to him. It thus induces the subordination of merit to popularity in the election of candidates, and the electioneering strife, with all its attendant evils, which revelations before our courts of law are proving to be by no means small; and it augments partyism both in the electorate and in the House. And finally, when the return has been made, it stultifies the votes of almost one-half of the constituency, and thus fails to secure a fair representation even of political parties—much less of national classes, interests, intelligence, or morals—in the House. Experience, on both sides of the line, proves its defectiveness in this particular most conclusively. In the States we find 92,798 electors of Maryland in 1868 polling 62,356 votes for Democratic, and 30,442 for Republican candidates. The total number of members to be elected was 111. Consequently a representation of each party

according to its numbers would have resulted in the return of seventy-five Democrats and thirty-six Republicans. But the actual result was that not a single Republican was elected, and nearly one-third of the electorate was left utterly unrepresented. Then in Maine, in 1869, the Democrats polled 38,502 votes against 55,680 polled by Republicans. The Democrats, however, elected thirty-seven members and the Republicans two hundred and forty-three, whilst a return proportionate to their numbers in the electorate would have given the Democrats one hundred and fourteen and the Republicans only one hundred and sixty-six representatives.* Then in the States' elections in 1866 the Republicans polled 2,260,882 votes, and Democrats 1,888,398. According to these figures the former were entitled to have one hundred and seven, and the latter seventy-seven representatives in Congress. But the actual Congress consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight Republicans, and forty-six Democrats, giving the former party thirty-one more than they were entitled to claim. And in the State Legislatures, on the same vote, Republicans were entitled to 2,072 members, and the Democrats to 1,460. But the actual result was the return of 2,582 Republicans, and nine hundred and fifty Democrats.† As to Canadian experience, let Mr. Blake speak. In his speech at Aurora, that gentleman expressed himself on the subject as follows:—

'In Nova Scotia in 1877 there was a bitterly fought contest on the question of union or anti-union. The result was that only Mr. Tupper was returned from the whole province, and that by a very narrow majority, as a representative of the union sentiment. I have analyzed the statistics of that election, and I find that the real strength exhibited at the polls would have given as nearly as I can estimate, seven to the union side instead of one, and only twelve to the Anti-Unionists instead of eighteen. Take Nova Scotia again in 1874. The returns gave nineteen to the Govern-

ment, one Independent, and one Opposition, Mr. Tupper again. I will give him the Independent man again, because I think he belongs to that quarter. The popular vote on that occasion would, as nearly as I can judge, have given eight out of the twenty-one to that side instead of two, and but thirteen to the Government instead of nineteen. Our principle of government is that the majority must decide. Upon what is it founded? Well, you cannot give a reason except this, that it is necessary. It is the only way in which government can be carried on at all. But if the minority must on this ground of necessity bow to the voice of the majority, the majority is all the more bound to see that the minority has its fair share of representation, its fair weight in the councils of the country. The majority must recollect that it may become the minority one day, and that then it would like to have its fair share in those councils, and such disparities as these are not likely to reduce a feeling of cheerful submission on the part of the minority. In Ontario, in the election of 1867—I cannot, of course, be precisely accurate in these matters because there were some acclamation returns, and there are other difficulties in making an exact calculation—but there were eighty-two members to be returned. The whole popular vote would have resulted in a slight majority for the Liberal party over the Government, but discarding fractions, the result would give forty-one members to each. The Government, however, carried forty-nine seats to thirty-three, and so the Liberal party did not obtain its fair share in the government of the country. A turn of four hundred and eight votes would have taken seventeen seats from the Government and given them to the Liberal party. We say we have representation by population, but we have not representation by population unless the population has a representation in the Legislature equivalent to its strength at the polls. In the late election of 1874, the popular vote, although very strongly in favour of the Government, was by no means so decided as the returns showed. And besides this, one hundred and seventy eight votes turned the other way would have changed sixteen seats, or thirty-two on a division, and this in a province where over 200,000 votes would, if

* See Sterne's 'Republican Government and Personal Representation,' pp. 71-2.

† See Report of the Constitutional Convention of New York on Personal Representation, p. 13-14. By Simon Sterne. Published by A. Simpson & Co., 1867. Later elections would certainly show similar incongruities, but I have not got the returns.

all the elections were contested, have been polled.'

These facts are decisive. They prove beyond the possibility of dispute that the present system of election by local majorities fails to secure even to political parties a representation in the Legislature proportionate to their numbers in the electorate; that it leaves non-partisans utterly unrepresented; that it induces the electioneering strife with all its attendant evils; that it subordinates merit to popularity in the selection of candidates; and that it excludes many able men from the House whom electors of all shades of thought would wish to see there. Nor are these all its evils. Mr. Blake has done well to draw attention to the fact, that the change of a few score of votes may alter the fate of very many seats. But he has omitted to remark that under our system of responsible government, the fate of parties and policies for many years depends almost entirely upon that of these few seats, as it is a few members who will hold the balance of power, and form the ministerial majority; that the uncertainty tends to make the struggle of parties degenerate into a mere game of chance, and that the players in such a game can scarcely fail to become, in some measure, demoralised by it. These are all serious evils and are likely to lead to others of still greater magnitude. To escape them we require a system of election which would insure the representation of all classes and parties, at least in proportion to their numbers; which would lessen party strife, by enabling people who can only 'agree to differ,' to return representatives after their own hearts without interfering with each others' choice; which would keep up the statesmanlike talent of the House by investing each party with power to secure the return of its best man, and which would bring to light at least something more than the mere partisan aspect of the case, by endowing independent men with power to make their voices heard. The representation of minorities, more particularly in the form of personal representation, would do much towards the attainment of all these objects. Before attempting to prove that it would produce this effect, it may be well to examine the nature of the various systems of election whereby

the representation of minorities may be secured.

Of these systems the first is that usually designated the Restricted Vote. It has been applied to all cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom returning not less than three members. Its distinctive principle is the provision that in constituencies returning three members, each elector shall be allowed to vote for only two candidates, or in those returning four, for three; while the three or four at the head of the poll shall be declared elected. The effect of this limitation is that the party of the minority can, if not less than one-third of the electorate, place its own candidate at least third on the poll, and thus secure his return. The system is generally admitted to be the least efficient of any of the schemes proposed, as it is almost incapable of extension beyond three-cornered or four-cornered constituencies, but the result of its adoption in England is now admitted by all, save a few incorrigibly conservative Radicals, to have been highly beneficial. Thus that ablest of Liberal sheets, the *London Economist*, in its issue of February 14, 1874, in commenting on its effects in the preceding election, points out that 'it really affords a kind of safety-valve for representative government;' that without it London, Manchester, and Liverpool, would have been represented exclusively by Conservatives, while Liberals form at least one-third of each constituency; that it has enabled these minorities to retain a share of representation in every case and thereby lessened the irritation which a defeated party always feels at its total effacement, and which tempts it to acts of rashness; that it has preserved to the Legislature at least one man of mark in Mr. Goschen, who but for it would have been defeated; and that the tendency of the system is to diminish the violence of reactionary movements from one party to another. These are no insignificant benefits, and it is certain that an increase of them can be secured by an extension of the principle.

The next system for providing for the representation of minorities is that of the Cumulative Vote. It consists in giving each elector as many votes as there are members to be elected; allowing him to distribute them amongst the candidates, giving all to one or parts to several, as he

may desire, and returning those at the head of the poll. The effect of this provision is that in a constituency returning three members, one-third of the electorate *plus* one, can, by concentrating their votes on one man, place him amongst the three highest on the poll. Thus, in a constituency with an electorate of 1,000 and returning three members, the cumulative votes of 334 electors would amount to 1,002, while it would be impossible for the remaining 666 electors, by any distribution whatever of their 1,998 votes to poll a larger number of votes on behalf of three other candidates. The system is certainly much superior to that of the 'restricted vote,' as it is capable of much wider extension. Under it each constituency is divisible into as many equal parts as there are members to be elected, and each part is capable of electing one of them, as may be seen by applying the above rule to constituencies returning any given number of representatives with each elector possessing as many votes as there are members to be elected.

The cumulative vote has been adopted in the election of school-boards in England, and of the House of Representatives in the State of Illinois. In the latter instance it was tried for the first time in 1872, and the result seems to have afforded almost universal satisfaction to all parties. There were fifty-one districts, each returning three members to the House and one to the Senate. In the election of the former the cumulative vote was used; in that of the latter of course not, so that the two systems were tested simultaneously. The Republicans carried thirty-three districts, and the Democrats eighteen; under the old system the former would have elected ninety-nine members, and the latter fifty-four. The total Republican vote was 240,837, and the total Democrat vote 187,250. According to their proportionate numbers the former were entitled to eighty-five members, and the latter to sixty-eight. The actual result was the return of eighty-six Republicans and sixty-seven Democrats. But in the Senate, elected by majorities, the Republicans carried thirty-three seats and the Democrats only eighteen, though according to their proportionate numbers the former should have had twenty-nine and the latter twenty-two. In the House the share of representation possessed by each party was

almost exactly identical with the proportion of the electorate supporting it; as is proved by the fact that we have there 2,800 Republican votes to each Republican member, and 2,790 Democratic votes to each Democratic member. But in the Senate the fact was directly the reverse. There a division of the total Republican vote by the number of Republican Senators elected gives about 7,500 votes to each; while a division of the Democratic vote by the number of Democratic Senators elected gives 10,400 votes to each. In other words: under the cumulative system a vote proved almost exactly as powerful in obtaining representation on one side as on the other; but under that of election by majorities, two Republican were almost as powerful as three Democratic votes.* These results seem almost decisively to demonstrate that large advantages may be expected to flow from the substitution of the cumulative vote, even on the smallest scale possible, for our present system of election.

In the election of the English school-boards the result has been more mixed than in Illinois. In Birmingham, for instance, where there were fifteen members to be returned, the Liberal party started a ticket of fifteen candidates; and although they polled for it 220,638 votes against 214,445 polled for other candidates, they succeeded in electing only six of the fifteen members, and 124,211 Liberal votes were useless and ineffectual, having no operation whatever owing to their having been distributed amongst nine candidates none of whom had sufficient votes to be returned. And in other constituencies somewhat similar results ensued. But the cause of these results is perfectly clear, and is to be found in the fact that the majority refused to recognise the change which the cumulative vote had produced. They sought, as in old times, to elect *all* the members; and *by so doing* failed to elect as many as they might have done had they accepted the situation and concentrated their majority of votes on a majority of candidates instead of distributing them among all returnable. They had failed fully to realise the fact that with fifteen members to be elected, and each elector

* See 'The Election of Representatives,' By Thomas Hare. Appendix O.

possessing fifteen votes, any body of electors not less than one-fifteenth part of the electorate could, by concentrating its votes on one candidate, place him somewhere amongst the fifteen candidates standing highest on the poll. Thus, supposing the electors to number 1,500, the suffrages of 100 of them would, if concentrated on A, give him 1,500 votes; while as the total votes of the remaining 1,400 would amount to only 21,000, it is impossible to divide these amongst 15 candidates in such a manner that all of them will have a larger number of votes than A. In the case of Birmingham the minorities did recognise this fact; and by concentrating their 214,445 votes on nine men, were enabled to give each of them, on an average, 23,827 votes; whilst the majority by distributing its 220,635 votes amongst fifteen candidates could give each, on an average, only 14,709 votes. Consequently several of them stood lower on the poll than they would have done had their friends concentrated their support on them. It may fairly be expected that so soon as this point is fully understood, as it now seems to be, the above difficulty will disappear. Still it is evident that *in constituencies returning large numbers of representatives*, the cumulative vote, through the concentration of a large number of votes on very popular candidates and the distribution of other suffrages amongst insignificant men, may enable compact and well-disciplined minorities occasionally to obtain a larger share of representation than they are justly entitled to claim. But even after admitting the possible occurrence of this evil occasionally, the fact remains that the balance of advantages is enormously in favor of it. On this point the testimony of the *London Times* of October 29, 1874, is unwavering. It tells us that:

'Warnings against the adoption of a false method of Municipal Government are everywhere about us, but we are fortunate in having an experience of our own which indicates the line which should be pursued. The London School Board is the greatest and most successful experiment in Municipal Government which has been attempted in our generation. Its members are elected by the broadest suffrage, and the body as a whole is a faithful reflection of the constituency it represents; yet its individual members are secure from dependence on the continued support of party organizations, and, although the divisions of the constituency are large, eminent personal character is an assistance to success instead of being a drawback. The adoption of the cumulative

vote preserves the independence and character of candidates while giving every section of the constituency its proper weight. It gives free play to the best energies of the social system, instead of destroying them by a forced alliance with the worst. A single illustration will help to show the importance of this observation. The Licensed Victuallers of London are a numerous body, and are supposed to be very powerful in the existing Vestries. It is said, apparently with truth, that more than one metropolitan election was turned last February by their influence. It is not an impossible supposition that the regulation of public-houses in the metropolis should be hereafter in some measure subjected to the control of the Municipality of the future, and if the scheme presented to the Home Secretary yesterday was sanctioned as it stands, the Licensed Victuallers would be supreme. Election contests would, at all events, wholly turn upon the regulation of their business. The cumulative vote would save us from this danger. The Licensed Victuallers would have their own members on the Board, but they would be a small proportion of the whole, and the representatives of the rest of the community would administer their functions in accordance with the wishes of the community. We do not doubt that these are considerations that will recommend themselves to many of the deputation who waited on the Home Secretary yesterday, and it is probable that a majority of them would at once assent to the amendment of the Bill that has been drawn up in the sense we suggest. It is necessary to tell them, however, that this would involve considerable alterations of the really operative clauses of the proposed measure. Provision would have to be made not only for the election of Councillors, but for the election of Aldermen; and the conditions under which the latter should hold their offices would have to be reconsidered. The Bill, in short, may be a contribution to the settlement of a great problem; but when Mr. Cross complimented the deputation on having "thought out" the question, we must conclude that the Home Secretary himself has not sufficiently appreciated its enormous dimensions.'

Either of these systems of election would certainly be an improvement on that of election by majorities; but when taken alone they are incomplete, as they aim only at procuring a fairer representation of political parties than that resulting from the present system. For a complete and equitable representation of all sections of the electorate, we must turn to the scheme of Personal Representation devised by the genius of Mr. Thomas Hare, which would give us representative assemblies consisting of members elected by constituencies at once unanimous in sentiment and equal in number. The advantages derivable from such legislatures, I shall indicate after explaining the system of election by which they may be called into existence.

The system of representation by population is based on the theory that each mem-

ber of the legislature should be returned by a like proportion of the population, and that the actual number entitled to return a representative will be found in the quotient resulting from a division of the numbers of the population by the numbers of the legislature. If so, says Mr. Hare, let the test of election consist in obtaining a number of votes equal to the quotient from however many constituencies they may be gathered, and not a mere majority of votes within one constituency; if a certain number of electors are entitled to return a representative, let any body of electors of the requisite number who may unite their suffrages in favor of any one candidate be allowed to return him as their representative. In other words, instead of limiting each elector's choice to one of the candidates in a local constituency, Mr. Hare would leave him free to vote for any candidate in the whole country. Instead of dividing the population, or electorate, into as many separate constituencies as there are members to be elected, he would permit the electors to group themselves into constituencies. And, instead of allowing a local majority to return a member, he would require that each member should poll a number of votes equal to that requisite to constitute a constituency. These principles may be illustrated by applying them to the Province of Ontario. In that province there are eighty-eight members to be elected; and according to the theory of representation by population, the country should be divided into eighty-eight separate constituencies, each equal in population: thus, supposing the electorate to consist of 88,000 electors, each constituency should contain 1,000 electors, by the votes of a majority of whom the member should be returned. According to the system of Personal Representation, an elector in Sarnia might desire his vote to be recorded for a candidate in Ottawa, or *vice versa*, and any candidate for whom 1,000 votes had been polled—or more strictly speaking, any candidate for whom one eighty-eighth part of the whole of the votes polled in Ontario had been recorded—would be declared duly elected as a member of the Legislative Assembly. The process of election under this system has next to be examined.

It is evident that, with each elector free

to vote for any candidate whom he might prefer, and the test of election consisting in obtaining a definite number of votes, many members might be returned by votes gathered from many different cities and counties. This fact renders necessary the appointment of a Registrar, or returning-officer, for the whole province, whose duties will become apparent as we proceed. At the close of the polls on election-day, each returning-officer would transmit by telegraph to the Registrar a statement of the aggregate number of votes polled in the county, city, or riding, for which he was acting. On receipts of these telegrams, the Registrar would, by adding the several returns together, ascertain the total number of votes polled in the province. He would then divide this total by 88—the number of members to be returned by Ontario—and having found the quotient, would notify each returning-officer that any candidate who had obtained that number of votes should be declared elected. Thus, supposing 88,000 votes to have been polled in all Ontario, any candidate obtaining 1,000 of them would be entitled to be declared elected, as that number would constitute one eighty-eighth part of the poll. Each returning-officer, on receiving this statement of the quota, or number of votes entitling a candidate to election, would proceed to ascertain whether any of the candidates for the constituency in which he was acting had obtained it within his jurisdiction. If it should appear that the quota had been polled for any one of them, the returning-officer would at once declare him to be elected for that constituency; and all votes polled for other candidates, or, in case no candidate had polled the quota within his jurisdiction, all the votes polled in it, he would at once transmit to the Registrar. This would be done by transmitting the voting-papers on which each elector had recorded his vote or ballot, those polled for each candidate being sorted together in separate bundles with the number contained in each bundle, and the name of the candidate for whom they were polled endorsed outside. On receipt of these papers, the Registrar and his clerks would place together all the votes polled for each candidate, and whoever had obtained the quota, he would declare elected. But here would arise a difficulty. In case each

elector were confined to voting for one candidate unconditionally, a large number of the voting-papers would be rendered useless. Such would be the case with all votes polled for candidates who had already been declared elected by returning-officers; with many of the votes polled for candidates who, though failing to obtain the quota in one constituency, had polled much more than it from the united votes of electors in many different constituencies, and such also would be the case with all votes polled for candidates who had failed to obtain the quota. To meet this difficulty, Mr. Hare has devised the system of contingent-voting, by which the elector is permitted to place the names of several candidates on his voting-paper, and to direct that his vote shall be given to the candidate whose name stands first on the list; but that in case he shall have polled the quota and been declared elected before this voting-paper comes to be counted, his vote shall be transferred to the second name on the list; if he has been previously elected, to the third name, and so on throughout the list. Consequently the Registrar, after assorting the voting-papers, ascertaining the number of votes polled for each candidate, and declaring elected those candidates who had received more than the quota—would take the overplus voting-papers for candidates already elected, cancel their names on them, and distribute the votes to the candidates standing second on the list, to whom the elector had desired that his vote should be given in case the candidate standing first on his list should not want it. Then, as soon as any candidate's quota had been completed by the transfer of these second votes to him, his name would be cancelled on all the remaining voting-papers, and the votes assigned to the candidates standing third on the list, and so on until all the surplus votes had been distributed according to the electors' orders. The simplicity of this operation will become apparent if we suppose the first assortment of the voting-papers to have revealed the fact that forty candidates had polled the quota; and that after their election their names still stood first on 20,000 voting-papers; that their names were then cancelled on all of these, and the papers appropriated to the candidates whose names stood second on them;

that the different batches of papers were then recounted, when it might appear that the addition of these 20,000 votes to the first votes for previously unelected candidates had completed the quotas of ten or fifteen more, and left a surplus of 10,000 votes; that the names of these ten or fifteen would then be cancelled on this surplus, and the papers assigned to those candidates whose names stood third on them, and so on until the whole of the original surplus of 20,000 votes had been distributed. It is true, indeed, that this is not exactly Mr. Hare's mode of procedure; his system is really less tedious than the above would be, but I use this illustration as the principle can thus be explained in the fewest words. At this point, however, arises another difficulty; all the surplus votes have been distributed, but possibly the quotas of only seventy-five members have been completed. There would consequently remain thirteen members to be elected, and the 13,000 votes necessary to that election might be distributed amongst forty different candidates, none of whom had polled the quota. To settle which of these should be declared elected, and to secure an exact equality in the votes for every member of the House, it was at first proposed to cancel the names of candidates having the smallest number of votes, and transfer their votes to the candidates standing next on the list, and to carry on the process until only so many candidates were left as would suffice to supply the House. But for many reasons this scheme was abandoned, and it is now proposed to take the number necessary to complete the House by declaring elected those candidates whose names, at the distribution of the surplus votes, stand at the head of the greatest number of voting-papers. Thus in Ontario the House would be completed by declaring elected the thirteen candidates who had polled the largest number of votes next below the quota. Mr. Hare calculates that by this method about one-thirteenth of the votes polled might fail to influence the actual elections; but goes on to show that none of these electors need be left unrepresented, as it is almost certain that there will be on their voting-papers the names of some of the elected candidates. He therefore proposes to assign their votes to such of the elected

candidates as stand highest on their list, and count each of these electors as one of the constituents of the member to whom his vote shall thus have been assigned. With this operation the process of election would be completed; after which the Registrar would afford to candidates and their agencies every facility to verify the results of the poll. This done, the votes appropriated to each member would be printed in separate pamphlets and sold at cost, and then the voting-papers would be redelivered to the returning-officers, and accessible to voters, candidates, and others desiring to inspect them. In case

of the death or retirement of any member in the interval between general elections, the electors who had voted for him would be notified of the vacancy and of the candidates for their suffrages, and the candidate who should receive the greater number of the votes of such constituency would be declared elected to fill the vacant seat.

Having thus sought to explain the details of Personal Representation, I shall seek in my next to examine the arguments used against it, and to explain the means whereby I believe that they may be overcome.

JEHU MATTHEWS.

(To be Continued.)

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.*

II.

AT dinner, six o'clock, the same people assembled whom we had talked with on deck and seen at luncheon and breakfast this second day out, and at dinner the evening before. That is to say, three journeying ship-masters, a Boston merchant, and a returning Bermudian who had been absent from his Bermuda thirteen years; these sat on the starboard side. On the port side sat the Reverend in the seat of honour; the pale young man next to him; I next; next to me an aged Bermudian, returning to his sunny islands after an absence of twenty-seven years. Of course our captain was at the head of the table, the purser at the foot of it. A small company, but small companies are pleasantest.

No racks upon the table; the sky cloudless, the sun brilliant, the blue sea scarcely ruffled; then what had become of the four married couples, the three bachelors, and the active and obliging doctor from the rural districts of Pennsylvania?—for all these were on deck when we sailed down New York harbour. This is the explanation. I quote from my note book:—

Thursday, 3.30 P. M. Under way, passing the Battery. The large party, of four married couples, three bachelors, and a cheery, exhilarating doctor from the wilds

of Pennsylvania, are evidently travelling together. All but the doctor grouped in camp-chairs on deck.

Passing principal fort. The doctor is one of those people who have an infallible preventive of sea-sickness; is flitting from friend to friend administering it and saying, 'Don't you be afraid; I *know* this medicine; absolutely infallible; prepared under my own supervision.' Takes a dose himself, intrepidly.

4.15 P. M. Two of those ladies have struck their colours, notwithstanding the 'infallible.' They have gone below. The other two begin to show distress.

5 P. M. Exit one husband and one bachelor. These still had their infallible in cargo when they started, but arrived at the companion-way without it.

5.10. Lady No. 3, two bachelors, and one married man have gone below with their own opinion of the infallible.

5.20. Passing Quarantine Hulk. The infallible has done the business for all the party except the Scotchman's wife and the author of that formidable remedy.

Nearing the Light Ship. Exit the Scotchman's wife, head drooped on stewardess's shoulder.

Entering the open sea. Exit doctor!

* Published from advance sheets by arrangement with the author and his American publishers.

The rout seems permanent; hence the smallness of the company at table since the voyage began. Our captain is a grave, handsome Hercules of thirty-five, with a brown hand of such majestic size that one cannot eat for admiring it and wondering if a single kid or calf could furnish material for gloving it.

Conversation not general; drones along between couples. One catches a sentence here and there. Like this, from Bermudian of thirteen years' absence: 'It is the nature of women to ask trivial, irrelevant, and pursuing questions,—questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere.' Reply of Bermudian of twenty-seven years' absence: 'Yes; and to think they have logical, analytical minds and argumentative ability. You see 'em begin to whet up whenever they smell argument in the air.' Plainly these be philosophers.

Twice since we left port our engines have stopped for a couple of minutes at a time. Now they stop again. Says the pale young man, meditatively, 'There!—that engineer is sitting down to rest again.'

Grave stare from the captain, whose mighty jaws cease to work, and whose harpooned potato stops in mid-air on its way to his open, paralyzed mouth. Presently says he in measured tones, 'Is it your idea that the engineer of this ship propels her by a crank turned by his own hands?'

The pale young man studies over this a moment, then lifts up his guileless eyes, and says, 'Don't he?'

Thus gently falls the death-blow to further conversation, and the dinner drags to its close in a reflective silence, disturbed by no sounds but the murmurous wash of the sea and the subdued clash of teeth.

After a smoke and a promenade on deck, where is no motion to discompose our steps, we think of a game of whist. We ask the brisk and capable stewardess from Ireland if there are any cards in the ship.

'Bless your soul, dear, indeed there is. Not a whole pack, true for ye, but not enough missing to signify.'

However, I happened by accident to be-think me of a new pack in a morocco case, in my trunk, which I had placed there by mistake, thinking it to be a flask of something. So a party of us conquered the

tedium of the evening with a few games and were ready for bed at six bells, mariner's time, the signal for putting out the lights.

There was much chat in the smoking-cabin on the upper deck after luncheon today, mostly whaler yarns from those old sea-captains. Captain Tom Bowling was garrulous. He had that garrulous attention to minor detail which is born of secluded farm life or life at sea on long voyages, where there is little to do and time no object. He would sail along till he was right in the most exciting part of a yarn, and then say, 'Well, as I was saying, the rudder was fouled, ship driving before the gale, head-on, straight for the iceberg, all hands holding their breath, turned to stone, top-hamper giving way, sails blown to ribbons, first one stick going, then another, boom! smash! crash! duck your head and stand from under! when up comes Johnny Rogers, capstan bar in hand, eyes a-blazing, hair a-flying . . . no, 't wa'n't Johnny Rogers . . . lemme see . . . seems to me Johnny Rogers wa'n't along that voyage: he was along *one* voyage, I know that mighty well, but somehow it seems to me that he signed the articles for this voyage, but—but—whether he come along or not, or got left, or something happened'—

And so on and so on, till the excitement all cooled down and nobody cared whether the ship struck the iceberg or not.

In the course of his talk he rambled into a criticism upon New England degrees of merit in ship-building. Said he, 'You get a vessel built away down Maine-way; Bath, for instance; what's the re-ult? First thing you do, you want to heave her down for repairs,—*that's* the result! Well, sir, she hain't been hove down a week till you can heave a dog through her seams. You send that vessel to sea, and what's the result? She wets her oakum the first trip! Leave it to any man if 't ain't so. Well, you let *our* folks build you a vessel—down New Bedford-way. What's the result? Well, sir, you might take that ship and heave her down, and keep her hove down six months, and she'll never shed a tear!'

Everybody, landmen and all, recognized the descriptive neatness of that figure, and applauded, which greatly pleased the old man. A moment later, the meek eyes of the pale young fellow heretofore mentioned came up slowly, rested upon the old man's

face a moment, and the meek mouth began to open.

'Shet your head!' shouted the old mariner.

It was a rather startling surprise to everybody, but it was effective in the matter of its purpose. So the conversation flowed on instead of perishing.

There was some talk about the perils of the sea, and a landsman delivered himself of the customary nonsense about the poor mariner wandering in far oceans, tempest-tossed, pursued by dangers, every storm blast and thunderbolt in the home skies moving the friends by snug firesides to compassion for that poor mariner, and prayers for his succor. Captain Bowling put up with this for a while, and then burst out with a new view of the matter.

'Come, belay there! I have read this kind of rot all my life in poetry and tales and such like rubbish. Pity for the poor mariner! sympathy for the poor mariner! All right enough, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Pity for the mariner's wife! all right again, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Look-a-here! whose life's the safest in the whole world? The poor mariner's. You look at the statistics, you'll see. So don't you fool away any sympathy on the poor mariner's dangers and privations and sufferings. Leave that to the poetry muffs. Now you look at the other side a minute. Here is Captain Brace, forty years old, been at sea thirty. On his way now to take command of his ship and sail south from Bermuda. Next week he'll be under way: easy times; comfortable quarters; passengers, sociable company; just enough to do to keep his mind healthy and not tire him; king over his ship, boss of everything and everybody; thirty years' safety to learn him that his profession ain't a dangerous one. Now you look back at his home. His wife's a feeble woman; she's a stranger in New York; shut up in blazing hot or freezing cold lodgings, according to the season; don't know anybody hardly; no company but her lonesomeness and her thoughts; husband gone six months at a time. She has borne eight children; five of them she buried without her husband ever setting eyes on them. She watched them all the long nights till they died,—he comfortable on the sea; she followed them to the grave, she heard the clods fall that

broke her heart,—he comfortable on the sea; she mourned at home, weeks and weeks, missing them every day and every hour,—he cheerful at sea, knowing nothing about it. Now look at it a minute,—turn it over in your mind and size it: five children born, she among strangers, and him not by to hearten her; buried, and him not by to comfort her; think of that! Sympathy for the poor mariner's perils is rot; give it to his wife's hard lines, where it belongs! Poetry makes out that all the wife worries about is the dangers her husband's running. She's got substantialer things to worry over, I tell you. Poetry's always pitying the poor mariner on account of his perils at sea; better a blamed sight pity him for the nights he can't sleep for thinking of how he had to leave his wife in her very birth pains, lonesome and friendless, in the thick of disease and trouble and death. If there's one thing that can make me madder than another, it's this sappy, damned maritime poetry!

Captain Brace was a patient, gentle seldom-speaking man, with a pathetic something in his bronzed face that had been a mystery up to this time, but stood interpreted now, since we had heard his story. He had voyaged eighteen times to the Mediterranean, seven times to India, once to the arctic pole in a discovery-ship, and 'between times' had visited all the remote seas and ocean corners of the globe. But he said that twelve years ago, on account of his family, he 'settled down,' and ever since then had ceased to roam. And what do you suppose was this simple-hearted, life-long wanderer's idea of settling down and ceasing to roam? Why, the making of two five-month voyages a year between Surinam and Boston for sugar and molasses!

Among other talk, to-day, it came out that whale-ships carry no doctor. The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms, and says, 'Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour,' or 'Give ten grains of No 12 every half hour,' etc.

One of our sea-captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he:—

'There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick,—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book : it said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill ; so I hove into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it did n't kill him in fifteen minutes ! There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me !'

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain 'Hurricane' Jones, of the Pacific Ocean,—peace to his ashes ! Two or three of us present had known him ; I, particularly well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship ; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates ; he began life in the fore-castle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was,—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl ; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed ; this vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India ink : 'Virtue is its own R'd.' (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore

like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unilluminated by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar,—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the 'advanced' school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument ; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal : told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, 'Peters, do you ever read the Bible ?'

'Well—yes.'

'I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First, you won't understand it ; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat.'

'Yes, I have heard that said.'

'And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it,—there ain't any getting around that,—but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything's plain as day.'

'The miracles, too, captain ?'

'Yes, sir ! the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal ; like enough that stumped you ?'

'Well, I don't know but—'

'Own up, now ; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You had n't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to

you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters ?'

'Indeed, I would, captain, if you don't mind.'

Then the captain proceeded as follows : 'I'll do it with pleasure. First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac* and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings,—plenty of them, too ; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac ; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No, all I say is, 't wa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so 's 't you can see it yourself.

'Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets,—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian, that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-propheying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 't wa'n't any use ; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him ; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do ? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t'other,—nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular ; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar ? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it ? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, *they* were

ready ; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

'So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent ; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful and doing their level best. They prayed an hour,—two hours,—three hours,—and so on plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use ; they had n't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now what would a magnanimous man do ? Keep still, wouldn't he ? Of course. What did Isaac do ? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, "You don't speak up loud enough ; your god's asleep, like enough, or may be he's taking a walk ; you want to holler, you know,"—or words to that effect ; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac ; he had his faults.

'Well the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit.

'What does Isaac do, now ? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, "Pour four barrels of water on the altar !" Everybody was astonished ; for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, "Heave on four more barrels." Then he says, "Heave on four more." Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads,— "measures," it says ; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray : he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government,

*This is the captain's own mistake.

and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match, and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water*? *Petroleum*, sir, *PETROLEUM*! that's what it was!

'Petroleum, captain?'

'Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 't was done.'

At eight o'clock on the third morning out from New York, land was sighted. Away across the sunny waves one saw a faint dark stripe stretched along under the horizon,—or pretended to see it, for the credit of his eye-sight. Even the Reverend said he saw it, a thing which was manifestly not so. But I never have seen any one who was morally strong enough to confess that he could not see land when others claimed that they could.

By and by the Bermuda Islands were easily visible. The principal one lay upon the water in the distance, a long, dull-coloured body, scalloped with slight hills and valleys. We could not go straight at it, but had to travel all the way around it, sixteen miles from shore, because it is fenced with an invisible coral reef. At last we sighted buoys, bobbing here and there, and then we glided into a narrow channel among them, 'raised the reef,' and came upon shoaling blue water that soon further shoaled into pale green, with a surface scarcely rippled. Now came the resurrection hour: the berths gave up their dead. Who are these pale spectres in plug hats and silken flounces that file up the companion-way in melancholy procession and step upon the deck? These are they which took the infallible preventive of sea-sickness in New York harbour and then disappeared and were forgotten. Also there came two or three faces not seen before until this moment. One's impulse is to ask, 'Where did you come aboard?'

We followed the narrow channel a long time, with land on both sides,—low hills

that might have been green and grassy, but had a faded look instead. However, the land-locked water was lovely, at any rate, with its glittering belts of blue and green where moderate soundings were, and its broad splotches of rich brown where the rocks lay near the surface. Everybody was feeling so well that even the grave, pale young man (who, by a sort of kindly common consent, had come latterly to be referred to as 'the Ass') received frequent and friendly notice,—which was right enough, for there was no harm in him.

At last we steamed between two island points whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body, and now before us loomed Hamilton on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture that exists in the world, perhaps.

It was Sunday afternoon, and on the pier were gathered one or two hundred Bermudians, half of them black, half of them white, and all of them nobbily dressed, as the poet says.

Several boats came off to the ship, bringing citizens. One of these citizens was a faded, diminutive old gentleman, who approached our most ancient passenger with a childlike joy in his twinkling eyes, halted before him, folded his arms, and said, smiling with all his might and with all the simple delight that was in him, 'You don't know me, John! Come, out with it, now; you know you don't!'

The ancient passenger scanned him perplexedly, scanned the napless, threadbare costume of venerable fashion that had done Sunday-service no man knows how many years, contemplated the marvelous stove-pipe hat of still more ancient and venerable pattern, with its poor pathetic old stiff brim canted up 'gallusly' in the wrong places, and said, with a hesitation that indicated strong internal effort to 'place' the gentle old apparition, 'Why... let me see... plague on it... there's *something* about you that... er... er... but I've been gone from Bermuda for twenty-seven years, and... hum, hum... I don't seem to get at it, somehow, but there's something about you that is just as familiar to me as—'

'Likely it might be his hat,' murmured the Ass, with innocent, sympathetic interest.

MARK TWAIN.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

[He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave—of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awe-stricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter of Strasburg and a thousand others.

'But is there any of them—is there anything in the world—more pitiful than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?' he said. 'You know it of course. No? Oh, you must surely. Don't you remember the mother who sat by her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot, that he is so ill; his heart is breaking for thinking of his Gretchen? You know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar, and all the maimed and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of it and lay it on the altar, and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, "Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain." Sighing he takes the wax heart in his hand, and sighing, he goes to the shrine; and there, with tears running down his face, he says: "O, beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne; near us lived Gretchen who is dead now. Blessed Mary, I bring you this wax heart: heal the wound in my heart." And then—and then—'

'Well, the last scene, you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber and bends over the son, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she disappears. The unhappy mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face.'—BLACK: *A Princess of Thule.*]

I.

THE mother stands by the window—
In bed the sick son lay—

'Wilt thou not, Wilhelm, rise and see
The Pilgrims on their way?'

'I am so sick, dear Mother,
I care for nothing more:
I think of the dead pale Gretchen,
And all my heart is sore.'

'Nay, Child, we will to Kevlaar
With book and garland go:
And the Mother of God shall heal thy heart
Of all its bitter woe.'

The banners flutter, and ever
The hymn of glory flows—
From proud Cologne upon the Rhine
The long procession goes.

The mother follows slowly,
She leads her boy along—
'O Mary, ever praised be thou!'
So flows the ceaseless song.

II.

The Mother of God in Kevlaar
To-day is robed and crown'd:

Much work, Good Lord, hath she to do,
The sick so press around.

And each an offering bringeth,
At Mary's shrine to lay :
Many wax hands and many feet
Are offer'd there to-day.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
His hand is heal'd anon ;
And who a waxen foot shall bring,
His weary halt is gone.

A wax heart forms the mother,
With many a tearful vow—
'Take this to the Holy Mother of God,
And she will heal thee now.'

The son took the wax heart sadly—
Went sad to the Holy Maid—
The tears, he could not keep them back,
As, bending low, he said :

'Thou ever-blessed Mary !
Thou Virgin free from stain !
O Queen of Heaven, hear my prayer,
My heart is sick with pain.

'I live with the dear kind mother
In that Rhine city old,
Cologne, that hath its hundred spires
And chapels rich with gold.

'And close to us, lived Gretchen ;
But now she comes no more—
Take thou this heart, and heal the wound
That maketh mine so sore.

'O heal my sick heart, Mary !
O help and heal me now ;
And early and late will I pray, and sing
"O Mary, praised be thou !"

III.

The sick son and the mother
They slept in their little room :
The Mother of God came softly there,
In silence through the gloom.

Over the boy she bent her—
A light around her shone—
She laid her hand on his heart, and smiled—
And like a dream was gone.

In her dreams the mother saw her
So lightly come and go ;

Then suddenly woke and look'd around—
The dogs moan'd loud, below.

There lay her Wilhelm calmly—
She call'd—but he was dead !
Over his wasted cheek there fell
A ray of the morning red.

She stood with trembling hands—
She felt, she knew not how—
But softly in her heart she said,
'O Mary, praised be thou !'

E. J. C.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

'The palette on the painter's arm was a great shield painted of many colours ; he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded save the envious : with that he shelters himself against how much idleness, ambition, temptation ! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him ; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth ; and truth is religion ; and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty.'—THACKERAY.

IN attempting a slight sketch of the most famous of our English portrait painters, I have confined myself entirely to those few who hardly come under the name of members of the modern school. Now-a-days, when exhibitions and loan collections are of such frequent occurrence, we can hardly take up a newspaper without meeting with some criticism on one or other of our cotemporary painters. Those of whose lives and principal works it is my design to speak, being not so prominently before the public as some others, will doubtless on that account be more valued and appreciated. Foremost in this rank are William Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, Thomas Gainsborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Hogarth, strictly speaking, was not a portrait painter, but on account of his numerous and successful portraits may be reckoned as belonging to this class.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born in London in 1697, of poor but respectable parents. He received little or no education, but from his boyhood amused himself by sketching, rudely no doubt, whatever pleased his

fancy or caught his eye. His humble birth gave him this advantage, that he was able to penetrate into nooks and corners of London life that would have been inaccessible to a youth born in a different grade of society. He early frequented taverns and coffee-houses, where he delighted in depicting scenes of riotous drinkers and brawling card-players. From his earliest years he showed his strong inclination for caricature ; indeed he was ever incapable of idealizing, and boldly repudiated as untrue to art all preference for classical beauty of form, and was unable to appreciate the soul-like genius that views with 'larger, other eyes,' and depicts, together with the faithful reproduction of what actually exists for all eyes, a subtle spiritual essence perceived only by those who see with a true mental vision. Hogarth delighted most in catching a droll expression, in mimicking grotesque movements, and even when at his art school, where he was subsequently sent, preferred making laughable studies of his masters and fellow-pupils to attending to his duties. On leaving school his father apprenticed

him to an engraver, and here Hogarth lived many years. In his leisure hours he still went on observing and sketching, and often, to help his memory, which however was remarkably good, he would draw faces that particularly struck him, on his thumbnail. Determined to devote himself to his beloved art he struggled through a thousand difficulties to attain his end, but it was many, many years before he found the work that was most acceptable to him, and that gave him the reputation he ultimately obtained. Taine, in his history of English Literature, remarks that, to find a subject 'which suits him, is the greatest joy permitted to an artist.' Hogarth tasted this joy, but first he had to work hard at prints, engravings, frontispieces to books, even sign-painting, and often had to find himself unsuccessful in what he undertook. He invented what he called 'Conversation pieces,' paintings containing family portraits, and which for a time met with great success, but ultimately the public wearied of them and he turned his attention to something else. The most talented of these productions are: a family group of the Riches, another of Governor Rogers's family, and a garden scene at Cowley. The personages are represented in easy attitudes, and from the pose of the figures and the surroundings of the scenes, pretty and attractive pictures are made. In single portraits Hogarth met greater encouragement, but even here his sitters found him too faithful, and disliked to be represented exactly as they were, without any gloss to cover over their deficiencies of complexion or feature. We have all heard of that man who, sitting for his likeness, was anxious not to show an enormous wart on his cheek, and to obviate that difficulty was taken with one finger thoughtfully resting on the spot. Most sitters prefer the artist's brush to perform this for them, and like to gloat over their pink and white complexions fresh from the studio. But Hogarth was inexorable, he insisted (indeed it was impossible for him to do otherwise) upon copying what was palpable to his bodily eye, consequently many were too fastidious to come to his atelier. One nobleman was so much disgusted with his own too life-like portrait that he refused to have it sent to his house, or to pay for it, whereupon Hogarth threatened to blacken it and give it the addition of a tail, and then

to sell it publicly; it is needless to say that the nobleman speedily claimed the obnoxious painting. A portrait of Simon Fraser of Lovat, however, was so popular 'that it was impossible to supply impressions sufficiently fast to satisfy the eager demand of the public.' Among his best known portraits is one of Mrs. Hogarth, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and a kit-cat sized one of Lady Thornhill when quite an old woman. He painted also a very graceful and tender portrait of Lady Pembroke, a great beauty, and which he executed entirely from memory. But perhaps the most charming of his portraits, and one but little known, is a dainty sketch of Miss Rich, which was exhibited some years since in London. She is represented in a mob cap, and the whole thing is so sweet and fresh that it stands alone among the rest of Hogarth's pictures. It affects one much in the same way as a choice bit of Dresden china would, or as that exquisite little novel of George Eliot's, 'Silas Marner,' does. It gives one the impression of being perfect of its kind and entirely complete. As soon as Hogarth found his specialty he never left it. Series after series of pictures appeared, and he became famous. It will be sufficient to mention their names here, as they do not belong properly to portrait painting, though very many of the persons represented were drawn from life. First appeared the 'Harlot's Progress' consisting of six separate pictures, then the 'Rake's Progress' in eight pictures, 'Marriage à la Mode,' 'The Idle and Industrious Apprentices' in ten divisions, and many others. It is on account of the grand moral lessons taught by these paintings, so much needed in Hogarth's time, and which he brought home so directly to the spectators, that he has gained the title of 'Painter Moralist.' Through them he did for his age what other reformers of the pen and the pulpit have done in other times.

Notwithstanding his popularity and fame, William Hogarth died miserably, at war with public opinion and at enmity with all his contemporaries. He engaged in literature, for which by both education and character he was most unfitted, and strove, in a work entitled the 'Analysis of Beauty,' to lay down some eccentric rules as fundamentally necessary for all students of art. Every one was up in arms on account of

this book, and he encountered much violent opposition from every quarter, which embittered his latter years and soured his temper. He died in 1764, aged 67 years. His temper was hasty, and by it he made many enemies. He was intensely conceited, and conceived himself able to rival Vandyke and Correggio as an artist; but his hatred of falsehood and of the vices of the age enabled him to do great good in spite of himself. Burke said of Hogarth that 'he was not a true artist.' 'Who says so,' retorted Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'has never seen his pictures.'

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the founder of the English National School of Painting, and first President of the Royal Academy, was the son of a schoolmaster, and was born in Devonshire in 1723. A treatise on Painting, by Richardson, first led him to believe himself an artist, and instilled into him an admiration for Raffaello and the painters of the 15th century which lasted all his life, increasing when he had had opportunities for studying their masterpieces, and understood more and more the secrets of their glory. Reynolds, however, was slow to adopt art as a profession, and though at seventeen he studied under Hudson, a portrait painter of that period, he can hardly be said to have gained any knowledge thereby, and at the end of three years he returned to Devonshire, where he spent his time rather in feeding his imagination and studying nature than in making any visible practical progress. His first picture of note was a portrait of Captain Hamilton, which drew towards him the attention of Lord Keppel, who was at that time about setting out as commander of a maritime expedition. He took young Reynolds with him, and thus gave him the opportunity of visiting Spain, Portugal, Africa, and the islands of the Mediterranean, finally leaving him in Italy to pursue his studies. Here Reynolds really threw himself heartily into his work. He was never weary of learning from the great masters, and what he learnt from them, and the high esteem in which he held them, as models for all students, may be seen in his famous discourses delivered at the Royal Academy. Michel Angelo, of all, was the master he most loved, and in his last discourse he concluded by saying, 'I can declare for myself that each of my discourses has borne witness to

my intense admiration for this truly divine artist, and I wish the last words that I pronounce in this place to be: Michel Angelo! Michel Angelo!' So determined was he to master if possible the secrets of their execution and colouring, that he purchased a Titian and scraped away the paint in layers to discover how it was mixed. He would make experiments of colours on white paper, comparing the shades with those of the Venetians, and thoroughly applied himself to the technicalities of the art. He found out that 'a figure or figures on a light ground, should have the upper part as light as or lighter than the ground, the lower part dark, having light here and there.' That properly 'the ground should be dark.' This last rule he practised constantly himself, bringing out his figures in strong relief and often having masses of dark foliage or draperies as backgrounds. His stay in Italy came suddenly to an end, for hearing one night an English song at an opera house, such a desire for home came over him that he could no longer withstand it, and he accordingly set out for London, where he at once began to put in practice his new ideas.

The portrait of Lord Keppel speedily made him famous. The *élite* of London society flocked to his studio, and his brush was quickly employed in painting lovely duchesses, countesses, and all the beauties and wits of that lively age. No one pretending to any fashion could omit sitting to Sir Joshua. The renowned Duchess of Devonshire sat several times to him, both as Lady Georgiana Spencer, and after her marriage. Many photographs have been taken of these pictures, the loveliest and best-known being one where the Duchess is taken with her infant, and which contains all the easy and charming grace Reynolds was so thoroughly master of. If he erred at all in manner, Ruskin says it was 'slightly on the side of facility and grace of abstraction,' though his 'playful tenderness and easy precision' never degenerated into slovenliness. 'He is for the present wholly inimitable,' writes the same great critic. A small photograph of this last named picture, and also of one of the Duchess with her brother and sister, may be seen in the Normal School, Toronto. Others of Reynolds's most famous pictures are—Mrs. Crewe as a shepherdess, where she is represented as

sitting amongst her sheep, and which is an exquisitely sweet and charming picture. Mrs. Siddons, David and Mrs. Garrick, 'The Strawberry Girl,' 'Innocence,' a 'Holy Family,' the 'Three Graces,' and the 'Infant Samuel.' Reynolds thoroughly understood child-life and painted it as none other ever did. 'The Strawberry Girl' is a fresh, unconscious-looking child, carrying a strawberry pottle. It was for some time in the Bethnal Green Museum, London. 'Innocence' is a small girl in white, sitting on the ground, with a background of dark trees, and her tiny bare feet peeping out from her dress. The 'Infant Samuel' kneeling with clasped hands, is too well known to need description here. The 'Mrs. Siddons' is a magnificent picture; the lovely actress, in long, flowing brown robes, is seated facing the spectator in a chair of state, having, on either side of her, masks representing the comic and the tragic muse. Her face has a rapt expression and is most spiritual. This painting is in the possession of the Duke of Westminster, and is truly admirable. Sir Joshua Reynolds saw and depicted something more than the outward form and features of his model; he painted also the moral characteristic of the man or woman, and the result was the portrait not only of the personage as he or she appeared as they moved about splendidly dressed in the drawing-room or at court, but as they actually were in heart and mind. His own portrait by himself is a good example of this. We seem to see at once the sort of man he was. He had a singular way of never painting his sitters from themselves directly, but from their reflections in a mirror. Probably this gave them more ease of manner, as they could hardly be conscious they were being painted, seeing Sir Joshua looking away from them. His kind and courteous manners made Reynolds a favourite wherever he went. The king created him a knight, and the noblest of the aristocracy counted themselves amongst his friends. Doubtless, however, he preferred the society of such men as David Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Burke, and Gibbon, whom he was intimately acquainted with, and whom he was continually amongst. Towards the end of his career he became very deaf, and though he worked on unceasingly as long as he could, his sight ultimately began to fail

him. He died in the midst of honors, in 1792, and was buried with much ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral. Besides being a painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds is known as an art critic and lecturer of much celebrity. His discourses, which were the first ever delivered to the students of the newly-formed National School, are still quoted, and the praise of him by his friend Burke is yet remembered and applauded: 'Reynolds was one of the most illustrious men of his time, not only as a great painter, but as an eminent writer and profound philosopher.'

GEORGE ROMNEY was born in 1734 at Dalton-le-Furness, Lancashire. He was first apprenticed by his parents to a cabinet-maker, but a taste for drawing developing itself in him, he was sent to Kendal, where he studied under a portrait painter of the name of Steele. In 1762 he went to London and from there to Italy and France, remaining abroad two years. When Romney again went to London he became popular enough to divide public patronage with Reynolds and Gainsborough. In the South Kensington Museum is a sketch of a female head by him, but the picture which of all his works is perhaps the most pleasing, is that of Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. It is only the head and bust, but the face is very lovely, and the position of the head looking over the shoulder is most graceful. Romney afterwards returned to Kendal, where he died in 1802, aged 68.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, the son of a crapemaker, was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727. He received a liberal education at the Grammar School, and when quite a boy showed considerable talent for painting. His little sketches much delighted his father and the neighbours who were called to look at them, and when one day he drew from the life a young rascal who was stealing his father's fruit, with the sunlight falling on his head and arms, his parent, still more enraptured, determined that the boy's genius should not be neglected, and accordingly sent him to London. Here his master was an unknown artist of the name of Hayman, a friend of Hogarth, whom he had accompanied into France.

From the studio of Hayman, Gainsborough went to that of the engraver Grave-
lot, where he learnt the art of engraving,

which seems to be all he did learn during his four years' residence in London. On his return to Sudbury he was diligent in devoting himself to sketching the surrounding scenery. In these early years he was essentially a landscape painter, and it was not for some time after that he began painting portraits. His landscapes are intrinsically English, for, unlike most celebrated artists, he never left his native country. His oaks, his valleys, his green pastures, are all such as may be seen in Suffolk. With portraits it was the same; he never studied from the antique and had no other models than his English sitters. On his marriage he went to reside at Ipswich, and having through his wife a sufficiently comfortable income, he was placed above all drudgery, a somewhat dangerous position for an artist. With Gainsborough it would have been better had he depended on his art for a livelihood, for he took up with music to such an extent that it seriously interfered with his painting. Had he been anything of a musician, excuse could be made for him, but he rushed madly from instrument to instrument, never attaining to any remarkable proficiency on any. Often his models would lose all patience when he left them in his studio, to practice on the violin or flute. His enthusiasm was so great that no performer of the least merit came to England but Gainsborough sought him out and made him welcome. From Ipswich he went to Bath, where he first began to achieve notoriety. His portraits of Lord Mendip, Sterne, Quin, Judge Blackstone, and Colonel St. Leger speedily gave him a great reputation, and he was persuaded by a friend to settle in London. Among the sitters who at once flocked to his studio, came Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, then in the prime of her beauty, and the most fascinating woman of the court of George III. Gainsborough made two sketches of her, which are incomparably lovely, but the finished picture he was not himself at all satisfied with, saying, 'her Grace is too difficult a subject for me, I own myself conquered.' This picture, although much admired, is thought to lack delicacy and certain beauties of form and colour. The story of it, or a copy of it, being stolen recently, when on exhibition in London, is universally known. Fortunately, before the theft occurred, an excellent engraving of the picture was taken by

Samuel Cousins. The Duchess is painted in a white dress and blue silk scarf, with large dark hat and long feather. This portrait, whether it be the original one or not, was exhibited as such by its then owner, Mr. Wynn Ellis, in the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, in company with many others, all of them undoubted Gainsboroughs. Gainsborough also painted Lady Ligonier, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell, Nancy Parsons, and several other beauties of the period. One of his most famous pictures is the portrait of Master Thomas Buttal in the possession of the Duke of Westminster, and known by the name of the 'Blue Boy,' on account of its prevailing colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds had once said in one of his discourses that blue could never be the predominant colour in a picture. Gainsborough, between whom and Sir Joshua there was some rivalry, determined to prove this statement untrue. He therefore painted this portrait, clothing the figure from head to foot in blue. The effect, under the hands of such a master, is very beautiful, the painting being exceedingly soft and harmonious. In this work, the hands and face (which is strikingly intellectual and noble looking) are particularly finely executed. The South Kensington Museum contains only one example of Gainsborough, a portrait of his wife when young, but the National Gallery is much richer in his works, and possesses, with many others, the portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Although Gainsborough never studied in Italy, and had no opportunities of seeing either the old masters or Greek statues, he made one attempt at an antique study in his 'Musidora bathing her feet.' As a classical subject it is most certainly a failure, but as the representation of a very beautiful girl in a graceful attitude no one can help admiring it. Gainsborough died of cancer in 1788; by his bed-side was Sir Joshua, formerly his rival, now his friend. 'We shall meet in heaven,' said the dying man, 'and Van Dyck will be with us.' He had a changeable and moody disposition, sometimes gay and sparkling, at other times depressed and desponding. It is told of him that on one occasion, when dining with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan, he was in great spirits,—lively, witty, and full of repartee. Suddenly he put down his glass, thrust his hands into his pockets, let his

head drop on his breast, and gave himself up to the most profound melancholy. At last he rose, and taking Sheridan aside said in a solemn voice, 'I shall die soon, promise me you will be present at my funeral.' Sheridan, who could hardly forbear laughing, promised him what he wished, whereupon Gainsborough recovered his former good spirits and returned at once to the pleasures of the table. No one has been more eulogistic of Gainsborough than Reynolds, who consecrated one entire discourse to his memory. 'I can say without hesitation,' were his words, 'that the pictures of Gainsborough move me more deeply than the pictures of the Italian masters from Andrea Sacchi to Carlo Maratti.'

THOMAS LAWRENCE was born at Bristol in 1769. His father was landlord of the White Lion Inn in that city, and of the Black Bear, Devizes. From his earliest childhood Lawrence was extremely precocious, and when only four years old the guests at the Black Bear were bored by his long recitations which his proud father would oblige them to listen to. At five he could take a likeness with great rapidity and correctness. At ten he painted earls and bishops, and a few years afterwards was the fashionable painter of the day. Besides his reputation as an artist he had a tolerably good education, was personally very handsome and attractive, and from early intercourse with persons of distinction had acquired the ways and habits of a gentleman, so that even George IV. mentioned his graceful and elegant deportment. Never was a painter so soon and so much of a favourite as young Lawrence. Ladies particularly patronised him; probably they were drawn to him not only by his charming face and courteous manners, but on account of it being his way to paint them all beautiful, all smiling, all with fresh complexions and graceful figures. Unlike Hogarth he could omit what was there which might be displeasing to his sitter, and could see his lady as she wished others to believe her, rather than as what she really was. Like Gainsborough, he first began his fashionable career at Bath, where he painted Mrs. Siddons and Admiral Barrington; but he was anxious to come to London, which he accordingly did, and was most kindly received by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who ever after took a friendly

interest in his welfare. On Sir Joshua's death, Lawrence was made painter to the king, a great distinction for so young a man. In London, the first portrait that brought him attention was that of Miss Farren, a famous actress and a great beauty. Some one had advised him to represent her in a low dress and short sleeves; and the novelty of the idea soon made it the rage, and every one became desirous to be painted in this way. Lawrence soon found that, to succeed well and to keep popular, it was necessary to please his fair sitters by accurately painting their costumes. Accordingly he took consummate pains to represent faithfully their silks, satins, and velvets. Probably, with the exception of one or two more modern artists, he has never been excelled in the millinery and dressmaking department of his art. Consequent on this superiority of his, beaux with their flowered waistcoats and ruffles, and beauties in their court costumes, filled his studio. Long rows of carriages might be constantly seen before his door, and it was even considered a favour to speak to him or to shake hands. In 1814 he was employed to paint the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blücher, Platoff, and others, and he was subsequently sent to Aix la-Chapelle to paint the personages assembled there. He took this opportunity of travelling to Italy and making himself acquainted with the picture galleries of Rome. In 1820 he succeeded West as President of the Royal Academy, and this important position was granted to him with every mark of the royal favour. A great number of his pictures are at Windsor, and are portraits of members of the royal family and other illustrious individuals. The best of his portraits are those of Lord Baring, Lord Aberdeen, Lady Cowper, and Mrs. Arbuthnot, Kemble as Hamlet, and Mrs. Siddons. Hamlet is a full-length figure draped in black, with a half-melancholy, half-mad look on his face, and with his eyes lifted to heaven. In his hand he holds Yorick's skull. It is a remarkably fine picture, and has been often and justly admired. Sir Thomas Lawrence died in 1829, and was much regretted by the members of his profession and his numerous friends. He can hardly be called a painter of the highest class. Grace, with him, was too apt to dwindle into smiling sentimentality. He

seems to have aimed rather at being popular than being true to his art. He paid too much serious attention to the accessories of a picture, not bearing in mind that the 'man's character is the central idea in every portrait; and to seize it and render it the function of poetical insight,' and that 'Nature requires that the

expression of the features shall be the keynote to the expression of the figure.'

'By soul the soul's gains must be wrought,
The Actual claims our coarser thought,
The Ideal hath its higher duties.'

AMY RYE.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

A STORY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

IT was in the autumn of 18— that I accepted an invitation from the Chevalier S— to spend the hunting season at his château in Bohemia, in the neighbourhood of the far-famed Boehmerwald. Chevalier S— was the younger son of an influential family of Austria, which had played a considerable rôle in the politics of that empire, and held vast possessions in the county of Klattau. As a younger son, the chevalier was cut off from his father's patrimony with what is called an apanage, as is the custom in those countries still under the majorate system, and was enrolled among the Knights of Malta. I had met him a number of times socially at the Austrian ambassador's in Paris, and was attracted towards him partly from a natural feeling of sympathy, and partly from a sense of curiosity. Let it be said, in passing, that I was myself a stranger in the great capital, whereto a benevolent parent had sent me, and where I was to complete my university education and become truly initiated into the graces of life. My first lessons in that direction, however, had, to my sorrow, proved so bitter, that in the course of one short year I had turned misanthrope, and was fast settling into a state of spleen, which, but for the extraordinary circumstances I am about to relate, would probably have cancelled all my hopes of happi-

ness. Born in England, an only son, and heir to a large estate, I was by temperament and fortune destined to be a happy man, and nothing but an experience that sapped the roots of what we hold highest and dearest in existence could have effected so dire a change from the most sanguine expectations to the most absolute indifference. In such a frame of mind, it is, therefore, not surprising that the serenity of character of my new acquaintance, the freshness of feeling which allowed him to enjoy the stereotyped pleasures of Parisian high-life with apparent satisfaction, should attract my attention. Here, said I to myself, is a problem worth solving: a fruit, to all appearances sound to the core, in the midst of this nineteenth-century rottenness; and I determined to study it out.

One evening, as we came out together from the opera, where we had met accidentally, I proposed a walk on the *boulevards*. I had been so struck during the performance with the profound calm that seemed to pervade my friend's whole system, that I began to suspect him of being possessed of a secret the philosophical world had not yet ferreted out, and which might be worth seeking after. I had repeatedly cast a scrutinizing glance at his countenance to watch what effect the grand combination of worldly powers exhibited on a first

opera-night of the season—the brilliant array of female loveliness in the private boxes, *balcon*, and *avant-scènes*, the magnificence of the scenery, and that soul-searching music of Meyerbeer in his grand opera of 'Robert le Diable'—might have on its placidity, and could never discover anything but the most sublime repose. His eyes were generally fixed on the stage with the gaze of the *connoisseur* and analyst; and whenever, between the acts, they wandered over the house, it was with the same earnestness, as upon a side-study. A few remarks which we exchanged during the play, bearing upon its merits, convinced me also that he was a shrewd observer and close critic; so that, when I proposed a walk on the *boulevards*, it was with a more than usual interest that I looked forward to a *quart d'heure d'artiste*, that untranslatable moment of interchange of thoughts, feelings, and ideas, so difficult to seize upon, and of which the world at large is so chary.

'You like Meyerbeer,' said I, as we had reached the sidewalk, and, in the freer air, were gradually driving from our lungs the heated atmosphere of the crowded house.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I like particularly the art of his music: it is better than his science.'

'How so?'

'I like the poetic subjectivity of the play, and the perfect adaptation of the music to its sentiments. The great struggle between good and evil—the latter ever crossing man's dearest hopes—is admirably rendered in sound; and therein, I think, lies the completeness of the composer's art. But there is, to my mind, a flaw in it.'

'And that is?'

'The holy chants that disperse the infernal chants are weak. Meyerbeer's science has not yet reached the secret of celestial strength. The Roman Catholic church, with its passive saintliness, is too predominant. The music of the demons, as you must observe, is of a higher character than that of the angels; we needed here a concert of celestial voices of more force; something indicative of triumph, as in the prayer of Moses. However, I am glad to see that this frivolous nation can appreciate such a piece; it is some indication of latent spirituality.'

I could not help smiling at his simplicity. 'I should like to hear you catechize on

this subject some of the belles we saw to-night, and get an idea of their appreciation of it.'

A fine smile passed over his lips. 'You have not much faith in the women of France, it seems. I feel differently on this subject. I assure you that in many of those sparkling eyes, behind many of those bouquets and fans, I felt a heart beat in unison with mine.'

'You are a fortunate man,' I replied. 'These poor Parisians have long since lost the naïveté of such primitive emotions. However, it is a question of nationality, I suppose. In your Bohemian solitudes, the soul, no doubt, remains virgin a longer time. A few years of Paris life would soon dispel its illusions.'

He looked at me somewhat quizzically. 'You have probably met with sore experiences in that quarter; the old story, eh? faithlessness—perjury—'

'Oh no, not particularly; not any more than others. I grew wise suddenly; I profited also by the experience of my contemporaries, and became a philosopher early. I have learned to take woman for what she is—a pretty toy. I do not quarrel with her spirit of intrigue, her frivolity, her coquetry; it is her nature, and, knowing that, I shall avoid many calamities.'

'The greatest calamity of all, in my opinion, is that you should have come to such a conclusion,' remarked he, rather drily; and, after a pause, during which we walked on in silence: 'My dear sir, with all our nineteenth-century progress, we have made next to no progress in our knowledge of woman. We no more understand her superior mechanism than that monkey who attempted to imitate his master on the violin, and, failing to draw from it the harmonious sounds he expected, scratched and kicked and cuffed and broke the instrument. There are very few men who know how to play her.'

I laughed.

'See,' continued he, 'to what a desperate extreme our incorrigible stupidity has driven women to in America.'

'Oh! America,' I replied, rather contemptuously, 'a country where any kind of human folly, from a woman-preacher to a woman-lawyer, finds ever a ready stage to exhibit itself.'

'America!' he retorted, with the same

earnestness, 'with all its youthful temerity, its crude activity; with all its loose methods and systems; has taught old Europe many a beneficial lesson this last century, and will no doubt teach it a good many more.'

'I for one do not accept its mentorship. Without being over-conservative, I believe in order, and that country looks to me but a battle-ground of most admired disorder. Its reform movements—well, as far as the woman question is concerned, I positively protest against your insinuation that its present wild radicalism is to be laid at our door.'

'Fifty years hence will decide; meanwhile woman all over the world is emancipating herself, and this emancipation is the very lesson we needed to learn in order to comprehend her.'

'A pity that your knightly vows do not permit you to make the experience of an emancipated wife: you seem to me to need some lesson in that direction.'

He laughed goodnaturedly.

'For my part,' I continued, 'the emancipation may go on *ad libitum*: my mind is fixed on the subject; I have forsworn the whole charming sex as a ruinous and visionary method of life, and am just now in quest of that insensibility that lifts us above earthly wishes and desires, that—'

'Surely you do not mean insensibility?'

'Call it what you please—calm—repose—I can conceive of no other happiness; and you are the first man that I have met, who seems to have mastered its secret.'

'My dear fellow,' he replied, with a certain gravity that put a sudden check upon the rather bantering tone in which I had carried on our conversation, 'you will never reach it on the road on which you are now. You lack one of the principal elements to its acquisition.'

'And that is?' I asked.

'Faith!—faith in God, in woman, in all things.'

'Then am I a hopeless case, for I believe in nothing.'

'There is some heart disaster at the root of your spleen,' said he, with a knowing look. 'No malady without a cause. Try a change of air, a change of friends, of civilization even. I leave in a few days for Germany and Bohemia; come and see me at Kauth. We get up at times some capital

fox-hunts in our wild forests, and you shall have the honours of the chase—and perhaps, who knows' (with a kindly smile), 'you may chase something nobler than a roebuck or a hare. Come, at all events.'

I paused a moment, then said: 'I will.'

We shook hands and parted.

Some weeks elapsed before I could make up my mind to carry out this project so suddenly formed. The prospect of spending the winter in that wild solitude was anything but attractive; for, from what my friend had told me of the social life of his country home, I gathered that Kauth was one of the most retired villages of Bohemia, and, as the coming winter promised, according to all appearances, to be one of unprecedented gayety in Paris, I can scarcely be blamed for hesitating. Paris, with its balm for every wound, its electric life, its immense resources, was still the only place in the world where one could waive happiness and do without it. Then, as I called to mind the terrible truth of Boileau's lines concerning a friend suffering from hypochondria:

... 'Malade à la ville ainsi qu'à la campagne;
En vain il monte à cheval pour tromper son ennui,
Le chagrin monte en croupe et galope avec lui.'

and applied them to myself, I concluded naturally that it would be of no earthly good or use. Still, a small voice within urged the journey: 'There is no rest here; try it there;' and after one of those insignificant parties that open the winter-season, disgusted both with its shallowness and with my own weakness for seeking comfort in it, I packed my trunk and started for that weird region of gnomes and hobgoblins where *Rübezahl* still reigns supreme.

CHAPTER II.

THE château of my friend, where I arrived after a couple of days' *diligence* travel, disappointed at first my antiquarian expectations. I was looking for the sombre haunts of an ancient manor-house, and found a modern dwelling with all modern appointments. The grounds alone still retained traces of ancestral quaintness. There reigned throughout their disposition a sort of horticultural anarchy that seemed

to stand in direct opposition to what Le Nôtre would have set down as absolute rules of artistic gardening. Art and Nature seemed playing, as it were, hide and seek with each other. Their only regular feature was a broad avenue of lindens that led from the gate—an iron grating within a massive doorway of granite—to the front porch. From there and all around, stretching in every direction, the grounds followed pretty much their own sweet will, in thickets, hedges, and coppices, to which the gardener made no further claim except that here and there a neat gravel walk, a flower-parterre, or a vegetable-patch, testified to his own fancy and industry. It was a curious pell-mell of park, orchard, kitchen, and flower-garden. The house, meanwhile, though plain in design, was built on a vast scale, and contained a large number of spacious apartments with high ceilings and generous windows. The chevalier lived entirely alone in this roomy retreat. An aged housekeeper, his former nurse, a cook, a valet-coachman, and a gardener constituted the household, and I concluded that, to be happy among such surroundings, he must himself possess immense intellectual resources. The rest of the estate, which comprised a number of villages and vast tracts of woodland, was administered by an overseer and a little brigade of clerks, and formed an immense revenue, of which the elder brother, Count Rudolph S—, had the sole enjoyment. This elder brother, an ardent politician and a great favourite at the Austrian court, came at rare intervals to visit the domain, give a survey to its administration, and have his joke at the chevalier's philosophic retreat from the world. Still, the most fraternal relations subsisted between the two brothers, and it was marvellous that two such wholly different temperaments and dispositions could so unite and so harmoniously work together.

The novelty of the situation, and a certain benignity that seemed to pervade the place and the people about it, soon made me feel at home and content, and I was surprised to find how easily the most tyrannic habits yield to circumstances, and what a slight hold, after all, the mere pursuits of pleasure may have on us.

'I am afraid,' said he, the morning after my arrival, as we were coming from the

breakfast-room to have a little chat at the chimney-corner of the parlor, where a huge fire was blazing forth comfort—'I am afraid that I have presumed too much on my resources in coaxing into my solitude so great a lion as you are; I scarce can hope to tame you down to my sedentary and frugal course of life.'

'Now don't,' I replied. 'Whatever bad opinion my random speeches may have given you of me, I am no *petit-maitre*, I assure you; and I mean to show you that I can be interested in something better than boudoir-gossip or a waltz.'

'I do not doubt that; but the opportunities here for social intercourse are so meagre, and of so commonplace a character, that a vast deal of stoicism is necessary to rise above the situation and accept them as they are. We must meanwhile,' with a look outside, 'take advantage of these few bright days, for winter will soon set in with all its sternness, and I must get you familiarized with the topographical side of the country; its æsthetic features, you will soon enough discover. By the way, you speak German, don't you?'

'Barbarously! I loafed for one year at the University of Heidelberg, and picked up some few notions of German grammar, but just enough to speak most ungrammatically.'

'That does not signify; we shall not mind a few limping parts of speech, provided your hobbling along allows us to follow you. I shall begin to introduce you to our country gentry this very day, and you must make up your mind to vigorous leg-gymnastics, for there is a vast amount of walking and leaping and climbing to be done—ravines, hills, ditches, fences, anything but boulevards and Chaussée d'Antins.'

And walk we did! In less than a week I had visited, both as amateur and tourist, which means that I had minutely studied, the two ruins the neighborhood boasted of—the Riesenburg and Herrnstein—which, despite their dismantled towers and ruined walls, still look from their craggy hills defiantly at each other, ready to have out their ancient feud with lance and battle-axe; I had made friends with the forester Lhoduslau and his wife and children; had quite succeeded, though not without sustained efforts, in spelling out and pronouncing their extraordinary names; I had com-

mitted to memory the consecrated phrases of salutation observed by the population of this primitive country, where faith and reverence still hold their ground, and which consist in the devout formulas: 'Praised be Jesus Christ,'—'In eternity, Amen'—the latter being the reply to the former—travellers on the road greeting each other invariably by the same; I had learned to like the national *Krapfen* and *Kolatschen*, the one a sort of compromise between the French *beignets* and the American doughnut, and the other a sort of tart filled in with poppy-seeds crossed with sweet almonds; I had become acquainted with the musical genius of the place, a certain Christopher Stickna, the most raphaelic figure I had ever seen alive—a face that for the saintliness of its expression and its supreme spirituality might have been enshrined in some cathedral niche for daily worship; and, finally, I had made friends with the overseer, Bärenkopf, a kind, full-blooded, and full-hearted Bavarian, in whom the native hop had become distilled into pure Christian charity, so ready was he ever to overlook human frailties and exalt smaller virtues. Beer and sourkrout were the nectar and ambrosia of this sylvan god, whose cortège of bright-eyed, gleesome clerks, gave him a touch of classicism, and called to mind Pan and his satyrs. But better far than even Homeric worth, shone forth the present age through their intelligent countenances, for there was certainly upon these seemingly unsophisticated youths the touch of the time; an artist here, a musician there—poets, thinkers, young Germany in short, idealized by Bohemian ancestry. Paris and its scented salons waned in the distance, and I had not the least hankering after them. The dry, bracing air of these wild mountain regions, with their ancient lore and modern thought, was gradually reaching through blood and lungs to heart and head, and I was already beginning to feel a different man. But the restless search after the possible substance behind the shadows of life, which I then still thought might be concealed in the things of the world, had not yet left me. I was still unconsciously seeking that legendary *Fons juvenutis* of which I suspected my friend to have discovered the source. As, however, Mephistopheles had no doubt long been given up all future Faust-business as

unprofitable, he being ever the loser by it, I could not hope to get at that famous key secreted by the 'Mothers,' and had to depend upon the ordinary means, namely, discussion, to work at the riddle of life. This the seclusion of the place and its stock of good books greatly favoured; my friend's ideas running moreover in channels diametrically opposed to mine, there was plenty of opportunity for word-fencing—the only question being which argument got the better of the other.

One afternoon of a rainy day, which we were spending in the library, reading, writing, rummaging among the books and albums, I remarked to Frederic, quoting Buffon's celebrated axiom, *le style, c'est l'homme*, that I could see pretty nearly what manner of man he was from the collection of his books.

'Schelling beside Fénelon, Fichte along with Montaigne, Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais, show the universality of your mind. I congratulate you; I am not nearly so broad; I have my preferences. Now, do you accept them one and all?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'they all contain fragments of truth, and those I pick out; but I do not read much now; occasionally, as to-day, I pull out a book; but indeed I read very little.'

'Who is it,' remarked I incidentally, 'that recommended to read much in reading very little?'

He smiled. 'I am chewing the cud; I have reached the ruminating stage. But truly I find the living world far more interesting than ideas, and prefer watching real men and women to reading about them.'

'You are fortunate if in this terribly prosaic age you can find enough that is worthy the observation. In novels, at least, the tame experiences of life are made somewhat interesting by a heightening of the colours, but the commonplaceness of every-day life can scarcely afford to a thinking man a study.'

'It is the way you look at it,' said he, throwing himself into his favourite attitude for discussion, which was to raise one of his knees high enough to embrace it. 'Rosa Bonheur now, will find delight in a mud-puddle.'

'Oh artists! yes; they have an object in view.'

'The naturalist will go into ecstasy over a peculiar fern.'

'Yes, science has endless resources ; we all know that ; but if one is neither an artist nor a scientist ; when one is unfortunately fashioned as I am, with elements unkindly mixed—two-thirds spleen and one-third indifference—it is not so easy to get interested in men or things.'

'I have read somewhere in Swedenborg,' continued he, after musing awhile, and in a peculiar tone which made me feel that the remark contained an incipient satire upon my worthlessness, 'that the angels in heaven are happy in proportion to their usefulness.'

'Usefulness implies interest in things,' I replied, somewhat sulkily. 'Tell me how to arrive at a feeling of interest and I may become useful.'

'In such desperate cases as these,' said he, springing up and pacing the room with slight indications of impatience, 'I have known dire calamities—crimes sometimes—to work the desired result.'

'Frederic !' I exclaimed.

He turned round. My face no doubt expressed something of the shock and subsequent agitation of mind his words had produced, for he hastened to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said gently, 'Why Paul, my good friend, I really did not mean any harm ; then with a persuasive earnestness, 'Take comfort. The memorable sentence of Pascal, in his passionate search after the Infinite, is as applicable to your worldly despairs, as to spiritual despairs : "Console thyself," was the divine answer to his own yearnings—"Console thyself ; thou wouldst not seek me, if thou hadst not already found me." Your very hunger for that substance which you only apprehend, is a proof of its existence. "Seek and you will find," is another grand consolation.'

I rose ; he drew his arm through mine, and led me to the window.

'Yonder,' said he, pointing to a distant point visible through the branches of the lindens, you see the belfry of one of our fast dying old miniature châteaux. It is the modest retreat of Baron Prochazka, an original, as you would call him, a good deal of a visionary, given to occult sciences, but an excellent man. He has an only daughter, Marie, now twenty-five, I think, but you would scarcely think her eighteen,

so young and fresh has the noble mind within kept the outer form. It is one of my pet theories, you must know,' he put in in an undertone and by way of parenthesis, 'that the mind has much to do with the preservation of female beauty. Now she is my beau ideal of a woman ; so also is my sister-in-law, Amelia—two very different characters, but equally fine ; and I want you to become acquainted with her because I feel assured that if you succeed in understanding her, the battle against your scepticism in womankind will be half over ; and my dear fellow,' with a half serious, half comic expression, 'that is absolutely necessary towards a perfect restoration of moral health.'

I smiled. 'Who are these Prochazkas ?'

'An old and very respectable family. The baron is the owner of a little estate called Altgedein, comprising about a hundred acres and a few peasants' huts. He is comparatively poor ; the estate however is well administered, and under dear Marie's management yields all it can ; then, as their wants are but few, they live happily and often find means to be a Providence to the poor around them.'

'The baron, you say, is a—dreamer ?'

'He is a cabalist, a kind of rosiocrucian ; believes in all sorts of odd things ; very learned in antiquities, but exceedingly *bon-homme*, and as generous with his ideas and discoveries in hieroglyphics, as with his means, which, as I have already said, are very scanty. Now, I only hold up Marie to you as a study ; don't set your heart on her ; she is irrevocably disposed of.'

'So, so : I understand ; like those old knights of whom you are the worthy descendant, you just wish to make me declare that the lady of your heart is the paragon of women, and challenge me to find her equal.'

'No, not that. I have got over that ; we are good friends and nothing more. She loves Christopher, Christopher loves her—but second only to his invisible muse, I fancy ; for Marie, who has made me her confidant, is quite aware of the infinite distance to which the genius of her young maestro carries him away from her. The baron, who is above the susceptibilities of mere rank and money, will not withhold his consent, and all that is wanted to make them happy, is for the young man to declare

his love and ask her of her father, and that is probably what he will never have resolution enough to do.'

'A dangerous game—a woman's heart.'

'Not here. Marie—I know her from her childhood—does not change; she will love on, and bear all the pain this love may be fraught with, without murmur.'

'Such faith in womanhood is absolute fanaticism,' I cried. 'That is carrying the *culte de la femme* altogether too far; but you Germans are ultra in all your notions. I should not wonder but what you are ready to demonstrate to me as true, what Goethe so absurdly maintains, namely, that the fair sex leads us invariably upwards.'

'You mistake; it is 'Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan.'

'Well?'

'Das Ewigweibliche—eternal femininity—love, as in opposition to reason, or rather reasoning. Goethe, as well as you and I, knew of the *Fifine*-element in the world, but he looked upon it, in its downward movement, to be, finally and in the abstract, ancillary to the *Elvire*-movement, which is ever upward.'

'Good heavens!' cried I, springing up and holding my head, what a brain-harassing way of reasoning you have. This is the very quintessence of abstract abstractions! Do speak plain for goodness sake! What in the name of all common-sense do you mean by *Fifine* and *Elvire*?'

Frederic laughed and quietly said: 'You surely understand what I mean by *Elvire*—Moliere's *Elvire*—Don Juan's. That finer and nobler influence which some highly gifted women exercise over us to stimulate us to great deeds and worthy achievements—our mortal guardian-angels. By *Fifine* I refer to that masterly poem of Robert Browning's, just out, which treats of this very question. I suppose you would call that the *grisette* element.'

'I see,' I said.

'But really,' continued he, in a dismissing tone, 'this is all too theoretical for a realist like you. You want actual, palpable, flesh and blood facts as evidences of my doctrine. Well I have in my gallery of portraits of *Goode Women* another living specimen which ought to satisfy you. Amelia, my sister-in-law, was born and reared in what is called the hotbed of worldliness; and yet she is as dear and pure a soul as ever

breathed. It is a very false notion to suppose that innocence and purity can only be found in the humble walks of life.'

'Well,' I said, 'Amelia; Rudolph's wife. Was it a marriage *de convenance*?'

'Partly; Rudolph met her for the first time at one of the Esterhazy receptions. She pleased him uncommonly; he waltzed with her a number of times, and before the end of the ball, and in the midst of the whirlwind of the dance, asked her point blank if she would be his wife?'

'Pshaw!' I said incredulously.

'Upon my word, without any more formality. The idea had been given him by our father, a fortnight before, as the possibility of an alliance with her house was being discussed; but he was left to choose according to his inclination, and it happened that inclination and *convenance* chimed in on this occasion. Rudolph is very prompt in all that he undertakes and prides himself considerably on the despatch he used in securing a wife.'

'And the lady accepted—at once?'

'Yes. Rudolph, when he related the circumstances to us, said that she could not say yes at once, panting still from the dance, but that her eyes looked pleased, and that when he brought her to her seat, and waited for an answer, she hesitated a little, laughed, stammered something about mamma and papa, if they consented, and finally said bravely "yes."'

'Charming! such prompt transactions save many embarrassing preliminaries, to be sure.'

'She has now three lovely children; she is a dutiful wife, an excellent housekeeper, a devoted mother, a sincere friend, and withal a perfect *femme de monde*.

'A woman of the world and a devoted mother; the two do not go well together.'

'You shall judge from a little incident I will relate to you, and which is enshrined in my memory as the most perfect of domestic scenes. Rudolph was absent and I was to accompany her to the opera, and from there to a ball at the archduchess Sophia's. We were late; she had been two hours at her toilet. As it was completed, she called me into her dressing-room to ask my advice about a set of jewellery she was in doubt about wearing; a mere matter of taste and choice. I gave my opinion; she acceded to it. Indeed, I see her yet; she

was lovely. Amelia, though a brunette too, is again an entirely different style of beauty from Marie's. She is tall, with sufficient embonpoint to have nothing angular about her. Her face is round and full, regular; her eyes dark, well-shaped; her ears two rosy little shells; mouth and teeth to match; in short one of those happy, pretty faces, sometimes more attractive even than beauty, and which one keeps looking at as on a successful picture. No intellectual depth, mind you; she has never known sorrow, and there is the flaw in the character; but I am persuaded that if anything were to happen to Rudolph, she would turn out a heroine.

I laughed: 'That's judging from your moral consciousness.

'No; judging from small indications, as many a scientist does; guessing at wholes through parts; judging from an angelic patience when playing with the children, when Rudolph gets into his particular moods, when the servants do something amiss, and from a certain well-timed decision of character, when circumstances call for it.'

'Virtues and vices are often so many heirlooms,' I put in musingly. 'And now for the ball incident.'

'Well, as I said, she stood there in all the splendour of a complete ball costume. Her dazzling shoulders outrivalled in brilliancy the white satin bodice which set forth her perfect form. A graceful garland of wild roses ran down the rich skirt and seemed to play hide and seek among the *tulle-bouillons* with which it was covered, and I was just fastening the last bracelet on her superb arm, when Gretel, the assistant nurse—the *kinder-nadchen*, as we call them—came in with the timid message: "Master Rudy, please your ladyship, is crying and will not let us put him to bed; he won't let us take off his shoes and stockings; he kicks and screams, and says that he has not seen his mamma all day, and will not go to sleep without kissing her." Amelia burst out into a rippling laugh. "Nonsense!" said I impatiently; "don't mind the child; put him to bed and be done with him." "No, no," cried she; and turning to me with an adorable pout, "You cruel man, you! you don't know how it feels to be papa or mamma." Then, with a smile to the maid: "I am coming, Gretel; tell him I

am coming;" and she took me by the hand and pulled me along with her, assuring me all the while that a look at her precious little ones in their cunning nightshirts, was by far the finer of the spectacles we were going after that evening. I yielded. We came to the nursery, and listened awhile at the door; then opened it, and a pretty sight it was, to be sure. The baby, a little girl, lay quietly in the crib, with wide open eyes, apparently amazed at the hubbub the two brothers had raised. Rudy, a sturdy little fellow, three years old, was on the nurse's lap, obstinately refusing to have his shoes taken off, and crying "mamma, mamma," and Sebastian, the oldest, was remonstrating with him, and, no doubt by virtue of his heir-apparanship, commanding the servants, in most authoritative tones, not to mind the naughty boy but put him to bed by force. Our appearance created a sudden silence. The baby instinctively put out its little arms towards its mother; Rudy stopped crying and Sebastian stood still in the middle of the room, in a stare of admiration at his mother's full-dress. Amelia walked up to the little culprit, knelt down before him, allowed him to put his little arms around her neck and wipe his wet face, hot from crying, against her fresh cheeks, and talked, or rather sang to him, "Poor, poor Rudy; poor, poor mamma; poor mamma has not seen her little Rudy all day, no, not all day; poor mamma is so sorry! But now she has come; yes, yes, she has come to love her little boy," etc., etc. And then followed such a variety of caresses, and cooings, exquisite sounds, on all sorts of keys, such as only babies and mothers can utter; and the little face looked up all bright again through its glistening eyes: "Pretty, pretty mamma," he muttered, playing with her earrings. I had not the heart to chide; the scene was too delicious; still I remonstrated against her being on her knees and allowing the child to tumble her so. "Oh never mind," she said, "all this will get crushed in the carriage anyhow." Then, with a cheering ring in the voice, and clapping her hands to divert the child's attention away from her ornaments, she said, "And now mamma is going to take off Rudy's shoes, and put Rudy to bed, and Lisbeth is going to sing, "Aya Popeia," and little Rudy will go to sleep." So with an exultant shout in which

the child joined, "Off with one shoe! ha! ha! off with the other! and now the stockings! one—two—three, off it goes!" And such laughing and shouting! the baby and Sebastian looking on with mirthful eyes and joining in the fun. Then, composing her face, as if by magic, into solemnity, she whispered: "And now Rudy must think of the dear good God, and all good angels, and say. "Dear dood Dod, bless papa and mamma, and sister and brother;" and go to sleep, sweetly, sweetly." And, with her jewelled hand, raising the tiny hand of the little one, she made him go through the sign of the cross, and carried him into the cradle. All got to bed, all were fondly kissed, and we went to the ball. I thought the whole performance angelic."

'Charming! exquisite! divine!' cried I with tears in my eyes. 'The scene should be written out in characters of gold, and framed and hung in every lady's boudoir!'

'But,' continued Frederic, with a significant look, 'if you had seen her an hour later at the ball, you would never have suspected, amidst her mischievous coquetties, her fan and bouquet skirmishes, her lively repartees, her constant dancing, that she had just gone through such a model scene of domestic duties. Believe me, Paul, there is an angel in every woman!'

I had nothing to say in reply; the story was almost convincing.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, although it still continued to rain, Frederic ordered the close family coach to be got in readiness for us, and we drove to the *Schölsslein*, the name given by the peasantry to the Prochazka manor-house. There my antiquarian expectations were somewhat realized. The house, without being exactly antique, belonged evidently to a past century. The style presented even something of a riddle, and seemed to partake both of the Dutch and German orders of architecture. It looked at first sight rather a clumsy piece of work, with its massive stone walls, and rough attempts at embellishments in the way of outside window-traceries. Its distinctive features, however, were the elaborately carved oaken-door, with the tradi-

tional brazen knocker in the lion's mouth, and the belfry. At each side of the front door, to which led a dozen or more stone steps, two windows indicated the lower apartments, over which a number of smaller windows showed that the upper story was divided into fragments of smaller rooms. When we had alighted, and a servant had answered our coachman's energetic knock, we walked in and were taken to the sitting-room. Marie soon made her appearance. She was a person of middle stature, finely proportioned, and with the most admirable pose of the head I had ever seen. Whether it was the curves of the neck, or the exquisite shape of the shoulders that gave it that air of girlish majesty, I know not; but the bust was one of unequalled beauty. The features, irreproachably regular, were far more Italian than German, a trait inherited from her grandmother, a Florentine, as Frederic told me afterwards. Her eyes were intensely dark, as was also her hair, and stood almost in too violent contrast with the fairness of the complexion: not the fairness of the blonde, but a ruddier one; a blending of the warm southern skies with the northern snows.

'Mr. Osborn,' said Frederic, introducing me. 'A gentleman I have coaxed away from the capital of capitals into our wilderness, with all sorts of promises, which, unless you help me to fulfil them, my dear Marie, I shall be much at a loss how to make good.'

She smiled and put out her hand, which I kissed, a German fashion of meeting a lady I highly approve of, and which I was not long acquiring. Then, with an ease of manner I was surprised to find in so retired a nook of the world, she invited us to sit down, and led the conversation from Frederic to myself with incomparable tact and naturalness. What Frederic thought of France, how I liked Bohemia, all interspersed with bright observations and sagacious criticisms of her own. She touched upon what had transpired during his absence, the men and women of their acquaintance, with an occasional parenthesis for my benefit, explaining and describing who and what they were; in short, she proved herself possessed instinctively of that talent of conversation which is generally acquired only by a long intercourse with society. I was infinitely pleased, for I had

never before seen so much womanly tact blended with so girlish a naturalness of manner. Her father soon joined us, and I had before me another interesting study. Baron Prochazka was in every respect a handsome looking man, despite his bent figure and the *négligé* of his grizzly beard; occult sciences standing no doubt in opposition to the razor. Frank and cordial in speech, as Frederic had already described him to me, and without the least claim to superiority of learning, yet there seemed implied in his off-hand ways and decision of tone, that whatever anybody else's opinion might be, his was fixed and unalterable.

The room into which we had been ushered presented nothing striking in itself. Three windows let into it all the light a rainy day could afford to give, and the furniture, partly antique, partly modern, gave evidence that its owners looked chiefly to its use. A few old oil paintings, considerably impaired by age, covered the walls and gave the apartment a certain air of gravity which was still more enhanced by two time-stained pieces of statuary, the one a veiled Isis, and the other the enigmatic bust of Hermes. The total absence of those meaningless trifles which encumber some drawing-rooms showed plainly that the young *chatelaine* was not given to fancy-work ornaments. The only indication of female industry observable was a work-basket on a side table, filled with garments of the roughest texture, which led me to suppose that Miss Marie was as much a *dame de charité* to the poor of the vicinity as the dutiful daughter of an eccentric father. During one of those inevitable pauses that occur in the most animated conversations, I stepped to one of the windows to have a look outside. Looking northward the country undulated towards a line of fir-clad hills—the younger children of the well known *Boehmerwald* of legendary fame—rows of evergreens, among which, here and there, a faint curl of smoke indicated a human habitation. To the right, on a hill, peeped, through the leafless branches of the thicket of trees wherein they were enshrined in summer, the ragged towers of that most ruined of all Bohemian ruins, the Herrnsstein, at the foot of which, on a green plateau, was forester Lhudoslau's modest dwelling, a hyphen, as it were, between the middle ages and the nineteenth century, and

blending the progressive thought of the latter with the blind faith of the former. To the left, separated from the Herrnsstein by a miniature valley, and on a lesser eminence, could be distinguished, also through the surrounding forest branchings, the better preserved walls of the Riesenbourg.

'Delightful haunts in summer time,' observed Marie, as Frederic pointed them out. 'Many an improvised drama have we played among those wild stones!'

'Yes,' said my friend, 'and many a good thing was said in those childish improvisations. I wish I had them all written out.'

'It is a fact worth recording,' observed the baron, musingly, 'that among the great number of these mediæval structures there are so few inscriptions; whilst the more ancient ruins of Greece, Italy, Egypt abound in them.'

'It would almost argue,' I said, guessing at his thought, 'that there was less enlightenment then than in the far more remote ages.'

'Undoubtedly! The farther back you go in the world's history the more enlightenment do you find.'

I smiled, and looked at him somewhat suspiciously.

'A certain kind of enlightenment, of course. I do not mean that the people of those dark periods had anything of the acute, fine sense for classification and analysis which we possess now. Oh, no!' and with an expression in the eye, in which a close observer might have detected a Rabelaisian hint, he continued: 'These poor wretches knew of architecture, so wonderfully developed now-a-days, but just enough to raise up buildings as wonderful in durability of workmanship, as significant of design; they produced works of beauty without knowing anything about the rules of beauty.'

I laughed.

'Their meaningless inscriptions too,' he went on in the same satiric vein; 'a stork here, a wretchedly drawn human figure, with a sparrow-hawk's head there, could never compare with the *hic jacet* of our superior age. Good enough for some poor fools to puzzle their noddles over, but what sensible scholar would leave the good substantial bone the present age holds out to him in the shape of molecular atoms, for those shadowy figures of speech? Pooh!'

'Ah, Baron,' I said, 'you are a little too hard on progress,' and stepping to another window, and noticing the presbytery that lay ensconced in a bouquet of trees close by the outer wall that encircled the private grounds, I remarked, pointing to it, 'Here is another ground for attack. What do you say of Christianity, so called, that does away with these "shadowy figures of speech"?'

'Oh!' replied he, with a good-humoured smile, I mean no attack; I only state certain peculiarities of human wisdom.' Then, turning to Frederic, 'Chevalier,' he said, 'you must take your friend to see our Herrn Dechant and Kaplan. They are,' speaking to me again, 'fine illustrations of the breadth of our Christianity here. John Huss himself would not have refused to shake hands with them.'

'I doubt though whether that breadth would cover my atheism; I——'

'Nay, nay, my young friend,' said he, with a friendly tap on my shoulder, 'there is no such thing as atheism. A disease of youth merely. You'll get over that; and changing abruptly the subject, and pointing to the grounds immediately before us, 'Here you see an old man's foible; half of these grounds are devoted to dahlias—all kinds—I pride myself on having the largest collection in the country. They are gone now, but if you are here next summer, and this young lady (with a nod towards Marie) does not get down before me in April, and encroach, as she often does, upon my territory, for her own darlings and her favourite vegetables, you will see a fine display of those regal flowers.'

I smiled at the off-hand way with which he disposed of my atheism, comparing it with his predilection for dahlias; and perceiving a curious little building in the farthest end of what looked like a park, I asked what other foible that might be, that did indulge in Mohammedan practices; the structure reminding one of a small mosque with its minaret.

'That,' said he, pointing at it, 'is an oriental fancy of my student-days. My father gave me on my sixteenth birthday a few hundred gulden and an acre of land, probably to find out what my dominant idea might be, and I planned a pavilion; and as my favorite studies bore all on oriental questions, it took the shape

of a mosque; but you will find the interior quite Christian. I have always preferred the cross to the crescent as a symbol. In short, I built it for my library; and, in order to prevent intrusion, and no doubt influenced by the spirit or Dedalus, I laid out the grounds around it in a miniature labyrinth.'

'Ah! I was wondering what these intricate windings around could mean.'

'Young ideas! The children meanwhile have found that pavilion very much to their taste; haven't you?' looking at Marie and Frederic.'

'Haven't we though!' echoed Marie with a childish glee that sent additional color into her cheeks and lustre into her eyes. 'Do you remember our pitched-battles, Frederick?'

'Remember!' repeated my friend with a tenderness of tone and look I had not observed in him before.

'Ah, Mr. Osborn,' continued she, with increased animation, 'you should have seen us ten years ago, in the summer vacations, what fun we had around that pavilion. There was,' looking alternately at her father, the chevalier, and me, 'Rudolph, you Frederick, cousin Rosine, poor Madeline—she is gone now!' (with a sigh), 'Christopher, Milic, Fritz the cowboy, our Hannah, myself; and what shouts and cries and groans and tears were mixed with this wild play!'

'But what did you play,' I asked, 'that would call for groans and tears?'

'This young lady,' said my friend, pointing at Marie, 'was always possessed with the idea of saving her country—saving somebody or something—and would always pick out bits of history to act out by way of play—battle scenes generally. Now this labyrinth afforded us capital hiding places, and we found it invaluable for marches, countermarches, ambuscades, and all sorts of war-stratagems; for, as I have said, our historical games were always of a martial character.'

I laughed. 'And the heroine, no doubt, was always Miss Marie.'

'Always. Our favorite game was the rescue of Orleans by Joan of Arc. We divided, boys and girls, into two equal bands; one, the French, defending the pavilion, which simulated Orleans; the other, the English. But, oh Marie!' looking at the young girl

with a peculiar expression in the eyes, 'you remember that last signal defeat of yours!'

Marie laughed.

'But then,' said I, 'you were not acting out history, if you defeated her.'

'There is the joke of it,' continued Frederic. 'Marie used to be terribly obstinate in her battle-plans, and had a superstitious faith in her heroine and herself; so that without any regard to our natural pride, my brother's and mine, she would invariably pick out for her troops the least competent of all: Christopher for example, an exceedingly delicate lad, the imbecile little Milic—'

'Oh! Frederic!' remonstrated Marie.

'Well, he was something of an imbecile then, though now,' with a look of intelligence towards the young girl, 'he may see farther than any of us. Then poor Rosine, and Hannchen, who used to put her apron over her head for protection, and march blindly before her with outstretched arms, and then expect that we fellows who knew something about regular fighting, would allow ourselves to be beaten by this little band of ragamuffins.'

'Ragamuffins!' again protested Miss Prochazka, with a familiar tap on my friend's head.

Frederic laughed. 'But,' resuming his narrative, 'one day we had our revenge. Rudolph and I determined to give this new Maid of Orleans a lesson, despite history. So when it came to the encounter, and the walls were scaled, instead of pretending to fall back, as we had always kindly done before, without even getting any thanks for it, we lay on firmly with our sticks, and, in no time, we had them all on the ground, crying and moaning piteously. Milic, I remember, had a bloody nose, and declared he would never play Orleans again; Marie sat down on the grass, crying fit to break her heart, not over her scattered troops, and scratched face and hands, and torn dress, mind you, but over the imaginary loss of Orleans.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'You bad boys,' said Marie, making a fist at Frederic, which he caught and kissed. 'So you see,' turning to me again, 'these are memorable grounds.'

I was considerably amused at the character of these early reminiscences, and mentally compared such a childhood with one

spent in the convent or among the artificial influences of city-life, and concluded that they must necessarily bring about different results.

We soon took our leave. Driving home, the most natural question my friend could put to me was:

'Well, and what think you of Marie?'

'Lovely,' I replied; 'but, oh, Frederic, you who are a man of taste, how can you allow her such barbarous colors? Gray, you ought to know, goes not with such hair and complexion; and such a cold gray. Amaranth is her color—a lively pink—warm tints.'

'Ah, well,' replied he, laughing, 'we are not quite so particular here. I leave such a little reform for you to make. But beware! Marie has a reason for all things, and she may even have a reason for her choice of colors.'

The evening's mail meanwhile brought the chevalier a letter from his brother which obliged him to leave home for some days on business.

The next morning, as I saw him off, he looked at me with such an air of commiseration that I burst out laughing.

'But what will you do?' said he pityingly.

'Do? What else but cut you and Christopher out? I am going to make desperate court to Marie.'

He laughed, murmured something about playing with fire, and drove off.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day being fair, I thought I would beguile the first effects of my solitude with a visit to the forester, in the vague hope that between him and me we could get up a little shooting match; for the promises of superior fox-hunts which the chevalier had held out to me at Paris, to lure me on, lay in a vague future, and with my friend's contemplative turn of mind, threatened very much to turn out like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. I accordingly gave orders to Peppy, our Figaro, to saddle his master's riding-horse, and, scarcely heeding the good fellow's repeated injunctions that the direct road to the Herrnslein lay mid-way on the *Kauth-*

strasse, I sallied forth somewhat Don Quixote-like, in quest of adventures.

Taking the highway, I travelled towards what I supposed to be the Herrnslein direction, and paced along musingly till I became aware that the road had made a curve which took me out of the right line. Unable to orient myself, I was about returning to whence I came, when, by a second turn, I perceived a little hut all hid within a cluster of firs, and at the wicket of which was tied a horse. On coming nearer I saw that it was a fine riding-horse, and a lady's, as the side-saddle indicated. Marie ! I thought ; who else ? I alighted, tied my horse next her's, and knocked at the door. A woman poorly clad, and with big tears rolling down her cheeks, came to open. I made a few ineffectual attempts, half in German, half in Bohemian, to enquire for the Herrnslein road, but to no purpose ; she kept wiping her eyes with her apron, and shaking her head that she did not understand. I said : ' Marie ? Marie ? ' with a head and hand mimicry that implied : ' Is she in here ? ' She nodded yes, and stepped aside to let me in. At the furthest end of the room, half-kneeling, half-bending over a low cot-bed on which lay evidently a sick person, I saw Miss Prochazka, but so intent upon the subject before her that she did not notice my entrance. I walked up to her to help me out of my difficulty. She started, and looked up at me with an expression so full of surprise and awe, that I drew back. When, however, I had explained in a few words my presence, she gradually recovered from her astonishment, and, pointing to the bed, told me that she had just been praying ardently for assistance of some kind ; that she was confident that with proper help and efforts the poor man lying there might yet be restored to life. I at once put myself entirely at her service, and, combining our efforts, we succeeded in recalling him to consciousness. He was a miner, and the husband of the woman who had opened the door to me. Having obtained a few days' leave of absence, according to the mine regulations, he was coming home with his year's salary, a distance of forty-two miles, and overcome by exhaustion and sickness, had crept to a little creek a few miles from his hut, where he was found unconscious, with his money about him, by

some wood-cutters who brought him home. The wife had at once sent her little boy to the *Schlosslein* for her help, and Marie had hastened to the spot, but after repeated trials had found herself unable to perform the task alone. The man's teeth were so firmly set that she could not administer the needed remedy, and was intently wishing for succor. It was therefore not surprising that my sudden appearance proved more of a shock than a pleasure. Still it was a moment of real need ; the case demanded stronger muscles than her delicate wrist could boast of, and it took all of my own strength to sufficiently separate the teeth to let the medicine through. The whole scene engraved itself deeply in my memory, and I could realize how, in moments of extremetension of mind, trifles will occupy the attention. Thus, during the tedious process of friction, which lasted fully two hours, my eyes ran mechanically over the details of the little hut. I noticed the poor colored prints that adorned the walls of the sick chamber ; the shepherd's pipe lying on the floor, the rusty gun standing in one corner, the garden utensils in another ; the mixture of distress and curiosity in the face of the little boy, who was seated on a low stool near the fire ; the various attitudes of the wife and mother, now with clasped hands, praying and moaning alternately, now bidding the child to mind the fire and throw turf on it, but, more than all this, the intensity of feeling in Miss Prochazka's treatment of the moribund. With the naturalness of perfect innocence she had resolutely bared the rigid limbs of her patient, and rubbed them up and down with an ardor, which, in its sustained effort, must indeed have derived its strength from an invisible source. Her eyes were fixed upon the vacant stare of the seemingly lifeless body, as if through the intensity of their magnetism they could call life back into those glassy orbs.

When, after having bid these good people good-bye, we both stood before our horses, and I offered her my assistance to get into the saddle, she expressed to me, in words which I have forgotten, but of which the tone still lingers in my ear, her heartfelt thanks for my timely assistance. She was very pale, and I feared a reaction. The fresh air, however, and the ride home soon restored the needed equilibrium.

The day meanwhile being considerably

advanced, I accepted the kind invitation to stay to dinner proffered by father and daughter, and was thus for the first time introduced into the baron's private sanctum. As soon as the meal was over he ordered the coffee to be brought into the library, and we all three repaired thither.

It was an oblong apartment which seemed to take in the whole depth of the house, and into which four high and broad windows let in a generous light. The walls, with the exception of one reserved for a large map of the ruins of the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis, were entirely covered with shelvings, filled with books, old and new, in promiscuous company with cigar-boxes serving as pigeon-holes. In the centre of the room, on a large antique table with twisted legs ending in lion's claws, lay a mass of paper and writing materials; whilst on ottomans and foot-stools scattered around it, huge folios and ancient looking books indicated somewhat the character of study of the occupant of the place.

'Truly,' said I, as we were seated, and the servant had brought in the after-dessert, 'this is a most cheerful place for the sombre pursuits you are engaged in. I have always coupled occult sciences with subterranean vaults, mysterious recesses, and plenty of cobwebs.'

He laughed. 'There is enough of the latter, I assure you, both in these upper corners' (pointing with his pipe to the cornices around the ceiling) 'and in my own brain, despite Barbara's broom, and the protests of my reason. But *qu'en voulez-vous*; we are not quite the masters of our destinies, and our work on earth is pretty much cut and dried for us. Mine seems to be, to judge from my uncontrollable leaning towards the mysteries of signs and numbers, to search the past in order to benefit the present.'

'To benefit the present?' I repeated in a rather dubious tone.

'Yes; don't you think that the past has yet a vast deal to teach the present?'

'This occultism of yours is as yet an entirely closed book to me; not till to-day was my attention seriously arrested on the possibility of there being anything worth gathering in the rubbish called mystery, which the light of science has driven into the dark corners of civilization. You must

admit that ignorance and superstition have gone hand in hand, and that —'

'Ignorance and superstition, my good sir,' said the baron, interrupting me, and giving a strong puff to his pipe to keep it alive a while, 'are the most elastic of words, and cover a vast amount of inconsistent facts. Whatsoever does not fit into the circumscribed space laid down by the recognized authorities in learning, is branded as ignorance and superstition. But a fact is a fact, despite the doctors; and however unorthodox certain out-of-the-way events or cures may appear, patients will ever prefer being cured contrary to the rules of orthodox practice than dying according to them.'

'No doubt of that,' I said.

'The world just now,' said he, musingly, 'has come to a curious pass, and hardly knows whether to go backward or forward. There is danger both ways of its losing its balance. The scepticism which science has run into, is very closely allied with the superstitious faith founded on the legendary evidence of the past. The materialist can no more prove the atomic theory—no one as yet having seen an atom pure and simple, since all atoms are infinitely too minute to come within the ken of the strongest microscope—than the spiritualist the doctrine of immortality by his miracle theory.'

'But on what, then, do you base your hopes of immortality?' I asked.

'On knowledge; knowledge of myself and the world around me. He who cannot read the written Word that rises up on every side must needs either believe or doubt.'

'If I understand you rightly,' I said, 'you mean that the whole universe contains an answer for all our questionings, and that it depends upon our more or less penetration to make out its riddle. But, my dear sir, this is but reading one's fancy into things. Who will vouch for your solution being the correct one?'

'Experience! The Cabala, Mr. Osborn, is not a fantastic compilation of signs and numbers; it is as exact a science as mathematics, and proceeds from the known to the unknown with the same certitude as the scientist on his stepping-stones from one fact to the next. Have once a clear ideal of its fundamental principles—its balance, illustrated by the two bronze columns which Solomon had placed before the door of the

Temple, and which are, as it were, the monumental hieroglyphic of the antinomy necessary to the law of creation—and all things, good and evil, will be explained; you will see clearer, plainer than with your natural eye, the rounds of Jacob's ladder rising from the lowest abyss into the infinite.'

I was silent. I am rather fond of helping people on their hobbies, if but to see them ride them, and watch where they are taken to; but that of the baron looked so much like a griffin, that I began to think of that better part of valour—discretion—and cast about for a convenient and polite loophole to slip out of the subject; but before I had found an egress, he held me fast again with:

'You dropped something about atheism, the other day, that led me to think that you are one of those unfortunate grandchildren of Voltaire who expiate through misanthropy the crime of pride and forwardness of their grandsire. Now, my dear sir, with all due respect to that remarkable ancestor, let me tell you that this Monsieur Arouet de Voltaire was a marvelously ignorant man, whose shallowness only escaped the eye of the public because he always found means to conceal it under successful jokes. But to laugh at a thing is not to explain it, and the whole of this godless crew of encyclopædists who rallied fanatically around their pigmy-god of irreligion, never advanced civilization a single step.'

'They sowed the seeds of liberty,' I ventured.

'They sowed the seeds of anarchy you mean. But the times you refer to are scarcely attributable to the negation doctrine of the Ferney philosopher. A far more subtle and pernicious influence was generated through the writings of Jean Jacques. Indeed, Robespierre and Marat might be considered but the faithful exponents of the mild mock-philanthropy of Rousseau. It is just such men, my dear sir, whose indomitable pride causes them to throw off all allegiance to order, that retard progress.'

A considerable pause followed the baron's last tirade against the poor Geneva reformer, for my attention had long since been divided between the father's arguments and the daughter's beauty. Miss Prochazka was quietly sitting near the window engaged in

needle-work, and I had allowed myself to become gradually swallowed up in admiration of the perfection of her features and the beautiful lines of her neck and shoulders.

'Miss Marie,' said I after awhile, 'I am afraid of your father. I shall never have courage enough to follow him into the labyrinthian theories of the ancient wisdom he lays so much store by. I am sure you know of a more direct road to the enjoyment and usefulness of life. I wish you would take me for a pupil, and teach me how to be good without too many sacrifices.'

She laughed. 'Sacrifices of what?'

'Oh, of ideas—habits. I like the world, for example; a good dinner, a game at billiards, a ball occasionally. I do not like the Church; I do not believe in *Monsieur le Curé's* unquenchable fire for such as I.'

'No, to be sure not,' fell in the baron. 'There is nothing so stupid as those precious sheepfolds where the whole flock bleat in unison meaningless hallelujahs, and fall asleep over their holiness. They need a nice little wolf to wake them up.'

'I know of but one recommendation,' said Marie, raising her eyes up to me full of sweet earnestness, 'and that is St. Augustine's: "Love, and then do what you please."'

'Love rightly, I suppose you mean,' replied I, rising to go; 'but the difficulty is still in the taking of the remedy. I am, you see, a sort of spiritual moribund, like the poor fellow we assisted to-day, and my teeth are set against it. I lack too the very *grâce suffisante* that carries a poor wretch across the boundary line of the fatal section in the next world; but *adieu*, more of that some other time.'

She smiled. I put out my hand; she pressed it gently, and I left.

'And did *Euer Gnaden* find the way?' asked Peppy as I reached home and was dismounting.

'Not to the Herrnstein, my good man,' I replied, 'but to the *Schlosslein*.'

A very knowing smile passed over the lips of the rustic groom, and his eyes told of a world of agreeable suspicions. I concluded that Peppy was evidently a man of imagination.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE LAW OF SUCCESSION TO LAND IN ONTARIO.

THE common law of England has been declared by some of its enthusiastic votaries to be 'the perfection of reason,' and most students of English law imbibe this exalted notion with regard to one of the principal objects of their study at the very commencement of their labours, and accept it with all the docility which becomes profound ignorance sitting at the feet of profound wisdom. As, however, they emerge from the state of pupillage, not a few begin to ask themselves the whys and wherefores of many of those principles of law governing the rights of property which previously they had been content to accept as axioms, and they begin to discover that the flattering encomium must be taken with some qualification. For although they may still justly admire the reasoning by which the common law has been developed by a succession of able and learned lawyers, yet the premises on which that reasoning has been based will, in many cases, we fear, fail to excite the same degree of admiration. For it will be often found that those premises rest on arbitrary rules framed to meet the needs of a state of society which has long since passed away, and which had very little in common with the age in which we live.

Now, no system of law which is founded on premises or principles which are faulty in themselves, or which were devised to meet wants which no longer exist, can, by being elaborated by mere reasoning, be made altogether satisfactory, even though the reasoning be without a flaw. Nor if the inherent weakness be in the root, will even the lopping of a branch here or the grafting on another there, cause the decaying tree to flourish.

And yet it may be asked, with all due respect for the eminent persons who have of late years devoted themselves to the task of Law Reform, whether the system they have been proceeding on is not, to a great extent, chargeable with the defect of a want of thoroughness, and whether, notwithstanding the disease is at the root, they have not for the most part contented themselves

with a simple course of pruning and grafting, whereas the treatment really needed is of a much more radical and drastic nature?

Next to the absurd system of administering the law by two distinct classes of tribunals, the one dispensing what is technically called Law, and the other what is technically called Equity—a system which is the result of accident rather than design, and which, having been the source of endless injustice, seems at last to be yielding to the common-sense of the present day—there is the peculiarity in English law which governs the right of property in land by one system of law, and the right of property in goods and chattels by another and totally different system, the one system being a development from the ancient feudal law, and the other built up on principles mainly derived from the ancient Roman law; and this diversity, also, may be traced rather to accident than design.

The Roman law was the law of a highly civilized people, and the result of the labours of some of the keenest intellects the world has ever seen; the feudal law, on the other hand, was the law of a semi-barbarous people. Taking the feudal law as a foundation whereon to build, what can be hoped for? It needs no great acumen to see that the feudal system is now out of date; that it implies a state of society which has passed away; that it was designed to protect interests and to enforce rights which have no longer any need of protection or enforcement; that it is, in short, based on a theory regarding the tenure of land which has lost all the vitality it ever had.

England is not the only country in Europe in which the feudal law was introduced; but it is almost the only one of any pretensions to civilization in which it has not been, to a great extent, superseded by the more enlightened principles of the civil law. And it would seem that it is to the fact that it has been so superseded in France, as regards the tenure of land, th

in no small measure is due the extraordinary recovery of that country from the ruin in which it was left at the close of the Franco-Prussian war.

But it would be impossible within the limits of our short paper to discuss all the objections which might be raised to the continued retention of the feudal law as the basis of our real property laws; and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves on this occasion to the consideration of one branch of the subject only—that which relates to the succession to land.

It is needless to say that the law of succession to land differs vitally from that relating to goods. When the English law was first introduced into Upper Canada, the rule of primogeniture was established here; but in 1852 this rule was abolished, and all the children of a deceased person were admitted to share in his lands. This change was in one sense an approach to the law of succession to personal property, but it fell short of actual agreement with it, in an important particular. For while personal property passes in the first place to the personal representative, as he is called,—*i. e.* the executor or administrator—who is charged to see to the payment of the debts of the deceased before permitting any part of the property to pass into the hands of the next of kin,—we find that land still passes by descent directly to the heirs-at-law without first passing through, or in any way coming under, the control of any person whose duty it is to see to the payment of debts. In this respect the succession to land still rests on the old feudal principle which practically ignored the rights of creditors; the only change made is in the designation of the persons entitled to inherit.

If land were a species of property which the law intended, as did the feudal law, to exempt from liability for debts, the retention of this mode of succession might be reasonable enough. But most people now-a-days seem to be agreed that all property of a deceased debtor, whether it be in the shape of lands or goods, should be made liable for the payment of his just debts; and very numerous are the enactments which have from time to time been passed to give effect to this idea. Land is deemed to have no particular sanctity about it, which should preserve it from the hands of

the sheriff, if the demands of justice require it.

Having got rid of the feudal idea that land should be exempted from liabilities for the debts of a deceased debtor, the most natural way to give effect to the contrary opinion would seem to be to provide that land should pass under the control of the executor or administrator in the same way as goods and chattels, upon the death of the debtor. But our legislators have not seen fit so to provide; hence it is that we find that, while the law provides that it shall be the duty of the executor or administrator of a deceased person to see to the payment of his debts, yet the person who is thus by the law charged with this duty, has no power whatever over the deceased person's lands, which in many cases constitute the chief assets which are left for their satisfaction; and we find the further anomaly that, whilst the only person who can be sued for the debts of the deceased is his executor or administrator, yet under a judgment against the executor or administrator, lands which by law are vested in another person can be sold without as much as making that other person a party to, or giving him any notice of the proceedings. Nothing could well be more illogical than the present state of the law in Ontario on this point; and it arises from the efforts which have been made to patch up by statutory enactments the obvious defect in the feudal law, which, as we have said, practically ignored the rights of creditors to be paid out of the realty of their deceased debtor; the patches being introduced, it seems to us, without much regard as to how they suited the old garment or the *tout ensemble*.

But it may be said that the law as it now stands, although illogical, works no practical injustice. It is not necessary, however, to point to particular cases in which it has actually operated unjustly; it will suffice, we think, if it can be shown to be capable of being used to defeat righteous claims, and to injure those whom it is designed to benefit.

In the first place, the present law of descent of real estate is open to this objection, that it operates silently and without any official or public record being necessary to its consummation. The moment a man dies intestate, his land passes *eo instante* to

those persons whom the law has provided shall be his heirs. No formal act on their part is necessary to complete their title; the law vests in them all the land of their deceased ancestor, without the intervention of any public officer or a scrap of writing. In the case of personal property, the case is entirely different, for the law requires an inventory to be made of all the deceased person's personal property, which is filed of record, and no one can legally deal with it until he has obtained the sanction of the proper court, evidenced by the grant of probate in the case of a will, or of letters of administration in the case of an intestacy; and the law moreover requires from a person applying to be appointed administrator, that he shall give security for the due performance of his duties. By this means some reasonable protection is afforded to creditors for the proper administration of personal estate.

It is true, land is itself immovable; but how is a creditor to know of what land his debtor may have died entitled to? or how is he to be assured that all his debtor's lands will be made available for the payment of his debts? The law of succession to real estate is very simple in its mode of operation; but what is or what may be its effect as against creditors? What security does the law require to be given by the heirs which will prevent their selling the land descended, and appropriating the proceeds to their own purposes to the prejudice of creditors? As for security, none whatever is required; and the only remedy for the protection of creditors is the putting of the estate in Chancery for administration, a proceeding which involves the incurring a great amount of expense, which in many cases might be altogether avoided, if the personal representative had power to deal with the land. The law, therefore, so far as the real estate of a deceased debtor is concerned, leaves the creditor almost entirely at the mercy of the heir-at-law or devisee, with the alternative of a suit in Chancery.

It cannot be said to be due to the wise and just provision of the law protecting the rights of creditors, but rather to the general honesty of mankind which has prevented the claims of creditors from being more generally defeated than they have been. But it is to be feared that many cases exist which have never come to light, in which

frauds of the kind pointed out have been committed with impunity.

Another practical objection to the present system of succession to land is this, that it prevents the administration of the estates of intestates to the best advantage. The personal representative's authority is limited, as we have seen, to the personal estate, which he is bound to apply as the primary fund for payment of debts. What is the result? Let us suppose the deceased to have left a widow and a young family with no other means of support than is to be derived from his estate; no uncommon case. This estate, let us suppose, is found to consist of personal property, comprising shares and stocks and moneys lent on mortgage, all yielding an income—and also a quantity of wild land or other real estate which is wholly unproductive, or which, in order to be made productive, requires the carrying on of some particular business in which it is utterly impossible for a widow and infant children to engage. Any man of common-sense called on to administer such an estate, would say at once that it would be better to sell off the unproductive property first, and apply the proceeds of that as far as possible to the payment of the debts, and by this means preserve the personal estate for the benefit of the widow and children. No one would be injured by this proceeding; it would deprive no one of any right; and yet it is a course that under the law as it now stands in Ontario, could not be taken, because the law absurdly requires that where a man makes no express provision, by will, to the contrary, his personal estate must in all cases, without regard to circumstances, be first applied to the payment of his debts. The consequence is, that it is frequently a simple impossibility to administer the estates of deceased persons in the only way that the ordinary rules of prudence would suggest.

Then again, our present law of succession is hampered by two other causes. Firstly, the right of the wife to dower, and secondly, the right of the husband to curtesy, as it is called.

These two estates both arise by virtue of marriage; in the latter case it is also necessary that issue should be born of the marriage capable of inheriting the property—it matters not that it dies the day of its birth, provided only it be born alive. Now these

rights or estates which wives and husbands are entitled to in each other's lands, although created by the act of marriage, do not, as the law now stands in Ontario, come into effect until the death of the person in whose land the estate is claimed; they are therefore more properly within the law of succession than at first sight appears.

The right of dower entitles the wife, on her husband's death, provided she have not barred her right, to a life estate in one-third of his lands, except those which are in a state of nature at the time of her husband's death or at the time of their alienation by him. Few persons who have had much to do with real estate, but know how great is the inconvenience, trouble, and expense occasioned by this right of dower. A purchaser of land has to take care not only that the wife of him from whom he buys, bars her dower, but he has also to take care that the wife of every previous owner has done the same. In the chain of title a deed may appear in which there is no bar of dower; it may not be known whether the grantor was actually married at the time or not; it is enough that he may have been, in order to render enquiry necessary to establish the fact positively, either that he was unmarried or that his wife is dead or has barred her dower. An enquiry of this kind, simple as it may appear on paper, frequently involves great trouble and great expense, in the effort to trace the whereabouts of a man of whose movements nothing may be known.

The difficulty and expense which this right of dower creates in the investigation of titles, is not its only defect. It has others, and in the opinion of the writer they are even more serious.

In the first place, it is a right which is placed paramount to the claims of creditors by the mere act of marriage, and without any express stipulation between the parties. A man may be entitled to a large amount of real estate, he may have incurred debts which render him hopelessly insolvent, and yet, by the simple act of marriage, the law vests in his wife a right of dower in his lands to the prejudice of his creditors. It in effect withdraws from the just claims of creditors a considerable portion of the assets of the debtor. As the law formerly stood, there might be some little show of reason for this, when by the fact of marriage

the husband acquired the right to the wife's personal property, and also to a valuable interest in any lands which she might possess. Then it might be said the creditors of the husband got a *quid pro quo*. But the course of legislation ever since the year 1859, has, in this country, been in the direction of emancipating the wife's property from the debts or control of her husband. The reason on which dower formerly rested has in a great measure been thus swept away, and there really now seems no good reason left why the claim of the wife to dower should any longer be preferred to that of the creditors of her husband.

If the giving of dower priority over debts existing before the marriage is objectionable, it seems still more so as regards debts created subsequent to the marriage, and of which the wife reaps the benefit, as in the natural course of events she often must.

This right of dower, too, is often a clog on the improvement of property, for no one cares to make improvements of which another is to reap the benefit, nor yet does any one who has a mere life interest, such as a dowress, care to make permanent improvements on property of which they have so precarious a tenure; and as a security for money it is almost valueless.

The right of the husband in the wife's lands stands very much on the same footing. Until lately it was supposed that this estate had been altogether abolished. At the last session of the Ontario Legislature, however, an act was passed which provides for its continued existence on the death of the wife without having parted with the estate. The legislature has freed the husband from liability for the debts of his wife, and has nevertheless suffered him to retain a life estate in all her lands, to which she may die entitled, free from the claims of the wife's creditors. The making the husband's interest in his wife's land depend on the accident of having had issue born capable of inheriting, is one of those rules of the common law which, though perhaps expedient in feudal times, seems nowadays somewhat absurd. To make the husband's interest superior to the claim of the creditors of his deceased wife is unjust.

The rights of husbands and wives in each other's personal property are not paramount

to the claims of creditors, and it would seem that it is merely from the accident of the feudal law having made no provision for the application of lands to the satisfaction of debts, that this anomaly exists with regard to lands.

No good reason, it appears to the writer, can be assigned for making this distinction between lands and goods, although, it must be confessed, it is a relic of feudalism which has been retained in some countries which, in the main, have adopted the Civil Law as the groundwork of their jurisprudence.

There is yet another difficulty which results from our present law of succession to realty, and that arises in the proof of titles which have been acquired by descent. Owing to the fact of there being no judicial investigation necessary, on the death of the ancestor, as to the right of those claiming to be heirs-at-law, unless there be some lawsuit actually brought, the proof of heirship after the lapse of a few years frequently becomes a most difficult matter, involving as it does the proof of the due marriage of the parents, and the fact that the persons claiming to be heirs are the only persons so entitled. So great is this difficulty that it has been said by able lawyers that a title which rests on several successive descents is practically unmarketable.

But we shall naturally be asked what remedy can be suggested for the evils of which we complain.

The answer we have already indicated, and it is shortly this, to make the law of succession to land the same as it is to personal estate; to abolish all merely artificial legal distinctions between the two classes of property, so far as they affect the right of succession; and to make the law of personal property the law of land too, so far as it can be conveniently applied.

If this were done the person charged with the payment of debts would have complete control over the whole estate of the deceased, and could administer it to the best advantage of all interested. It would no longer be possible to withhold any considerable portion of the assets of a deceased person from the hands of his creditors, for the title to it would have to come through one charged by law with the payment of debts, and whose duty and interest would alike compel him to see that

the estate of the deceased is properly applied. After payment of the debts, the residue of lands and goods would, in the event of intestacy, be distributed among the same class of persons, instead of there being, as there is now, one rule for selecting persons to inherit the lands, and another for those who are to inherit the goods; and in the case of the land being devised, the devisee's right would be subject, as is that of a legatee, to the assent of the executor or administrator.

By the abolition of the law of primogeniture, some advance has been already made towards assimilating the law of succession to goods and lands; and having already proceeded thus far, the further steps necessary to complete that assimilation would, in the majority of cases, work no violent change in the class of persons who would be entitled as beneficiaries, nor in the proportion of their shares; it would chiefly affect the manner of their taking. The principal change would be occasioned by the alteration in the rights of husbands and wives, who, instead of taking, as they now do, life interests, would become entitled to an absolute interest, which would however be subject, instead of paramount, to the claims of creditors.

So far as concerns the right of dower, such a change would be less likely to meet with opposition than would a proposal for the simple abolition of dower without providing any equivalent. The equivalent now proposed is really a more substantial and valuable right than that which would be taken away; it would extend the interest of the widow to a class of property of which she is not now dowable, and would give her an absolute interest, in the place of a mere life interest. The position of the wife would thus be improved, the only change to her prejudice being the subordination of her claim to that of her husband's creditors.

The advantage of the change would be reaped not only by the husband and wife and their creditors, but it would also be felt by every subsequent owner of land, the title to which is derived by succession, by reason of the greater simplicity it would ensure in the proof of titles so derived.

Our present law of succession to land may be confidently said to be the greatest obstruction in the way of the reformation

of our real property law. To it, more than to any other cause, we believe, is due the maintenance in the present day of so many of those ingenious subtleties and technicalities which were the delight of mediæval lawyers, but which are an offence to the common-sense of a more enlightened age; technicalities and subtleties, indeed, which instead of advancing the cause of truth and justice and right, have often the very opposite effect; and instead of being an assistance in effectuating the just intentions

of men, are found to interfere and frustrate them altogether.

Were the law of succession to land amended in the direction suggested, we believe many of those absurd and technical rules which at present are a blot on our system of real property law, would at once become obsolete, and the day would not be far distant when men of ordinary intelligence might reasonably hope to understand the law governing our rights to land without devoting a lifetime to its study.

GEO. S. HOLMESTED.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phacton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAMBO.

ON a blazing, hot, dry day in August, two strangers might have been seen carefully picking their steps down a narrow path cut in the steep precipice that overlooks the whirling and hurrying waters of Niagara. They were apparently Esquimaux; and they were attended by a third person, also apparently an Esquimaux. All three wore heavy and amorphous garments of blue woolen stuff; but these were mostly concealed by capacious oil-skins. They had yellow oil-skin caps tightly strapped on their heads; yellow oil-skin jackets with flapping sleeves; yellow oil-skin trousers of great width, but no particular shape; and shoes of felt. One of the two travellers wore—alas!—spectacles.

These heavy garments became less hot as the Esquimaux began to receive shooting spurts of spray from the rocks overhead;

and when, following their guide, they had to stand in a shower-bath for a few seconds, while he unlocked a small and mysterious portal, the cool splashing was not at all uncomfortable. But when, having passed through this gate, they had to descend some exceedingly steep and exceedingly slippery wooden steps, they discovered that even a shower-bath on a hot day may become too much of a good thing. For now they began to receive blows on the head, and blows on the shoulders, as though an avalanche of pebbles was upon them; while strange gusts of wind, blowing up from some wild caldron below, dashed across their faces and mouths, blinding and choking them. And in the booming and thundering sound all around them, had not the taller of the two travellers to stop, and seize his companion's arm, and yell with all his might before he he could be heard:

'Donnerwetter! what a fellow that was in the guide-book! I will swear he never came through that gate! He said you

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must take off your collar and gloves, or you will get them wet ! Ho, ho ! Your collar and gloves ! Ho, ho !'

But the laughter sounds wild and unearthly in the thunder of the falling waters and the pistol-shot hammerings on one's head. Still further down the slippery steps go these three figures ; and the roar increases ; and the wild gusts rage with fiercer violence, as if they would whirl these three yellow phantoms into mid-air. The *vagus* nerve declares that in all its life it never was treated in this way before ; for what with the booming in the ears, and the rattling on the head, and the choking of the mouth, it has got altogether bewildered. The last of the wooden steps is reached, the travellers are on slippery rocks ; and now before them is a vast and gloomy cave, and there is a wild whirlpool of lashing waters in it and outside it ; between the travellers and the outside world is a blinding wall of water, torn by the winds into sheets of gray and white, and plunging down as if it would reach the very centre of the earth. The roar is indescribable. And how is it that the rushing currents of wind invariably sweep upward, as if to fight the falling masses of white water, and go whirling a smoke of foam all about the higher reaches of this awful cavern ?

Here ensues a piteous and painful spectacle. No doubt these two travellers had gone down to this Cave of the Winds to be suitably impressed. No doubt they had read with deep attention the description of getting behind the Falls written by gentlemen who had adventured some little way behind the Horse-shoe Falls—on the other side—and who had gone home, with damp gloves, to write an account of the business, and to invoke the name of their Maker in order to give strength to their intransitive verbs. But could anything in the world be more ludicrous than the spectacle of a man, with Niagara tumbling on his head, trying to keep his spectacles dry ? It was in vain that the guide had warned him to leave them behind him. It was in vain that his companion besought him. And there he stood, in the midst of this booming and internal cavern, trying to get furtive snatches through his miserable spectacles by rapidly passing over them a wet handkerchief. Then a fiercer gust than usual whirled the handkerchief out of his hand, and sent it

flying upward until it disappeared in the smoke of the spray. After that, mute despair.

For now, as dumb signs declared, it was necessary to pass around the back of this wild cavern by a narrow path between the lashing waters and the rocks ; one hand on the rocks, the other gripped by the guide, the eyes keeping a sharp look-out, as far as was possible in the gloom, for one's footing. But how could this miserable creature with the swimming spectacles accomplish this feat ? Blind Bartimeus would have been safer ; he, at least, would have had both hands free. It was with a piteous look that he held out the spectacles and shook his head. The face of the attendant *Esquimaux* plainly said, 'I told you so'—speech was almost impossible amidst this thunder.

And now this helpless person, being left alone at the entrance to the cave, and alternating the efforts of spray-blinded eyes with quick glances through spectacles dried by a dripping oil-skin sleeve, saw some strange things. For at first it appeared to him that there was nothing visible in the outer world but this unceasing plunge of masses of water that crashed upon the rocks, and sprung down into mid-air, whirling about in mad fashion with the twisting hurricanes of wind. But by-and-by—and apparently immeasurable leagues away—he caught fitful glances of a faint roseate colour, a glow that seemed to have no form or substance. And then again, with the rapidity of a dream, a glimmer appeared as of sunlight on brown rocks ; and for an instant he thought he saw some long wooden poles of bright red, supported in mid-air. Was that, then, the bridge outside the Falls by which the other two phantoms were to return ? But the whole thing was fleeting and unsubstantial ; and again the wild, gray mists closed over it ; while the *vagus* nerve protested horribly against these perpetual hammerings on the head. For a moment the frantic thought occurred to him that he would sacrifice these accursed spectacles—that he would dash them into the foaming caldron—that he would at all risks clamber round the black walls with both hands unencumbered. But the *vagus* nerve—which seems to form a sort of physical conscience—intervened. 'Think of your loving wife and tender babies,' it said. 'Think of your

duty as one of the magistrates of Surrey. Above all, consider what the wise Frenchman said, "When one is dead it is for a very long time;" and cheerfully, and without a pang, sacrifice the dollars you have paid.'

Another vision through this Walpurgis dance of waters. Far away—as if another world altogether was revealing itself—two figures appeared in mid-air, and they seemed to be clambering alone by the rose-red poles. But there was no substance in them. They were as aerial as the vapor through which they faintly gleamed. They passed on, apparently descending toward certain phantasmal shadows that may have been rocks, and were seen no more.

It was about ten minutes thereafter that the wooden portal above was reopened, and the Esquimaux, dripping inside and out, stood in the dry air. And now it seemed as if the great landscape around was dyed in the intensest colours; and the eyes, long harassed by these bewildering grays and whites, roved in a delighted manner over the ruddy rocks, and the green woods, and the blue of the skies. And the hot air was no longer too hot after this mighty shower-bath; while the lieutenant, his face glowing after the wet, and his beard in twisted and flaky tangles, was declaring that the passage along these slippery boards was about as bad as the Mauvais Pas. Was it to flatter him—as every captain is ready to flatter his passengers on getting them into port by telling them he has not experienced such a storm for five-and-twenty years—that the attendant Esquimaux observed that it was an unusually bad day for the Cave, owing to the direction of the wind? In any case, the lieutenant answered, it was a good thing he had not asked any of his lady friends to accompany him.

But of course these gentle creatures insisted on going down to the old and familiar passage behind the Horse-shoe Falls which has been the theme of much eloquent writing; and accordingly, in the afternoon, we all went along to a big building that reminded us at once of Chamounix, so crammed was it with photographs, trinkets, guides, and tourists. Here, for a trifling charge, we were accommodated with a few loose waterproofs to throw over our ordinary costumes; and, thus attired, we crossed the road, and struck down the nar-

row and sloppy path leading to the falls. We would have no guide. If there was a guide at all, it was a courageous person who had boldly left his spectacles in the building above, and had sworn—in his purblind state—to accomplish this desperate enterprise or perish in the attempt. Undaunted, he and his companions passed by several ladies who were busy making water-colour drawings—having cunningly chosen positions where they could get a good lump of red rock and some bushes for their foreground. Undaunted, they met the preliminary challenges—as it were—of the Horse-shoe Falls in the shape of little spouts of water; in fact, these were only the playful and capricious attentions that Undine's knight received when her uncle was in a good humour and attended him through the gloomy forest. These spouts and jets increased to a shower, and the path grew narrower, so that we had to exercise some caution in allowing returning explorers to pass us—more especially as we were shod, not in gripping felt, but in goloshes of enormous size. But what of that? We should have pressed forward, if each foot had been in a canoe.

And it was shameful to see at this time how the lieutenant paid almost no heed at all to his wife—to the mother of his children—to the friendless and forlorn creature who had been banished from her native land; but almost exclusively devoted himself to Lady Sylvia, whom he led in the van of the party. Not only did he give her his hand at all the narrow places, but even, in order to do so, was bold enough to venture outside on the broken and brittle slate, in a fashion which no father of a family should permit himself. But as for Bell, she was not born in Westmoreland for nothing. She walked along this ledge as freely and carelessly as if she had been walking in Oxford Street. When she looked down the sheer precipice, it was only to admire the beautiful colors of the green water, here swirling in great circles of foam. We firmly believed that she was singing aloud the mermaid's song in *Oberon*; but of course we could not hear her.

For now the booming of the Falls was close at hand; and we found in front of us a ledge or plateau running away in between the high wall of rock and the mighty masses of water shooting downward in a confusion of mist and spray. One by one we entered

into this twilight hall of the water gods ; and, after trying to overmaster or get accustomed to the thundering roar, placed our backs to the rocks, and confronted the spectacle before us. What was it, then ? Only perpetual downward streaks of gray ; slight upward motion, as if the wind was fraying the surface of these masses ; a confused whirling overhead of gray vapor ; and at our feet a narrow ledge of black and crumbling rock that trembled with the reverberation of the crash below. The strange twilight of this hall of waters was certainly impressive ; and there was something in our enforced silence, and in the shaking of the ground on which we stood, to add to the impression. Here, too, there were none of the fierce hurricane gusts of the 'Cave of the Winds' to buffet the eyes and choke the mouth and nostrils. Nor had the vagus nerve to contend with the hammering of tongs on the head. No doubt a cultivator of the emotions might come down here with a fair presumption that beautiful feelings would arise within him. He might even bring a chair with him, and sit down and wait for them. And when he clambered up into the dry air again, he would find himself none the worse, except, perhaps, that his gloves might be damp.

But onward—onward. The goal has to be reached : let those whose vagus nerve remonstrates remain behind. And now the darkness increases somewhat ; and the narrow ledge, rising and falling, and twisting round the edges of the rocks, is like a black snake at one's feet, and the wind and water around one's face seem more inextricably mixed than ever. But has the world come to an end ? Have the rocks, too, been mixed up with the vapor ? Have we got to the verge of the visible universe, to find ourselves confronted by nothing but misty phantoms ? Suddenly one feels a hand on one's shoulder. With caution and a tight grip one turns. And what is this wild thing gleaming through the gray vapor—a great black face, shining and smiling and dripping, brilliant rows of teeth, and coal-black eyes ? And what is this thing that he yells high and clear, so that it is heard even through the roar and thunder around, 'You kent go no forder den dawt ?' 'Tis well, friend—Sambo, or Potiphar, or whatever you may be. You are very like the devil, down here in this queer place ; but there has been a mistake about the element.

'Tis well, nevertheless ; and a half dollar shall be thine when we get back to dry air and daylight.

Our women-folk were greatly pleased with this excursion, and began to assume superior airs. At dinner there was a wild and excited talk of the fearful things they had seen and done—a jumble of maddened horses, runaway coaches, sinking boats, and breaking ice—so that you would have thought that such an assemblage of daring spirits had never met before under one roof.

'These are pleasant things to hear of,' it is remarked, 'especially for the father of a family. When one listens to such pranks and escapades on the part of respectable married people, one begins to wonder what is likely to be happening to two harum-scarum boys. I have no doubt but that at this moment they are hewing off their thumbs with jack-knives, and trying to hang the pony up to a tree, and loading the gardener's gun with four pounds of powder and three marbles. What do you say, Bell ?'

'I have no doubt they are all asleep,' answered that practical young matron, who has never been able to decide whether American time is before English time or the reverse.

Well, we got our letters at Niagara, and were then free to set out for the far West. There was nothing in these letters but the usual domestic tidings. Lord Willowby expressed surprise to his daughter that Balfour should intend, as he understood, to remain in London during the autumn ; that was all the mention of her husband that Lady Sylvia received. Whether she brooded over it can only be conjectured ; but to all eyes it was clear that she was not solely occupied in thinking about Niagara.

Our favourite point of view had by this time come to be certain chosen spots on the American side, close by those immense bodies of green water that came gliding on so swiftly and smoothly, that fell away into soft tracteries of white as the wind caught their surface, and that left behind them, as they plunged into the unknown gulf below, showers of diamonds that gleamed in the sun as they remained suspended in the upward currents of air. But perhaps our last view was the finest of all, and that was as we were leaving from the Canadian side.

The clear blue day was suddenly clouded over by a thunder-storm. Up out of the southwest came rolling masses of cloud, and these threw an awful gloom over the plain of waters above the Falls, while the narrow neck of land adjacent was as black as night. Then, from a break in these sombre clouds, one gleam of light fell flashing on the very centre of the Horseshoe Falls, the wonderful green shining out more brilliantly than ever, while nearer at hand one or two random shafts of light struck down on the white foam that was whirling onward into the dark gorge. That was our final glimpse of Niagara; but perhaps not the one that will remain longest in the memory. Surely we had no intention of weaving anything comic or fantastic into our notion of Niagara when we went down that dripping path on the hot August afternoon. But now we often talk of Sambo—if such was his name—of the tall and dusky demon who burst upon us through floating clouds of vapor. Does he still haunt that watery den—a gloomy shape, yet not awful, but rather kind-hearted and smiling, in the midst of these unsubstantial visions? Or have the swift waters seized him long ago, and whirled him away beyond the reach of human eyes and ears?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLLAPSE.

LORD Willowby had heard of the arrival of his son-in-law at The Lilacs; and on the following morning he drove over to see if he were still there. He found Balfour alone, Mr. Bolitho having gone up to town by an early train.

'What a lucky chance!' said Lord Willowby, with one of his sudden and galvanic smiles. 'If you have nothing better to do, why not go on with me to The Hollow; you know this is the first day of the sale there.'

'Well, yes, I will go over with you for an hour or so; I need not be up in town before the afternoon,' answered Balfour. 'And I should like to see how that fellow lived.'

He certainly did not propose to himself to buy any second-hand chairs, books, or

candlesticks at this sale; nor did he imagine that his father-in-law had much superfluous cash to dispose of in that way. But he had some curiosity to see what sort of house this was that had had lately for its occupant a person who had given rise to a good deal of gossip in that neighbourhood. He was a man who had suddenly inherited a large fortune, and who had set to work to spend it lavishly. His reputation and habits being a trifle 'off colour,' as the phrase is, he had fallen back for companionship on a number of parasitical persons, who doubtless earned a liberal commission on the foolish purchases they induced him to make. Then this Surrey Sardanapalus, having surrounded himself with all the sham gorgeousness he could think of, proceeded to put an end to himself by means of brandy-and-soda. He effected his purpose in a short time, and that is all that need here be said of him.

It was a pitiable sight enough—this great, castellated, beplastered, ostentatious house, that had a certain gloom and isolation about it, handed over to the occupancy of a cheerfully inquisitive crowd, who showed no hesitation at all in fingering over the dead man's trinkets, and opening his desks and cabinets. His very clothes were hanging up there in a ghastly row, each article numbered off as a lot. In the room in which he had but recently died; a fine, tall, fresh-coloured farmer—dressed for the occasion in broadcloth—was discussing with his wife what price the bedstead would probably fetch. And there was a bar, with sherry and sandwiches. And on the lawn outside, the auctioneer had put up his tent, and the flag erected over the tent was of the gayest colours.

Lord Willowby and Balfour strolled through these rooms, both forbearing to say what they thought of all this tawdry magnificence: panelings of blue silk and silver, with a carpet of pink roses on a green ground, candelabra, costing £1800, the auctioneer's reserve price on which was £300, improvised ancestors, at a guinea a head, looking out of gorgeous frames, and so forth, and so forth. They glanced at the catalogue occasionally. It was an imposing volume, and the descriptions of the contents of the house were almost poetical.

'Look at the wines,' said Lord Willowby, with a compassionate smile. 'The

claret is nearly all Lafitte. I suppose those toadies of his have supplied him with a *vin ordinaire* at 120 shillings a dozen.'

'I should not be surprised if a lot of these spurious things sold for more than he gave for them,' Balfour said. 'You will find people imagining every thing to be fine because a rich man bought it. That claret would fetch a high price, depend on it, if it were all labelled "Château Wands-worth."'

Then there was the ringing of a bell; and the people began to stream out of the house into the marquee; and the auctioneer had an improvised rostrum put up for himself at the end of the long table; and then the bare-armed men began to carry out the various articles to be bid for. It was soon very evident that prices were running high. No doubt the farmers about would be proud to show to their friends a dispatch-box, a bird-cage, a hall table—any thing that had belonged to the owner of The Hollow. And so the ostentatious trash, that even Tottenham Court Road would have been ashamed of, was carried piecemeal out into the light of the day; and in some instances these simple folk considered it to be so beautiful that a murmur of admiration ran round the tent when the things were brought in. It was altogether a melancholy sight.

Balfour had accompanied Lord Willowby solely from the fact of his having an idle forenoon to dispose of; but he could not quite make out what his father-in-law's purpose was in coming here. For one thing, he appeared to be quite indifferent about the sale itself. He had listened to one or two of the biddings; and then—saying that the prices were ridiculously high—had proposed a further stroll through the rooms. So they entered the house again, and had another look at the old masters (dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century) and at the trumpery gilt and satin.

'Ah, well, Balfour,' said Lord Willowby, with a pensive air, 'one can almost pity that poor fellow, having his house overhauled by strangers in this way. Fortunately he knows nothing about it. It must be much worse when you are alive and know what is going on; and I fancy—well, perhaps there is no use speaking of it—but I suppose I must go through it. What distresses me most is the thought of these

merry people who are here to-day going through my daughter's room, and pulling about her few little treasures that she did not take with her when she married—'

Lord Willowby stopped; doubtless overcome by emotion. But Balfour—with a face that had flushed at this sudden mention of Lady Sylvia—turned to him with a stare of surprise.

'What do you mean, Lord Willowby?'

'Well,' said his lordship, with a resigned air, 'I suppose I must come to this too. I don't see how I can hold on at the Hall any longer; I am wearing my life out with anxiety.'

'You don't mean to say you mean to sell Willowby Hall?'

'How can I help it? And even then I don't know whether I shall clear the mortgages.'

'Come,' said Balfour, for there were several of the auctioneer's men about, 'let us go into the garden, and have a talk about this business.'

They went out. It did not occur to Balfour why Lord Willowby had been so anxious for him to come to this sale; nor did he consider how skilfully that brief allusion to Lady Sylvia's room in her old home had been brought in. He was really alarmed by this proposal. He knew the grief it would occasion to his wife; he knew, too, that in the opinion of the world this public humiliation would in a measure reflect on himself. He remonstrated severely with Lord Willowby. What good could be gained by this step? If he could not afford to live at the Hall, why not let it for a term of years, and go up to London to live, or, if the shooting of rabbits was a necessity, to some smaller place in the country? And what sum would relieve his present needs, and also put him in a fair way of pulling his finances together again? He hoped Lord Willowby would speak frankly, as no good ever came of concealing parts of the truth.

That Lord Willowby did disclose the whole truth it would be rash to assert; but, at all events, his dramatic little scheme worked so well that before the talk and walk in the grounds of The Hollow were over, Balfour had promised to make him an immediate advance of £10,000, not secured by any mortgage whatever, but merely to be acknowledged by note of

hand. Lord Willowby was profoundly grateful. He explained, with some dignity, that he was a man of few words, and did not care to express all his feelings, but that he would not soon forget this urgently needed help. And as to the urgency of the help he made one or two references.

'I think I might be able to see my partners this afternoon,' Balfour said, in reply.

Then we shall only have to step across to our solicitors. There need be no delay, if you are really pressed for the money.'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, 'you don't know what a load you have taken from my breast. I would have sold the Hall long ago, but for Sylvia's sake; I know it would break her heart. I will write out at once to her to say how kind you have been—'

'I hope you will not do that,' Balfour said, suddenly. 'The fact is—well, these business matters are better kept among men. She would be disturbed and anxious. Pray don't say anything about it.'

'As you please,' Lord Willowby said. 'But I know when she comes back she won't be sorry to find the old Hall awaiting her. It will be her own in the natural course of things—perhaps sooner than any one expects.'

It was strange that a man who had just been presented with £10,000 should begin to indulge in these melancholy reflections; but then Lord Willowby had obviously been impressed by this sad sight of the sale; and it was with almost a dejected air that he consented—seeing that his sort-in-law would now have no time to get luncheon any where before leaving by the mid-day train—to go to the refreshment bar and partake of such humble cheer as was there provided. It was not the dead man's sherry they drank, but that of the refreshment contractor. They stood for a few moments there, listening to the eager comments of one or two people who had been bidding for a box of games (it cost £10, and went for £23) and a cockatoo; and then Lord Willowby had the horses put to, and himself drove Balfour all the way to the station. He shook hands with him warmly. He begged of him not to hurry or bother about this matter; but still, at the same time, if there was no obstacle in the way, it was always comforting

to have such things settled quickly, and so forth.

Balfour got up to London, and went straight to the offices of his firm in the City. Perhaps he was not sorry to make the visit just at this juncture; for although it would be exaggeration to say that the hints dropped by Bolitho had disquieted him, they had nevertheless remained in his mind. Before this, too, it had sometimes occurred to him that he ought to take a greater interest in that vast commercial system which it had been the pride of his father's life to build up. It seemed almost ungrateful that he should limit his interference to a mere glance over the Profit and Loss and Capital accounts. But then, on the other hand, it was his own father who had taught him to place implicit confidence in these carefully chosen partners.

Balfour was shown up stairs to Mr. Skinner's room. That gentleman was sitting alone at his desk, with some letters before him. He was a small, prim, elderly, and precisely dressed person, with gray whiskers, and a somewhat careworn face. When Balfour entered, he smiled cheerfully, and nodded toward a chair.

'Ah, how do you do, Balfour? What's new with you? Any thing going on at the House? I wish Parliament would do something for us business men.'

'You have plenty of representatives there, anyhow, Mr. Skinner,' said Balfour—the 'Mr.' was a tradition from his boyish visits to the office, when the young gentleman used to regard his father's partners with considerable awe—but at present my call is a personal and private one. The fact is, I want to oblige a particular friend of mine—I want you to let me have £10,000 at once.'

'£10,000? Oh yes, I think we can manage that,' said Mr. Skinner, with a pleasant smile.

The thing was quite easily and cheerfully settled, and Balfour proceeded to chat about one or two other matters to this old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some time. But he soon perceived that Mr. Skinner was not hearing one word he said. Moreover, a curious gray look had come over his face.

'You don't look very well,' said this blunt-spoken young man.

'Oh yes, thank you,' said Mr. Skinner

quite brightly. 'I was only thinking—since you were here, anyway—we might have a short talk about business matters, if Mr. Green agrees. I will see whether he is in his room.'

He rose, opened the door, and went out. Balfour thought to himself that poor old Skinner was going fast; he seemed quite frail on his legs.

Mr. Skinner was gone for fully ten minutes, and Balfour was beginning to wonder what could have occurred, when the two partners entered together. He shook hands with Mr. Green—a taller and stouter man, with a sallow face, and spectacles. They all sat down, and, despite himself, Balfour began to entertain suspicions that something was wrong. Why all this nervousness and solemnity?

'Balfour,' said Mr. Skinner, 'Green and I are agreed. We must tell you now how we stand; and you have to prepare yourself for a shock. We have kept you in ignorance all this time—we have kept our own clerks in ignorance—hoping against hope—fearful of any human being letting the secret go out and ruin us; and now—now it is useless any longer—'

It was no ordinary thing that had so disturbed this prim old man. His lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak. He poured out a glass of water and drank a little. Meanwhile Balfour, who merely expected to hear of heavy business losses, was sitting calm and unimpressed.

'But first of all, Mr. Green, you know,' said he, 'don't think that I am pressing you for this £10,000. Of course I would rather have it; but if it is necessary to you—'

'£10,000!' exclaimed the wretched old man, with the frankness and energy of despair; 'if we go into the *Gazette*, it will be for half a million!'

'The *Gazette*! The word was a blow; and he sat stunned and bewildered, while both partners were eagerly explaining the desperate means that had been taken to avoid this fatal issue, and the preliminary causes, stretching back for several years. He could not understand. It was as if in a dream that he heard of the Investments Account, of the China Capital Account, of the fall in property in Shanghai, of speculations in cotton, of bill transactions on the part of the younger partners, of this frantic effort and that. It was the one word *Ga-*

zette that kept dinning itself into his ears. And then he seemed to make a wild effort to throw off this nightmare.

'But how can it be?' he cried. 'How can these things have been going on? Every six months I have looked over the Profit and Loss Account—'

The old man came over and took his hand in both of his. There were tears in his eyes.

'Balfour,' said he, 'your father and I were old friends while you were only a child; if he were alive, he would tell you that we acted justly. We dared not let you know. We dared not let our own clerks know. We had to keep accounts open under fictitious names. If we had written off these fearful losses to Profit and Loss, we should have been smashed a year ago. And now—I don't think any further concealment is possible.'

He let the hand fall.

'Then I understand you that we are hopelessly bankrupt?' said Balfour.

He did not answer; his silence was enough.

'You mean that I have not a farthing?' repeated the younger man.

'You have the money that was settled on your wife,' said Mr. Skinner, eagerly. 'I was very glad when you applied for that.'

'It will be returned to you; I can not defraud my father's creditors,' said Balfour, coldly.

And then he rose: no one could have told what he had undergone during that half hour.

'Good-by, Mr. Skinner; good-by, Mr. Green,' said he. 'I can scarcely forgive you for keeping me in ignorance of all this, though doubtless you did it for the best. And when is the crash to be announced?'

'Now that we have seen you, I think we might as well call in our solicitors at once,' said Mr. Skinner.

'I think so, too,' said the other partner; and then Balfour left.

He plunged into the busy, eager world outside. The office boy was whistling merrily as he passed, the cabmen bandying jokes, smart young clerks hurrying over the latter part of their duties to get home to their amusements in the suburbs. He walked all the way down to the House, and quite mechanically took his seat. He dined by himself, with singular abstemious-

ness, but then no one was surprised at that. And then he walked up to his house in Piccadilly.

And this was the end—the end of all those fine ambitions that had floated before his mind as he left college, equipped for the struggle of public life with abundant health and strength and money and courage. Had this courage, then, fled with his wealth, that now he seemed altogether stunned by this sudden blow? Or was it rather that, in other circumstances, he might have encountered this calamity with tolerable firmness, but that now, and at the same time, he found himself ruined, forsaken, and alone?

CHAPTER XL.

A FLASH OF NEWS.

WE dragged a lengthening chain. As soon as we had left Niagara and its hotels and holiday-making, and plunged into that interminable forest-land that lies between Lakes Huron and Erie, one could have noticed that the gravity of our women-folks was visibly increased. Did they half expect, then, while they were idling about these show-places, some sudden summons which they could readily answer? Bell, at least, could have no such hope; but all the same, as this big and ornate car was quietly gliding away westward, in the direction of her future home, she was as sad as any of them.

What was the matter? It was a beautiful afternoon. The country through which we were passing was sufficiently cheerful; for this forest was not dark, gloomy, and monotonous like the Schwarzwald, but, on the contrary, bright, varied in hue, and broken up by innumerable clearances. Every few minutes the window next us became the frame of a pleasant little picture—the sudden open space among the trees; a wooden house set amidst orchards in which the ruddy apples showed in the evening light; a drove of cattle homeward-going along the rough road; tall silver-gray stems of trees that had been left when the wood was burned down; and every where, in every available corner, maize, maize, maize.

‘What is the matter?’ says the German

ex-lieutenant to his wife, who is gazing somewhat absently out of the window.

‘I know,’ says Queen T—, with a gentle smile. ‘She is thinking how she could ever make her way back through this perpetual forest if she were all by herself, and no road to guide her. Fancy Bell wandering on day and night—always toward the East—toward her children. She might take some food from the country people, but she would not enter their houses; she would go on, day after day, night after night, until she got to the sea. And you want to know what she is thinking of now? I believe she is consumed with hatred of every thing lying westward of the river Mole, and that she considers the Pullman car a detestable invention. That is the pretty result of Colonel Sloane’s ingenuity!’

It certainly was not fair to talk in this slighting fashion of poor old Five-Ace Jack, who was but recently dead, and who had done what he considered the best with such worldly possessions as Providence had allowed him to thief and amass. But at this moment the lieutenant struck in.

‘Oh, that is quite foolish!’ he cried. ‘There is no longer any such thing as distance between the Rocky Mountains and Surrey; it is only how many days; and you may as well be living in a pleasant car, and having good food and very capital beds, as in a hotel, while all the time you are travelling. And, indeed,’ continued the young man, seriously addressing his wife, ‘there is very little difference of time either now. You want to speak to your children? You speak to them through the telegraph. It is an hour or two—it is nothing. In the morning you send them a message; you say, “How do you do?” In the evening, as you sit down to dinner, you have the answer. What is that separation? It is nothing.’

‘I think,’ says Bell, with savage ferocity, but with tears springing to her eyes, ‘I will spend the whole of the first year’s income of this wretched property in telegrams to the children. One might just as well be dead as living without them.’

And if she was to derive any comfort from this reflection that the telegraph was a constant link of communication between herself and those young folks left behind in Surrey, she was not likely to be allowed to forget the fact for any length of time. Even

out in this forest wilderness the most prominent feature of the smallest hamlet we passed was its telegraph poles and wires. Very plain, unpretending, picturesque hamlets these were, even in the ruddy glow now shining over the land. They consisted of a number of wooden shanties all set down in rectangular rows, the thoroughfares being exceedingly broad and bare, the whole place having an oddly improvised and temporary look, as if the houses and shops could in a few minutes be put on wheels and carried along to the next clearance in the forest. But what could even the smallest of these here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow-looking places want with such a multiplicity of telegraph wires?

That night the three women, having been bundled into the prettily decorated state-room that had been secured for them, and being now doubtless fast asleep, saw nothing of a strange thing that occurred to us. Had Von Rosen gone mad, or had the phrase 'state-room' confused his fancies, that, looking out of the car window, he suddenly declared we were at sea? Rubbing his eyes—perhaps he had been dozing a bit—he insisted on it. Then he must needs hurry out to the little iron gangway at the end of the car to see if his senses were forsaking him.

Here, certainly, a strange sight was visible. We were no doubt standing on a railroad car; but all around us there was nothing but black and lapping water through which we were rapidly moving, propelled by some unknown power. And the blackness of this mysterious lake or sea was intensified by the flashing down on the waves of one or two distant lights that seemed to be high above any possible land. Then, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, lo! another phenomenon—a great black mass, like a portion of a city, moving after us through the night. We began to make it out at last. The bewildering lights ahead were two lofty beacons. We were crossing a lake, or a bit of a lake. The long train had been severed into lengths, and each portion of the huge serpent placed on a gigantic steam ferry-boat, which was taking us across the black waters. And when this night-passage ceased, we scarcely knew whether we were on sea or on shore, whether on a boat or a line of rail. But people began to talk

about Detroit; and here undoubtedly was a railway station, to say nothing of a refreshment bar.

'I believe we have got into the States again,' observed the lieutenant, thereby showing a knowledge of geography which was not surprising in a German.

Next morning our little party had most obviously improved in spirits. Perhaps there was some secret hope among the women-folk that they would have further news from England when they arrived at Chicago, though what good could come of that it was hard to say. Or perhaps they were delighted to find that they had suffered no discomfort at all in passing a night on board a railway train. They praised every thing—the cleanness and comfort of the beds, the handiness of the lavatories, the civility of the attendants. There was no fatigue at all visible in their fresh and bright faces. And when they sat down to breakfast, it was quite clear that they meant to make it a comic breakfast, whereas breakfast in an American railway car is a serious business, to be conducted with circumspection and with due regard for contingencies. For one thing, the hospitable board is not spacious; and with even the most smoothly going of cars there are occasional swayings which threaten peril to coffee-cups. But the chief occasion for fear arises from the fact that your travelling American is a curious person, and insists on experimenting upon every possible form of food that the districts through which he is passing produce. Moreover, he has a sumptuous eye, and likes to have all these things spread out before him at once. No matter how simple the central dish may be—a bit of a prairie-chicken, for example, or a slice of pork—he must have it, perhaps merely for the delight of color, graced by a semicircle of dishes containing varied and variously prepared vegetables. Now we never could get the most intelligent of negroes to understand that we were only plain country-folk, unaccustomed to such gorgeous displays and varieties of things, and not at all desirous of eating at one and the same time boiled beans, beet-root in vinegar, green corn, squash, and sweet-potatoes. Sambo would insist on our having all these things, and more, and could not be got to believe that we could get through breakfast without an assortment of boiled trout, pork and ap-

ple-sauce, and prairie-chicken. The consequence was that this overloaded small table not unfrequently reminded one or two of us of certain experiences in Northern climes, when the most frugal banquet—down in that twilight saloon—was attended by the most awful anxiety.

'She pitches a good deal,' said Bell, raising her cup so as to steady it the better; 'the sea must be getting rougher.'

'Madame Columbus,' asked the lieutenant, 'when shall we come in sight of land? The provisions will be running short soon. I have never seen people eat as these people eat: it is the fine air, is it not?'

'Mr. Von Rosen,' said Lady Sylvia, 'do you know that you can have Milwaukee lager-beer on board this ship?'

'Do I know?' said the young man, modestly. 'Oh yes, I know. I had some this morning at seven o'clock.' And then he turned to his shocked wife: 'I was very thirsty, and I do not like that water of melted ice.'

He would have explained further, but that his wife intimates that such excuses are unnecessary. She has got used to this kind of thing. Happily her children are now beyond the sphere of his evil example.

'Ah,' said he, 'this is all very poor and wretched as yet—this crossing of the American continent. I am a prophet. I can see the things that will come. Why have we not here the saloon that we have across the Atlantic—with a piano? I would sing you a song, Lady Sylvia.'

'Indeed,' said the lady, very sweetly, 'you are very kind.'

'But it is a long time ago since we used to have songs in our travelling. I can remember when we had to try a new piano every day—some of them very queer; but always, in any case, we had the guitar, and "Woodstock Town" and "The Flowers of the Forest"—'

'And "*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter*,"' says Bell, in a suddenly deep and tragical voice, "*wollt dem Kaiser wiedrum krrrrrrriegen Stad und Festung Belgarrrrrrr ad!*"'

'Ah, Bell,' says Queen T—, 'do you remember that morning at Bourton-on-the Hill?'

Did she remember that morning at Bourton-on-the Hill! Did she remember that bunch of fiddle-sticks! No doubt they

were very pleased to get away from the small inn where they had had ham and eggs and whiskey for supper, and ham and eggs and tea for breakfast; but here, in this bountiful and beneficent land, flowing over with broiled blue-fish, Carolina widgeon, marrow squash, and Lima beans, what was the use of thinking about Bourton-on-the-Hill and its belongings? I do not believe we were charged more than a shilling per head for our lodging in that Worcestershire hostelry; here we were in a country where we could pay, if we chose, a couple of shillings extra for having a bottle of wine iced. And, if it came to that, what fresher morning could we have had any where than this last that now shone all around us? We dragged these nostalgic persons out on to the pleasant little balcony at the end of the car. There had been a good deal of rain for some time before, so there was little dust. And what could be brighter and pleasanter than these fair blue skies, and the green woods, and the sweet, cool winds that blew about and tempered the heat of the sun? We seemed to be rolling onward through a perpetual forest, along a pathway of flowers. Slowly as the train went, we could not quite make out these tall blossoms by the side of the track, except to guess that the yellow blooms were some sort of marigold or sunflower, and the purple ones probably a valerian, while the rich tones of brownish-red that occurred among the green were doubtless those of some kind of rumex. And all through this forest country were visible the symptoms of a busy and shifty industry. Clearing followed clearing, with its inclosures of split rails to keep the cattle from wandering; with its stock of felled timber close to the house; and with, every where, the golden yellow pumpkins gleaming in the sunlight between the rows of the gray-green maize.

'What a lonely life these people must lead,' said Lady Sylvia, as we stood there.

'Yes, indeed,' responded her monitrice.

'They are pretty nearly as far removed from telegraphs and newspapers and neighbors as we are in Surrey. But no doubt they are content—as we might be, if we had any sense. But if the newspaper is ten minutes late, or the fire not quite bright in the breakfast-room—'

'Or the temper of the mistress of the

house,' says another voice, 'of such a demoniacal complexion that the very mice are afraid of her—'

'—Then, no doubt, we think we are the most injured beings on earth. Oh, by-the-way, Lady Sylvia, how did your dado of Indian matting look?'

This was a sudden change; and, strangely enough, Lady Sylvia seemed rather embarrassed, as she answered,

'I think it turned out very well,' said she meekly.

'I suppose some of your guests were rather surprised,' is the next remark.

'Perhaps so,' answers the young wife, evasively. 'You know we never have given many dinner parties in Piccadilly. I—I think it is so much better for my husband to get into the country whenever he can get away from the House.'

'Oh yes, no doubt,' says Queen T—, with much simplicity. 'No doubt. But you know you are very singular in your tastes, Lady Sylvia. I don't know many women who would spend the season in Surrey if they had the chance of spending it in Piccadilly. And what did you say those flowers were?'

Our attention was soon to be called away from the flowers. The forest became scantier and scantier—finally it disappeared altogether. In its place we found a succession of low and smooth sand hills, of a brilliant yellowish-brown in this warm sunlight, and dotted here and there with a few scrubby bushes. This was rather an odd thing to find in the midst of a forest, and we were regarding these low-lying mounds with some interest when, suddenly, they dipped. And lo! in the dip a dark blue line, and that the line of the horizon. The sea!—we cried. Who can imagine the surprise and delight of finding this vast plain of water before the eyes, after the perpetual succession of tree-stems that had confronted us since the previous morning? And surely this blue plain was indeed the sea; for far away we could pick out large schooners apparently hovering in the white light, and nearer at hand were smart little yachts, with the sunlight on their sails.

'Madame Columbus,' cried the lieutenant, 'have we crossed the continent already? Is it the Pacific out there?'

'Why, you know,' says the great geographer, with a curtness unworthy of her

historic name and fame, 'it is Lake Michigan. It is a mere pond. It is only about as long as from London to Carlisle; and about as broad as—let me see—as Scotland, from the Clyde to the Forth.'

It was a beautiful sight, however insignificant the size of the lake may have been. Nothing could have been more intensely blue than the far horizon line, just over those smooth and sunlit sand hills. No doubt, had we been on a greater height we should have caught the peculiar green color of the water. Any one who has unexpectedly come in view of the sea in driving over a high-lying country—say in crossing the high moors between Launceston and Boscastle—must have been startled by the height of the suddenly revealed horizon-line. It seems to jump up to meet him like the pavement in the story of the bemuddled person. But down here on this low level we had necessarily a low horizon-line; and what we lost in intrinsic color we gained in that deep reflected blue that was all the stronger by reason of the yellow gold of the sand hills.

We got into Michigan City. We were offered newspapers. We refused these—for should we not have plenty of time in Chicago to read not only the newspapers, from which we expected nothing, but also our letters from England, from which we expected everything? As it turned out, there was nothing at all of importance in our letters; whereas, if we had taken these newspapers, we could not fail to have noticed the brief telegraphic announcement—which had been sent all over the commercial world—of the suspension of the well-known firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., liabilities, £500,000. In happy ignorance we travelled on.

It was about mid-day, after skirting the southern shores of Lake Michigan through a curiously swampy country, that we entered Chicago, and drove to the very biggest of its big hotels.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHICAGO.

WE knew nothing of this dire announcement, though it was in every

one of the newspapers published in Chicago that day. We were full of curiosity about this wonderful city that had sprung up like Jonah's gourd; and as we drove through its busy thoroughfares—the huge blocks of buildings looking like the best parts of Glasgow indefinitely extended—and as we saw the smoky sky over our head streaked in every direction with a black, rectangular spider's web of telegraphic wires—and as we caught glimpses at the end of the long thoroughfares of the tall masts of ships—we knew that we had indeed reached the great commercial capital of the far West. And, indeed, we very speedily found that the genius of this big, eager, ostentatious place was too strong for us. We began to revel in the sumptuousness of the vast and garishly furnished hotels; we wanted more gilding, more marble, more gaudy colouring of acanthus leaves. A wild desire possessed us to purchase on speculation all the empty lots available; we should cover every frontage foot with gold, and laugh at all the assessments that were ever levied. Look at this spacious park on the south side of the town; shall we not have a mansion here more gorgeous than the mind of man can conceive, with horses to shoot along these wild drives like a flash of lightning? We began to entertain a sort of contempt for the people living on the north side of the town. It was hinted to us that they gave themselves airs. They read books and talked criticism. They held aloof from ordinary society, looked on a prominent civic official as a mere shyster, and would have nothing to do with a system of local government controlled by 30,000 bummers, loafers, and dead-beats. Now we condemned this false pride. We gloried in our commercial enterprise. We wanted to astound the world. Culture? This was what we thought about culture: 'It is with a still more sincere regret that the friends of a manly, vigorous, self-supporting, and self-dependent people, fitted for the exercise of political liberty, see that the branches of culture called black-smithing, corn-growing, carpentering, millinery, bread-making, etc., are not included in the course of studies prescribed for the Chicago public schools. Society is vastly more concerned in the induction of its youthful members into these branches of culture than it is in teaching them to bawl harmoniously

and beat the hewgag melodiously.' Yes, indeed. Confound their hewgags, and all other relics of an effete civilization! And again: 'This city, and every other American city, is crowded with young persons of both sexes that have been "cultured" by a vicious and false public-school system in music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, but that are actually incapable, by reason of their gross ignorance, of earning an honest living. They have acquired, under some well-paid "professor" (who has bamboozled himself into the erroneous belief that he and his profession are necessary to the existence of society), some smattering of "musical culture," pencil sketching, etc., but of the practical arts and sciences of living and getting a living they are more profoundly ignorant than South-African Hot-tentots.' What would our friends on the north side say to that?

'Bell,' said the lieutenant, as we were driving through this spacious southern park, in the clear light of the afternoon, 'I suppose that we shall be allowed to come up here occasionally from the ranch—what do you say?—for a frolic, and for to spend a little money? I would like to have one of these little traps—it is like the ghost of a trap—*hé!* look at that fellow now!'

We looked at him as well as we could; but he had flashed by before we could quite make out what he was sitting on. In fact, there was nothing visible of the vehicle but two large and phantom wheels, and a shaft like a prolonged spider's leg; while the driver, with his hands stretched forward and his feet shot out before him, and therefore almost bent double, was, according to all appearance, clinging on as if for dear life to the horse's tail.

'It would be very fine to go whizzing through the air like that, and very good exercise for the arms, too—'

'But where should I be?' asked his wife, with some indignation. Certainly a vehicle that seemed to have no inside at all—that appeared to be the mere simulacrum of a vehicle—could not very well contain two.

'Where would you be?' said the lieutenant, innocently. 'It is Chicago. You would be divorced.'

It was this recalling of the divorce business that led us to see the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Balfour & Co. To

tell the truth, we were not much interested in American politics; and while there were plenty of new things to be seen every where around us, we did not spend much time over the papers. But on this evening Queen T—had got hold of one of the daily journals to look at the advertisements about divorce. She read one or two aloud to us.

'There, you see,' she remarked, addressing Bell more particularly, 'you can run up here from the ranch any time you like, and become a free woman. "Residence not material." "Affidavits sufficient proof." "No charge unless successful." And the only ground that needs to be stated is the safe one of incompatibility. So that whenever husband and wife have a quarrel, here is the remedy. It is far more swift than trying to make up the quarrel again.'

'And a good deal more pleasant too,' remarks a humble voice.

Whither this idle talk might have led us need not now be guessed. The little woman's face suddenly grew ghastly pale. Her eye had been carelessly wandering away from that advertising column, and had lit on the telegram announcing the suspension of Balfour's firm. But she uttered no word and made no sign.

Indeed, there is a great courage and firmness in this gentle creature when the occasion demands. In the coolest possible manner she folded up the newspaper. Then she rose with a look of weariness.

'Oh, dear me,' said she, 'I suppose I must go and get all these things out. I wish you would come and open my big box for me,' she adds, addressing her humble slave and attendant.

But all that affectation of calmness had gone by the time she had reached her own room.

'See!' she said, opening the paper with her trembling small white fingers, 'See! Balfour is ruined—he has lost all his money—half a million of debts—oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I tell her? Shall I tell her at once?'

Certainly the news was startling, but there was no need to cry over it.

'Oh, I know,' she said, with the tears starting to her eyes; 'if I were to tell her now, she will start for England to-morrow morning. And I will go back with her,' she adds, wildly—'I will go back with her.

You can go on to Colorado by yourself. Oh, the poor child! she will fly to him at once—' And still she stares through her wet eyes at this brief announcement, as if it were some talisman to change the whole course of our lives.

'Come, come, come,' is the patient remonstrance. 'You have got to consider this thing quietly, or you may blunder into an awkward position, and drag her with you.'

'How, then?' she says 'It must be true, surely.'

'You are taking heaps of things for granted. If you consider that absence and distance and a good deal of covert lecturing have told on the girl's mind—if you think that she would now really be glad to go back to him, with the knowledge that people have got to put up with a good deal in married life, and with the intention of making the best of it—that is all very well; that is first rate. You have effected a better cure than I expected—'

'Don't you see it yourself?' she says, eagerly. 'Don't you see how proudly she talks of "my husband" now? Don't you see that every moment she is thinking of England? *I know.*'

'Very well; very good. But, then, something depends on Balfour. You can't tell what his wishes or intentions may be. If he had wanted her to know, he would have telegraphed to her, or caused her father to telegraph to her. On the other hand, if you take this piece of news to her, she will appeal to you. If she should wish to go back to England at once, you will have to consent. Then you can not let her go back alone—'

'And I will not!' says this brave little woman, in a fury of unselfishness.

'Well, the fact is, as it appears to an unemotional person, there might be, you see, some little awkwardness, supposing Balfour was not quite prepared—'

'A man in trouble, and not prepared to receive the sympathy of his wife!' she exclaims.

'Oh, but you must not suppose that Balfour is living in a garret on dry crusts—the second act of an Adelphi drama, and that kind of thing! People who fail for half a million are generally pretty well off afterward—'

'I believe Mr. Balfour will give up every penny he possesses to his creditors!' she

says, vehemently; for her belief in the virtue of the men of whom she makes friends is of the most uncompromising sort.

'No doubt it is a serious blow to an ambitious man like him, and then he has no profession to which he can turn to retrieve himself. But all that is beside the question. What you have got to consider is your guardianship of Lady Sylvia. Now if you were to sit down and write an explanatory letter to Mr. Balfour, telling him you had seen this announcement, giving your reasons for believing that Lady Sylvia would at once go to him if she knew, and asking him to telegraph a 'yes' or 'no'; by that time, don't you see, we should be getting towards the end of our journey, and could ourselves take Lady Sylvia back. A week or two is not of much consequence. On the other hand, if you precipitate matters, and allow the girl to go rushing back at once, you may prevent the very reconciliation you desire. That is only a suggestion. It is none of my business. Do as you think best; but the chances are a hundred to one that Lady Sylvia sees or hears something of this telegram within the next day or two.'

A curious happy light had stolen over this woman's face, and the soft dark eyes were as proud as if she were thinking of a fortune suddenly inherited instead of one irretrievably lost.

'I think,' said she, slowly—'I think I could write a letter that would make Mr. Balfour a happy man, supposing he has lost every penny he has in the world.'

Any one could see that the small head was full of busy ideas as she mechanically got out her writing materials and placed them on the table. Then she sat down. It was a long letter, and the contents of it were never known to any human being except the writer of it and the person to whom it was sent. When she had finished it, she rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

'Perhaps,' said she, with a reflective air—'perhaps I should have expressed some regret over this misfortune.'

'No doubt you spoke of it as a very lucky thing.'

'I can't say,' she admitted, frankly, 'that I am profoundly sorry.'

Indeed, she was not at all sorry; and from that moment she began to take quite a new view of Chicago. There could be no doubt that this person of High-Church

proclivities, who liked to surrender her mind to all manners of mysteriously exalted moods, had from the very first regarded this huge dollar-getting hive with a certain gentle and unexpressed scorn. What was that she had been hinting about a person being able to carry about with him a sort of moral atmosphere to keep him free from outside influence, and that the mere recollection of the verse of a song would sometimes suffice? Lady Sylvia and she had been talking of some of Gounod's music. Were we to conclude, then, that, as she wandered through this mighty city, with its tramways and harbors and telegraphs and elevators, she exorcised the demon of money getting by humming to herself, 'Ring on, sweet angelus!' As she passed through the Babel of price-quoters in the central hall of the hotel, it was no echo of their talk that got into her brain, but quite a different echo:

'Hark! 'tis the angelus, sweetly ringing

O'er hill and vale;

Hark! how the melody maidens are singing

Floats on the gale!

* * *

'Ring on, sweet angelus, though thou art shaking
My soul to tears!

Voices long silent now with thee are waking

From out the years—

From out the years!

That may have been so; but anyhow, on the morning after she had dispatched her letter to Balfour, she entered into the business of sight-seeing with quite a new spirit. She declared that Chicago, for a great city, must be a delightful place to live in. Away from the neighbourhood of the manufactories the air was singularly pure and clear. Then there were continual cool winds coming in from the lake to temper the summer heat. Had any body ever seen grass more green than that in the vast projected park on the southern side, which would in time become one of the most noble parks in the world? She considered that the park on the northern side was beautifully laid out, and that the glimpses of Lake Michigan which one got through the trees were delightful. She greatly admired the combination of red sandstone and slightly yellowed marble which formed the fronts of the charming villas in those pretty gardens; and as for drives—well, she thought the chief part of the population of Chicago must

live on wheels. It was so rare to find this august lady in so generous and enthusiastic a mood that we all began to admire Chicago; and quite envied our relative the ranch-woman in that she would be able to forsake her savage wilderness from time to time for this centre of the arts and civilization.

We revelled in all the luxuries of a great city, while as yet these were possible to us. We went to theatres, concerts, picture exhibitions. We drove out to the park in the afternoon to hear the band play. We purchased knickknacks for friends at home—just as if we had been a party of tourists.

'Come,' said our German ex-lieutenant on the final day of our stay there, 'this is our last great town, is it not? before we go away to the swamps, and the prairies, and to the bowie-knives. Shall we not dress for dinner? And I propose that the dinner is at eight. And we will drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of this fine town.'

The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety; for as we had to start by train about eleven at night, they did not relish the notion of pulling out all their finery and putting it back again in a hurry. But we dined at eight all the same; and we did not fail to drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of that fine town. Long before midnight we were all fast asleep in snug berths, the train whirling us on through the darkness toward the country of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE ON WHEELS.

WE rub our eyes. Have we wandered into a Brazilian swamp, then, during the long dark night? The yellow light of the early morning is shining down on those dusky pools of sluggish water, on the dense forest, on the matted underwood, and the rank green grass. How the railway track does not sink into this vast mere passes our comprehension; there seems scarcely sufficient mud on these scattered islands to support the partly submerged trees. But, as we are looking out, a new object suddenly confronts the eyes. Instead of that succession of still creeks we come on a broad expanse of coffee-colored water that

broadens out as it rolls southward; and we cry, 'The Mississippi!' And over there, on the other side, we see a big and straggling town picturesquely built along the bluffs, and all shining in the early sunlight. But the Mississippi detains us not, nor Burlington either. Our mission is westward, and forever westward—through the perpetual forest, with its recurrent clearances and farms and fields of maize. Surely it is a pleasant enough manner of passing this idle, beautiful day. The recent rains have laid the dust; we sit outside the car and lazily watch the rich colors of the underwood as we pass. Could any thing be deeper in hue than the lake-red of those sumach bushes? Look at that maple—its own foliage is a mass of pale, transparent gold; but up the stem and out the branches runs a creeper, and the creeper is of a pure vermilion that burns in the sun. Westward—and forever westward. We lose consciousness of time. We resign ourselves to the slow passing-by of the trees, and the farms, and the maize. It is like a continuous dream.

And was this, we asked ourselves—was this, after all, America? In the by-gone days, before we ever thought of putting foot on this vast continent, we had our imaginary pictures of it; and surely these were bigger and noble things than this trivial recurrence of maize, maize, maize—an occasional house—endless trees and bushes, and bushes and trees? Who does not remember those famous words that thrilled two nations when they were spoken? 'I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.' But where were the condor's wings to give us this vision, now that we were about midway between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains? We only saw maize. And then we tried to imagine an American's mental picture of England—something composed of Stratford-on-Avon, and Westminster Abbey, and Rydal Mount,

and Milton, and Shakspeare, and Cromwell—and his bitter disappointment on sailing up the Mersey and coming into view of the squalor of Liverpool. This was the nonsense that got into our heads on this sleepy and sunny day.

But by-and-by the horizon widened, for we had been slowly ascending all this time; and you may be sure there was a little excitement throughout our party when we began to get our first glimpses of the prairie-land. Not the open prairie just yet; but still such suggestions of it as stirred the mind with a strange and mysterious feeling. And, of course, all our preconceived notions about the prairies were found to be wrong. They were not at all like the sea. They were not at all melancholy and oppressive. On the contrary, they were quite cheerful and bright in the sunshine; though there was still that mysterious feeling about them, and though the unaccustomed eye could not get quite reconciled to the absence from the horizon of some line of hill, and would keep searching for some streak of blue. Surely there was nothing here of the dreary wastes we had imagined? First of all, and near us, was a rich wilderness of flowers, of the most bountiful verdure and variegated colors—masses of yellow sun-flowers, and lilac Michaelmas daisies, and what not, with the blood red of the sumach coming in. Further off, the plain rose and fell in gentle undulations covered with variously tinted grass; and here and there were the palisades of a few ranches. Further away still were wider and barer undulations, marked by one or two clusters of the minutest specks, which we took to be cattle. Then beyond that again the open prairie-land—long, level swathes of the very faintest russet, and gray-green, and yellow-gray, going out—out—out until the blue sky of the horizon seemed quite close and near to us compared with that ever and mysteriously receding plain. This vast distance was not awful, like the sea. It was beautiful in its pale colors; it was full of an eager interest—for the eye appealed to the imagination to aid it in its endless search; and if it was an ocean at all it was an ocean that broke at our feet in a brilliant foam of flowers. This similitude was, indeed, so obvious that we unanimously were of opinion that it must have been used by every

American poet who has ever written about the prairie-lands.

We had for our nearest travelling companions two commercial gentlemen of a facetious turn, who certainly did their best to amuse our women-folk. It was the lieutenant, of course, who had made their acquaintance. One was a Philadelphian, the other a New Yorker; but both were in the sewing-machine business; and it was their account of their various experiences in travelling that had induced Von Rosen to join their conversation. They were merry gentlemen. They ventured to ask what might be his line of business—white goods, or iron, or Western produce?

'And if it is white goods, what then?' said the ex-soldier, with great *sang-froid*.

'Why, Sir,' said the Philadelphian, gravely taking out a number of cards, 'because money is money, and biz is biz; and you want to know where to buy cheap. That's Philadelphia sure—the American metropolis—the largest city in the world—yes, *Sir!*—eighteen miles by eight—two rivers—going to have the Centennial—the best shad—'

He was regarding the New Yorker all this time.

'Yes—shad!' said his companion, with affected contempt; for we could see that they were bent on being amicably funny. 'If you want shad, go to Philadelphia—and cat-fish, too—cat-fish suppers at the Falls only seventy-five cents a head. And fresh butter, too—go to Philadelphia for fresh butter, and reed-birds, and country board—best country board outside of Jersey—keep their own cows—fresh milk, and all that. But if you WANT TO TRADE, colonel, come to New York! New York ain't no village—no one-horse place—no pigs around our streets. We've got the finest harbor in the world, the highest steeples, the noblest park, the greatest newspapers, the most magnificent buildings—why talk about your Coliseums, and Tuileries, and Whitechapel, and them one-horse shows—come and see our Empire City!'

'Yes; and leave your purse in Philadelphia before you go!' sneered his enemy, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. 'And ask your friend here to show you the new Court-house, and tell you how much *that* cost! Then let him drive you up the avenues, and have your life insured

before you start, and show you the tar-and-sand, the mush-and-molasses pavements—patent pavements! Then ask him to introduce you to his friend the Boss, and mebbe he'll tell you how much the Boss got away with. And then about the malaria? And the fever and ague? And the small-pox? And people dying off so fast that they've got to run special trains for the corpses? And the Harlem Flats?

'Now hire a hall, won't you?' said the Knickerbocker. 'Hasn't our cat got a long tail! Why, you could roll up Philadelphia into a bundle and drop it into a hole in the Harlem Flats. But I won't mislead you—no, Sir. If you want water-power, go to Philadelphia—and grass—splendid grass—and mosquitoes. Tell him about the mosquitoes, now! Friend of mine in the sugar line married and went to Philadelphia for his honeymoon. Liked a quiet country life—no racket, except the roosters in the morning—liked the cows, and beauties of nature—and took his bride to a first-class hotel. Fine girl—bin chief engineer on a double-stitch sewing-machine. Well, Sir, the Philadelphia mosquitoes were alive—you bet. In the morning he took her to a hospital—certain she had small-pox—two weeks before the doctors could find it out. The man's life was ruined—yes, Sir—never recovered from the shock; business went to the dickens; and he ran away and joined the Mormons.'

'Joined the Mormons!' cried the Philadelphian. 'Why don't you tell the story straight? Don't fool the man. Joined the Mormons! He threw her into a sugar vat—sweets to the sweet, sez he—and married her mother, and went to New York, and was elected Mayor as the friend of Ireland—eleven hundred thousand Irishmen, all yelling for the Pope, voted for him. No, general, if you want to trade with Americans, with white men, you come to Philadelphia; we live cheap and we sell cheap; and with our new line of steamers, and our foreign trade—'

'Tell him about the canal-boats—why don't you tell him about the three canal-boats?' said the other, scornfully. 'It's a fact, general—when three canal-boats loaded with pop-corn and saeur-kraut got to Philadelphia, the Mayor called out the militia for a parade—yes, *Sir!*—the town was illuminated; the newspapers had leaders on

the revival of commerce, and the people all had two inches sewed on to their coat-tails. And mind, general, when you go to Philadelphia, you tell the conductor where to stop—tell him the wood-and-water station opposite Camden—the train stops by signal—'

Whither this conflict might have led us can only be conjectured. It was interrupted by our halting at a small station to have a mid-day dinner. And we did not fail to remark that the shy and handsome girls who waited on the crowd of ravenous people in this humble hostelry had bright complexions and clear eyes that spoke well for the air of this high-lying country. The lieutenant was furious because he could get nothing but water or iced tea to drink. His wife remarked that she hoped he would always be as well off, showing that she had had her speculations about her probable life as a ranch-woman. But another member of the party was anxious to get away as soon as possible from the devouring multitude; and when she was outside again, on the platform, she revealed the cause of that pensiveness that had at times dwelt over her face during the morning.

'Really now, *really*, do you think I was right?' she says, in a low voice. 'I have been thinking over it. It seems so cruel. The poor thing is just breaking her heart over the mistake she has made—in ever leaving him; and now, when she would have this excuse, this opportunity of appealing to him, of going to him without any appeal, it seems dreadful to keep her in ignorance.'

'Tell her, then.'

'But the responsibility is terrible,' she pleads again.

'Certainly. And you absolve yourself by waiting to know what Balfour's wishes are. What more?'

'If—if I had a daughter—of her age,' she says, with the usual quiver of the under lip, 'I do not think I should let her go further and further away from her husband just when there was a chance of reconciling them—'

'Will the chance be less next week, or the week after? However, do as you like. If you tell her, you must appeal to her not to do any thing rash. Say you have written. Or you might suggest, if she is so very pen-

itent, that she should write to her husband

'Oh, may I do that?' exclaims this tender-eyed hypocrite, as if she ever demanded permission to do anything she had set her mind on.

You never saw one woman so pet another as she petted Lady Sylvia during the rest of that day. She had never shown so much solicitous attention for the comfort of her own children, as far as any of us had ever noticed. And it was all because, no doubt, she was looking forward to a sentimental scene when we should arrive at Omaha, in which she should play the part of a beneficent fairy, and wise counselor, and earnest friend. Happily it did not occur to her to have a scene in the railway car before a score of people.

This railway car, as the evening fell, was a sore distress to us. Our wish to have that glimpse of the Mississippi had led us to come on from Chicago by one of the slow trains, and from Burlington there was no Pullman car. Ordinarily this is about the pleasantest part of the long trans-continental ride from New York to San Francisco; for on it are dining-cars, which have within their narrow compass pretty nearly every luxury which the fancy of man could desire, and which therefore offer a capital way of passing the time. If one must go on travelling day after day without ceasing, it is surely a pleasant thing to occupy the last two or three hours of the evening by entertaining your friends to a banquet—and if you are alone, the conductor will accept an off-hand invitation—of twelve or fourteen dishes, while the foaming grape of Eastern France, if Catawba will not content you, is hard by in an iced cellar. With these wild delights we should have been disposed to dispense had we obtained the comparative seclusion of a Pullman car; but as the long and dull evening set in we learned something of the happiness of travelling in an ordinary car in America. During the day we had spent most of the time outside; now we had to bear with what composure we could show the stifling odours of this huge and over-crowded compartment, while the society to which we were introduced was not at all fastidious in its language, or in its dress, or in the food which it plentifully ate. The lieutenant said nothing when a drunken woman sat down on

his top-coat and refused to allow it to be removed; but he did remonstrate pitifully against the persistent shower of beetles that kept falling on our heads and necks. We could not understand whence these animals came. Their home could not be the roof of the car, for they were clearly incapable of maintaining a footing there. Or were we driving through an Egyptian plague of them; and did they come in through the ventilators? It was a miserable evening. The only escape from the foul odours and the talk and the shreds of food was sleep; and the close atmosphere gave its friendly help; but sleep is apt to disarrange one's head-covering; and then, that guard removed, the sudden sensation of having a beetle going down one's neck banishes sweet dreams. About half-past eight or nine we got to Council Bluffs; and right glad were we to go out for a walk up and down the wet platform—for it had been raining—in the pitch darkness.

Nor shall we forget Council Bluffs soon. We spent three mortal hours there. All that we saw was a series of planks, with puddles of dirty water reflecting the light of one or two gas-lamps. We were now on one bank of the Missouri; and Omaha, our destination, was immediately on the other side, while there intervened an iron bridge. An engine would have taken us across and returned in a very short time. But system must be followed. It was the custom that the passengers by our train should be taken over in company with those arriving by a train due from somewhere else; and as that train had not made its appearance, why should we not continue to pace up and down the muddy platform? It was not the least part of our anxiety that, after an hour or so had passed, ex-Lieutenant Oswald Von Rosen seemed disposed to eat six or seven railway porters, which would have involved us in a serious claim for damages.

He demanded whether we could not be allowed to walk across the bridge and on to Omaha. Certainly not. He wanted to have some clear understanding as to how late this other train was likely to be. Nobody knew.

'Du lieber Himmel!' we heard him muttering to himself, somewhere about eleven o'clock, 'and in this confounded country the very sky is black with telegraph

lines, and they can not tell you if we shall be here all the night! *Is it the beetles that have stopped the train?*' he suddenly demanded of a guard who was sitting on a handbarrow and playfully swinging a lamp.

'I guess not,' was the calm answer.

'We might have been over the river and back half a dozen times—eh?'

'That's so,' said the guard, swinging the lamp.

It was near midnight when the other train arrived, and then the station resounded with the welcome cry of 'All aboard!' But we flatly declined to re-enter one of those hideous compartments full of foul smells and squalor. We crowded together on the little iron balcony between the cars, clinging to the rails; and by-and-by we had a dim impression that we were in mid-air, over the waters of the Missouri, which we could not see. We could only make out the black bars of the iron bridge against the black sky, and that indistinctly. Still, we were glad to be moving; for by this time we were desperately hungry and tired; and the sumptuous hospitality of Omaha was just before us.

Alas! alas! the truth must be told. Omaha received us in the most cruel and hard-hearted fashion. First of all, we imagined we had blindly wandered into a kingdom of the bats. There were some lights in the station, it is true; but as soon as we had got into the hotel omnibus and left these gloomy rays it appeared as though we had plunged into outer darkness. We did not know then that the municipal authorities of the place, recognizing the fact that business had not been brilliant, and that taxes lay heavily on themselves and their neighbours, had resolved to do without gas in order to save expense. All we knew was that this old omnibus went plunging frantically through absolute blackness, and that in the most alarming manner. For what were these strange noises outside? At one moment we would go jerking down into a hollow, and the 'swish' of water sounded as if we had plunged into a stream, while we clung to each other to prevent our being flung from one end to the other of the vehicle. And then, two seconds afterward, it really did appear to us that the horses were trying to climb up the side of a house. There was one small lamp that threw its feeble ray both outward

and inward; and we saw through a window a wild vision of a pair of spectral horses apparently in mid-air, while inside the omnibus the lieutenant was down at the door, vainly trying to keep his wife from tumbling on the top of him.

'It is my firm conviction,' said Queen T——, panting with her struggles, 'that we are not going along a road at all. We are going up the bed of the Missouri.'

Then there were one or two more violent wrenches, and the vehicle stopped. We scrambled out. We turned an awe-stricken glance in the direction we had come; nothing was visible. It was with great thankfulness that the shipwrecked mariners made their way into the hotel.

But was it hospitable, was it fair, was it Christian of the Grand Central of Omaha to receive us as it did, after our manifold perils by land and water? Had we been saved from drowning only to perish of starvation? In the gloomy and echoing hall loud sounded the remonstrances of the irate lieutenant.

'What do you say?' he demanded of the highly-indifferent clerk, who had just handed us our keys. 'Nothing to eat? Nothing to drink? Nothing at all? And is this a hotel? Hé! It is nonsense what you say. Why do you let your servants go away, and have every thing shut up? It is the business of a hotel to be open. Where is your kitchen—your larder—what do you call it?'

In reply the clerk merely folded up his book of names, and screwed out one of the remaining lights. Happily there were ladies present, or a deed of blood would have dyed that dismal hall.

At this moment we heard the click of billiards.

'Ha!' said the lieutenant.

He darted off in that direction. We had seen something of billiard saloons in America. We knew there were generally bars there. We knew that at the bars there were frequently bread and cheese supplied gratis. Behold! the foraging soldier returns! His face is triumphant. In his hands, under his arms, are bottles of stout; his pockets are filled with biscuits; he has a paper packet of cheese. Joyfully the procession moves to the floor above. With laughter and gladness the banquet is spread out before us; let the world wag on as it may,

there is still, now and again, some brief moment of happiness. And we forgave the waiting at Council Bluffs, and we forgot the beetles, and we drank to the health of Omaha !

But it was too bad of you Omaha, to receive us like that all the same.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE GREAT PROBLEMS OF GEOLOGY.*

IT is a truth well established and generally accepted by physicists, that the great changes which have been wrought in the earth's surface during past ages have not been produced by any sudden cataclysms of nature, but by the slow operation of the ordinary agents that we see every day about us ; such as rain, rivers, oceans, heat and cold, frost and snow. 'These tools,' says Professor Geikie, of Edinburgh, 'have been at work from the earliest times of which any geological record has been preserved. Indeed, it is out of the accumulated chips and dust which they have made, afterwards hardened into solid rock, and upheaved, that the very framework of our continents has been formed.' By the slow operation of these ordinary agents, the upheaved rocks have been carved into hill and dale, not once or twice, but many times, disintegrating hundreds and thousands of feet below the solid strata.

These agents are the elements which constitute climate. The more varied the climate, the greater will be the work performed by the agents. It is the climate that determines the character of the *flora* or *fauna* of a district. If we know the climate, we can predict the kind of plants and animals that will abound ; and, *vice versa*, if we know what species of plants and animals lived at any particular place or period, we can infer the character of its climate.

In judging the geological record, the most ordinary student is struck with the evidences of the many changes of climate that must have occurred in past time. We

do not refer to those changes consequent on the alternation of the seasons, but to those extreme changes, in consequence of which a continued arctic winter has taken the place of a temperate summer, and polar ice has given way to a rich and varied vegetation. The indications of these great changes are abundant in almost every period of past time ; but, for our present purpose, it will be sufficient to refer to the carboniferous and glacial only, as in these the transitions are most clearly defined.

Coal beds are but the fossilized remains of the luxuriant vegetation of the carboniferous age, and they are so well preserved that it is not difficult for the naturalist to assign them to their various families and genera. 'It was a time of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees, of great reeds, of palms, of tree-ferns, and of gigantic club-mosses.' It is a generally received opinion among botanists and geologists, that the climate best suited to the growth of such plants was not a tropical, and certainly not a cold, but a moist, equable, and temperate one. 'A great preponderance of ferns and lycopodiums,' says Sir Charles Lyell, 'indicates moisture, equability of temperature, and freedom from frost, rather than intense heat.' 'The general opinion of the highest authorities,' says Professor Hull, 'appears to be that the climate did not resemble that of the equatorial regions, but was one in which the temperature, being warm and moist, somewhat resembled that of New Zealand.'

The fact that immense deposits of coal are found in arctic regions proves conclusively, that the climate of the carboniferous period must have been immensely different

* 'Climate and Time.' By James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey of Scotland. D. Appleton and Co., New York.

from what it is at present. Coal has been found and worked to a considerable extent in Greenland. Sir George Nares informs us that he found an ample supply for his ships near the winter quarters of the *Discovery*, in latitude 81° N. We, therefore, know that coal exists almost, if not quite, at the pole itself; and, consequently, that a mild, equable climate must have prevailed at one time where now we find 'palæocrycitic' ice covering even the land surface to the depth of thousands of feet.

In that division of geological time immediately preceding the age of man, known as the Post-tertiary, some remarkable phenomena present themselves. We find vast beds of unstratified mud and clay filled with all kinds of stones and pebbles, which bear no resemblance to the underlying rocks, but belong to strata many miles away, generally in the direction of the poles. These erratics are scratched and furrowed, as if they had been subjected to an immense grinding process. They sometimes present only one furrowed surface, in which case the striae run parallel with the longer axis. They vary in size from pebbles to blocks containing several thousands of cubic feet. One transported block in the Green Mountains is forty-three feet long, thirty-two in average width, and fully 40,000 cubic feet in bulk. Besides these transported boulders and vast accumulations of mud, we find that the rocky surface across which the *debris* was carried, is polished and grooved, and all elevations are well rounded. These grooved surfaces are to be found all over the high latitudes of both hemispheres, and approach towards the equator to about the fortieth parallel. It is a matter about which there is no dispute, that these phenomena are the results of ice-action, not icebergs but land ice, huge sheets covering the whole land surface. This view is abundantly confirmed by studying ice-action in Greenland and Switzerland. The grooved surfaces are not confined to lowlands, but equally abound in high elevations. They cover the hills of Scotland, 2,000 feet above the sea. In New Hampshire, Mount Washington bears distinct glacial scratches within two or three hundred feet of its top; and all the other hills and mountains of New England, New York, and Lake Superior are evenly grooved over their entire

summits. The general direction of the striae show that these great inequalities of surface were not sufficient to interrupt the onward progress of the great ice-sheet, or even to deflect it from its course. How immense must have been the thickness of these continental glaciers! Professor Agassiz says, 'There are proofs that the glacier which covered the plains of Switzerland between the Alps and the Juras was 6,000 feet thick.' Professor Dana shows that the ice-sheet of New England was a mile and a quarter in thickness, while that of Canada north of the St. Lawrence was two miles and a quarter. Scotland must have been covered to a depth of at least 2,000 feet; while the shallow sea round about must have been blocked with solid ice, and formed into an immense tableland from one to two thousand feet above the present sea level. An intensely cold climate must have prevailed to produce such results—so cold, that the heat of summer was not sufficient to thaw the ice of the previous winter, even so far south as Alabama; but the ice went on increasing in thickness year after year, century after century. What a contrast between such a climate and that which now prevails! But how much greater is our surprise, as we compare it with the temperature of the carboniferous age, when the polar regions enjoyed a perennial spring.

The second great fact that forces itself upon the attention of the casual student of geology, is the frequent change of sea-level. We have evidence which cannot be questioned, that the land surface has, time and again, undergone the process of submergence, and then of emergence. The chalk beds of England are composed of the shells of minute animals, which must have been deposited at the bottom of a deep and still ocean. Limestone is but the fossilized remains of marine life accumulated during submergence. The carboniferous age furnishes evidence of the clearest kind of frequent oscillations of the sea level. The luxuriant vegetation which has formed our coal beds must have grown on broad plains and estuaries during a time of emergence. But, in order that these successive generations of trees and plants should be converted into coal, there must have followed a condition of things favourable to their preservation. These conditions are :

that these plains should be submerged, and then covered over with a deposit of sediment washed down by the rivers of the adjacent land. The time of submergence must have been of long duration, as was also the time during which vegetable matter accumulated; for we find vast beds of sedimentary deposits overlying the coal seams, and we notice the gradual appearance of marine life which ultimately became so abundant as to form layers of limestone of great thickness. For every foot of coal, there are fifty feet or more of accumulated rock. During the second growth of coal plants, the land must have again emerged from the sea. Consequently, for every seam of coal the land must have been once above and once below the sea level. At the Joggins, in Nova Scotia, there are as many as seventy-six consecutive coal seams, indicating as many levels of verdant fields between others when the waters prevailed. 'The coal period,' says Professor Dana, 'was a time of unceasing change—eras of universal verdure alternating with others of widespread and destructive waters.'

There is evidence, also, that a general subsidence followed closely on the appearance of the ice of the glacial epoch. Associated with glacial deposits are stratified beds, containing quantities of marine shells identical with many species now existing. In England these deposits are found up to a height of 1200 feet, proving that the land must have been submerged at least to that extent.

These many oscillations of sea-level and marvellous changes of climate have been the wonder and despair of geologists. For each problem many theories have been proposed, sometimes assigning independent causes, and, again, a cause common to both. Poisson tried to account for changes of climate, by supposing that the earth may have passed successively through colder and hotter parts of space. Others have advanced the theory that our sun is a variable star, during one period giving out a greater, and, again, a less amount of heat. Sir Charles Lyell advanced the theory that these changes of climate are due to differences in the distribution of land and water. He concluded that, if the land were all collected about the poles, while the oceans occupied the equatorial regions, the general temperature would be sufficiently lowered to ac-

count for glaciation; and, *vice versa*, were the land principally distributed along the equator a warm climate would ensue. Others assume the displacement of the earth's axis of rotation, consequent upon the upheaval of vast mountain masses. Professor Dana assumes that these changes result from the elevation or depression of the land surface, and, with others, accounts for the oscillation of the land-level by dynamical causes, such as contraction of the earth's crust, volcanic agencies, and tidal action in the interior fluids of the globe. There is no doubt that oscillations have resulted from these causes throughout geological time, and do so still; but it is difficult, and, we think, impossible to accept this as a sufficient explanation of all the many and frequent submergencies and emergencies that have occurred, for example, in the carboniferous age. Even admitting Professor Dana's explanation to be an adequate answer to the second question, we fail to find any evidence whatever to warrant us in accepting it as a sufficient cause of these great changes of climate. It is conceded that, during the glacial epoch, the great ice-sheet covered the whole land surface, say, of the northern hemisphere as far south as the fortieth parallel. The Professor has, therefore, not only to account for the enormous elevation necessary to produce glaciation, but, also, for this great elevation being co-extensive with the land surface covered by the ice. In like manner must he deal with the southern hemisphere.

For many years, the impression has gradually been gaining ground, that we must look for an explanation of the great climatic changes to some cosmical agencies. The only such agencies that could be supposed to affect climate, are the changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic and in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Laplace, however, showed that the change of obliquity was confined within such narrow limits that it could never have produced any very serious results. It was also shewn by Herschel, and confirmed by Arago and Humboldt, that, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the earth's orbit does change materially, bringing the earth much nearer to the sun in one part of her orbit than in another, yet her nearness to the sun would be exactly compensated by her more rapid mo-

tion, and, therefore, that she would receive exactly the same amount of light and heat while describing the segment of her orbit in aphelion as in perihelion. 'Were it not for this,' says Sir John Herschel, 'the eccentricity of the orbit would materially influence the transition of the seasons. The fluctuation of distance amounts to nearly one-thirtieth of the mean quantity; and, consequently, the fluctuation of the sun's direct heating power to double this, or one-fifteenth of the whole. . . . Were it not for the compensation we have just described, the effect would be to exaggerate the difference of summer and winter in the one hemisphere, and to moderate it in the other; thus producing a more violent alternation of climate in the one, and an approach to perpetual spring in the other. As it is, however, no such inequality subsists; but one equal and impartial distribution of heat and light is accorded to both.' From the conclusions of these high authorities, it was regarded as settled, that the great changes of climate indicated by geological phenomena, could not have resulted from any change in the relation of the earth to the sun.

The third great problem of geology relates to the probable age of the earth. In the early part of the present century, when the testimony of the rocks was first beginning to attract attention, Dr. Chalmers uttered the bold statement, that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the earth. When the plunge was once made from what was then considered the orthodox belief, much attention was directed by men of science to this interesting question, and many widely different results were obtained. Two methods of calculation have been pursued: the one is based on the estimated thickness of the sedimentary rocks, and the rate at which they are deposited, according to data furnished by observation; the other, or palæontological method, is based on the rate at which, it is said, species change. Sir Charles Lyell estimated that 240 millions of years must have elapsed since the beginning of the Cambrian period. Beyond this inconceivable time we must allow for the long ages during which the primary rocks were formed; and beyond them, again, for the immense cycles when the earth was cooling down from a molten or gaseous

condition. Mr. Darwin assigns to the world even a greater age. 'In all probability,' he says, 'a far longer period than 300 millions of years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period.' Others exceed this estimate, and place the probable age of the earth as great as *thirty thousand millions of years*.

In these calculations there seems to be a large amount of guesswork; and it will be well to enquire whether the premises upon which they are founded are such as to warrant any great degree of credibility in the results obtained. What proportion do the present strata bear to the amount actually formed and worn down by the various climatic agencies? Has the deposition taken place at the mouths of rivers, or near to the land, or at the bottom of a deep and still ocean? What effects have the hydrochloric, sulphurous, and carbonic acids which must have been present in the atmosphere in large quantities at an early day, had in disintegrating the material out of which the strata have been formed? In a word, may not the various agents have operated far more rapidly in past time, because of more favourable conditions? As to the palæontological-method we have absolutely no criterion for measuring the rate at which species change; nor has it at all been established, that the various forms of life constitute an unbroken chain of development from the lowest to the highest.

There has been, in some quarters, a revolt against the extreme demands of the geologist on the one hand and the evolutionist on the other. Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and others have shown, from dynamical reasons, that the whole history of our globe, since she started on her career of independent existence, must be limited within some such period as one hundred millions of years. This conclusion is arrived at from calculations based on the rate at which the earth is parting with her heat; on the recently discovered gradual decrease in the rate of the earth's rotation on her axis, being equal to twenty-two seconds in a century, and resulting from the retarding influence of the tides, acting as an ordinary brake on a revolving wheel; and, further, on the rate at which the sun is giving off his heat, being equal in each second of time to the combustion of eleven thousand six hundred millions of millions

of tons of coal, or about eight times the whole supply of coal supposed to exist in the earth.

Much light has been thrown on these three great problems of geology, viz., changes of climate, oscillations of sea-level, and the probable age of the earth, by the laborious researches of Mr. James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey of Scotland, summarized in his carefully-prepared and able work on 'Climate and Time,' noted at the beginning of this paper. His theory of the secular change of climate is at once beautiful, simple, and complete. He does not claim that all submergences and emergences can be traced to those agencies which have produced changes of climate; but he does hold that many can, and, when taken in connection with the other well-understood causes, the subject is rendered far more intelligible. His theory affords, at least, some data for estimating geological time, the results of which entirely agree with those obtained by Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and others, by entirely different methods. He concurs in the view expressed by Herschel, that the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit has not been sufficient in itself to materially affect climate; but he shows that, when taken in connection with the precession of the equinoxes, it may have done so *indirectly*, by bringing into operation physical agents amply sufficient to have produced, during one period, a mild, equable climate even in the polar regions, and, at another time, a condition of glaciation extending far into what are now known as the temperate zones.

It is well known that the form of the earth's orbit is elliptical, and that the sun occupies one of the foci; that, while the mean distance of the earth from the sun is constant, the orbit, at times, becomes more elliptical, and again, as at present, more nearly approaches a circle. The superior limit of eccentricity is $\cdot 0775$, and the inferior limit $\cdot 00314$. The present limit is $\cdot 0168$; so that, assuming the earth's mean distance to be 91,400,000 miles (which is now shown to be slightly too little), her distance, when in perihelion, would be 89,864,480, and when in aphelion, 92,934,060, or a difference of 3,069,580. But, when eccentricity would be at its superior limit, the earth would be no less than 14,212,700 miles nearer the sun in the one position

than in the other. It is also well known that the line joining the solstices moves around the orbit backwards in about 25,000 years. This is called the precession of the equinoxes. Our winter in the northern hemisphere now occurs when the earth is in perihelion; but, it will be readily seen, in about 12,000 years our winter will occur when the earth is in aphelion, or furthest from the sun. If, at the same time, eccentricity should be at its superior limit, the earth would be 8,641,870 miles further from the sun than she is in winter at present. The heat received from the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance, and would, therefore, be one-fifth less during the six months of winter than now, and in summer, one fifth greater. It is true, winter would be thirty-six days longer than summer, and the less amount of heat received in winter would be exactly compensated by its greater length, as was shown by Herschel; so that the total amount of heat received between the two equinoxes would be the same, whatever might be the eccentricity of the orbit. Eccentricity cannot of itself, therefore, produce any very great changes of climate. But, while this is the case, Mr. Croll clearly shows that great eccentricity brings into operation a number of physical agents which do materially affect climate, and which are amply sufficient to produce a condition of glaciation in the hemisphere whose winter occurs in aphelion, and, at the same time, a perennial spring even in the polar regions of the other hemisphere whose winter occurs in perihelion, and, *vice versa*, during periods of about 12,000 years each, till eccentricity becomes gradually lowered. He thus describes the effect that would be produced on the climate of the cold hemisphere: 'The reduction in the amount of heat received from the sun, owing to its increased distance, would lower the midwinter temperature to an enormous extent. In temperate regions the great portion of the moisture of the air is at present precipitated in the form of rain, and the very small proportion which falls as snow disappears in the course of a few weeks at most. But, in the circumstances under consideration, the mean winter temperature would be lowered so much below the freezing-point that what now falls as rain during that season would then fall as snow. This is not all;

the winters would then not only be colder than now, but they would also be much longer. . . . The lowering of the temperature and the lengthening of the winter would both tend to the same result, viz. : to increase the amount of snow accumulated during winter ; for, other things being equal, the larger the snow-accumulating period the greater the accumulation. . . .

As regards the absolute amount of heat received, increase of the sun's distance and lengthening of the winter are compensatory, but not so in regard to the amount of snow accumulated. The consequence of this state of things would be, that at the commencement of the short summer the ground would be covered with the winter's accumulation of snow. Again, the presence of so much snow would lower the summer temperature, and prevent, to a great extent, the melting of the snow.' This process would go on year after year, till the snow of winter would not be melted by the heat of the following summer. Exactly opposite effects would be produced in the other hemisphere, so that the general result would be that one hemisphere would be heated while the other would be cooled. This state of things would bring into play agencies which would cause the deflection of the great ocean currents, greatly intensifying the general results.

Mr. Croll discusses at great length the effects of ocean currents on climate. He shows that they are the great distributors of heat over the surface of the globe ; that by carrying the heat from the equatorial regions to the polar they reduce the mean temperature of the former from 135° to 80° , and raise that of the latter from 83° below to zero. In other words, were it not for ocean currents the equator would be 55° warmer than at present, and the poles 83° colder, and the globe would be almost entirely uninhabitable. Any very great change, therefore, in the great equatorial ocean currents, so that their heat-distributing waters would be withdrawn from one hemisphere and spread out over the other, must have a wonderful influence on climate.

It is further shown that ocean currents are due to, and take the general direction of, the prevailing winds of the globe, and chiefly of the trades. The trade-winds are caused by the difference between the temperature of the equator and the poles. It

follows, therefore, under the circumstances which we have been considering, that the trades from the cold hemisphere would be much stronger than those from the warm. This would have the effect of withdrawing the equatorial ocean currents from the cold hemisphere and turning them into the warm, greatly intensifying the cold of the one and the heat of the other.

The nearness of the sun in perigee would have the effect of greatly increasing the accumulation of snow. This would result as follows : the currents of air from the warm to the cold regions would be greatly increased ; and, evaporation being also increased, vast quantities of moisture would be transported to the cold parts, and would there be condensed and fall as snow. The heaviest fall of snow would, therefore, take place in summer ; and, notwithstanding the nearness of the sun, he would have little melting power, because of the fogs which would be formed, and which would cut off his rays. These various agents would act on each other in such a way as to increase the general result ; and we cannot wonder that the cold hemisphere would become, during long ages, capped with a sheet of ice thousands of feet in thickness, as was the case in the glacial epoch ; while the other hemisphere would enjoy a mild, equable climate. As the solstitial points would gradually turn around, the contrary process would commence. The glaciated hemisphere would become warm, and the warm hemisphere cold, till the ice would be all melted from the one, and accumulated on the other.

It follows from this theory that the glacial epoch was not one continued duration of cold and ice, but must have consisted of a long succession of alternate cold and warm periods of about 12,000 years each, the warm periods of the one hemisphere corresponding with the cold periods of the other. There must have been a gradual increase of the two extremes of temperature till the greatest eccentricity was attained, and then a gradual decline till the normal condition of things was again reached. That there was this succession of cold and warm periods in the glacial epoch, there is considerable evidence ; though, from the nature of the case, we know there would be, to a great extent, an obliteration of the evidences of former glacial periods,

and the indications of the last would be most clearly marked. We have, here, an explanation of the hitherto perplexing problem of the occurrence in the same beds of the post-tertiary period, of the remains of mollusca and mammalia of a tropical type with those of an extremely arctic character. Particularly in England is this the case. We find the lion, the tiger, the hyena, the elephant, and the rhinoceros associated with the ermine, the reindeer, and the musk-ox. The one class lived during the warm period, and the other, during the closely following cold period.

Such epochs of alternate cold and warm periods must have often occurred during past time; as often as great eccentricity. The only evidences that we could reasonably expect these cold periods to have left us are transported boulders. These, however, are sufficient, as we know of no agency that could produce such a result but ice. Transported boulders are found in almost every age of geological time.

This theory affords a beautiful explanation of the coal formations; for we have, in the warm inter-glacial periods, the very condition of climate best suited to the growth of those kinds of trees and plants of which our coal is composed; as we have, also, in the following cold periods, a condition of things best suited to the preservation of those plants, and their conversion into coal. Wherever we find evidence of glaciation, we also find evidence of submergence of the land along with it. This is a suggestive fact. Let us see what bearing Mr. Croll's theory has on this point. The accumulation of an enormous ice-cap on one hemisphere, while the other would be free of ice, would have the direct effect of shifting the centre of gravity of the earth. If the ice-cap, say of the northern hemisphere, had a thickness equal in weight to 1,000 feet of rock, the centre of gravity would be shifted 500 feet north. The waters of the oceans adjust themselves with direct reference to the centre of gravity. They would, therefore, flow from the southern hemisphere, so that there would be an emergence of the land to the extent of 500 feet; and they would rise on the northern hemisphere to the same extent, wherever there were openings in the ice, and cause a submergence. When the ice-cap would be transferred to the southern hemisphere, the

centre of gravity would be shifted 1,000 feet south, or 500 feet south of its mean position, which would cause a total oscillation of sea-level to the extent of about 1,000 feet. Again, the weight of the water thus pulled over from one hemisphere to the other, would tend to increase the general result. But the displacement of the centre of gravity must have been much greater than 500 feet on either side of its mean position; for, during glaciation, the ice-cap must have been of enormous thickness. This will be more readily conceded from the following considerations. From calculations based on actual observations, the ice-sheet of the small continent of Greenland is supposed to attain a thickness in the interior of 10,000 feet. The southern hemisphere is known to be much colder at the present time than the northern, and the land surrounding the pole, of vast extent, about 28,000 miles in diameter. From reliable calculations, the antarctic ice-cap is estimated to attain a thickness, at or near the pole, of at least six miles. During the glacial epoch, when the whole hemisphere was capped with ice down to at least the fiftieth parallel, the flow of the ice, which has left so many prodigious results, could only have been caused by the pressure of its great thickness, and could only take the general direction of the equator, being the direction of least resistance. How enormous, then, must have been the thickness in high latitudes of this vast continental glacier—so thick, that the White Mountains of New Hampshire were not a sufficient obstacle to impede its progress, or even to deflect it from its course! We have, here, a simple explanation of oscillations of sea-level, which must have occurred as often as glaciation. If coal be an inter-glacial formation, as is contended, we can readily understand how it was that coal periods were always followed by submergence. This explanation, taken in connection with the other well understood causes of submergence, tends greatly to remove the mystery that has hitherto attached to the second great problem of geology.

If the intense cold which gives character to the glacial epoch, has been caused indirectly by great eccentricity of the earth's orbit, we have a means of ascertaining with tolerable accuracy the date of its commencement, and the length of its duration.

This gives at least one time-measure with which to approach the third problem discussed in this paper, viz., the probable age of the earth.

According to formulæ given by M. Leverrier, Mr. Croll has made calculations extending over three millions of years past. He finds that eccentricity attained very high values during three distinct periods of that time: the first, about 2,500,000 years back; the second, 850,000 years ago; and the third, about 200,000 years ago. The first and second periods lasted for about 200,000 years each; and the third, for 160,000, from 240,000 years ago to about 80,000 years ago. For sufficient reasons the glacial epoch is assigned to the last period, and the middle of the Miocene and Eocene ages, to the other two respectively. The glacial epoch, therefore, lasted for about 160,000 years, during which time the

climate of each hemisphere was alternately warm and cold for periods of about 12,000 years each. Sir Charles Lyell dated the glacial epoch at 1,000,000 years back. If, then, Mr. Croll's theory be correct, and it is being rapidly accepted by those best able to judge, Lyell's estimate must be reduced by four-fifths of its amount. If we reduce his entire estimate in the same proportion, we have 48,000,000 of years, instead of 240,000,000, as the age of the earliest fossiliferous rocks. Even this reduced amount is, in all probability, vastly too great. Having obtained, however, with tolerable accuracy, the date of the last great geological epoch, and, it may be also, of the Miocene and Eocene periods, we may venture the hope, that science will yet discover, within reasonable limits, the probable age of the earth.

S. H. JANES.

OUR FUTURE.

AFTER an absence of ten years, I returned to Canada early this summer, at Niagara, and have since travelled through it from west to east. I have crossed the broad fertile plains of Ontario, lived among the quaint old-fashioned homesteads of Quebec, roamed the pleasant valleys and skirted the rugged iron-bound shores of Acadia; and during my progress, I have been naturally led to speculate on the future condition of the country and the destiny of its people. I have travelled slowly, making Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St John, and Halifax, my headquarters at various times. I have taken advantage of my opportunities to visit all the surrounding places of interest, and to mix among and endeavour to gain a thorough knowledge of the social and political condition of the people; and I consider that I have been amply rewarded for my trouble, in noting the immense progress that has been made in wealth and in political unity during the last decade.

These provinces ten years since were disunited, knowing little of each other, and having no sympathies or interests in common. Suffering from the revolution in commerce caused by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, many turned their eyes longingly across the border, sighing for annexation, and showing little faith in the success of the scheme of union which was then about to be tested.

How different do we find it to-day? The country united, and proud of its unity; its people showing a confidence in their future, recovered from the blow that American spleen dealt her commerce, and determined in the future not to allow themselves to be made the sport of their cousins across the border. Yes! the scattered provinces of ten years ago, to-day form the nucleus of a mighty nation; their people looking forward to the day, in the not far-distant future, when they will be called upon to take their stand among the nations

of the earth, and proud to be called *Canadians*.

The progress of this spirit must be much more evident to one who has been so long absent from the country, than to those who have remained at home; but it must, I think, have made itself apparent to every thinking man. As I before remarked, I have endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the sympathies and aspirations of the people, by passing my days amongst them, and entering with them into the ordinary intercourse of every-day life; and I have found that, in all the different provinces, especially among the young men (who must rule this country in a few years), there is a widespread feeling in favor of independence. To give you an idea of the people I have met, I cannot do better than relate a little incident that happened in Montreal.

One beautiful day, last August, I had wended my way to the mountain, and taking advantage of the cool shade of the trees, I lay idly smoking a cigar. The city was spread at my feet, the towers of Notre Dame rising like sentinels above it, while the royal St. Lawrence stretched away like a silvery serpent, as far as the eye could reach.

It was on such a day and under such circumstances, when my thoughts were as far from politics as heaven is from hades, that I was disturbed by a young man of perhaps twenty-five or thirty summers, who wandered through the woods, and apparently without seeing me, threw himself down on a little hillock, close beside me, and gazing at the beautiful prospect spread before us, was soon lost in thought. I ventured to disturb him, and after a few remarks on surrounding objects, we insensibly glided into a discussion on the state of the country, and as he seemed to be intelligent and well-read, I asked him to give me his idea of the present state of things, and what he thought of the political future.

'We have,' he answered, 'one of the fairest and most diversified countries in which God ever deigned to lay the foundations of an empire; but we are unfortunately a dependency, and our people lack that spirit of nationality which is the characteristic of the poorest free and independent state. Another great misfortune, and one which must greatly retard our progress towards independence, is the fact that we

have too many politicians and too few statesmen.'

I interrupted him to ask him to favor me with his definition of politicians and statesmen.

'A politician,' he replied, 'is one who will take advantage of any differences of creed, sect, and nationality; who will inflame the prejudices of the people, and carry partisan feelings to any extreme, to further his own selfish ends, or to benefit his party. A statesman, on the contrary, is one who will strive to harmonize all differences between the different classes, for the interest of the *state*. The policy of the one is expediency, and he looks for an immediate reward in the shape of the spoils of office; the policy of the other *patriotism*, and he is satisfied with the gratitude of generations yet unborn.'

'But,' I said, 'it must be evident to you that it is a task of infinite magnitude to unite under one nationality, elements so discordant as the French Catholics of Quebec and the English and Scotch Protestants of Ontario, who are not only of different blood, but what is often of more consequence, are each violently prejudiced against the religion of the other.'

'And why is it so?' he exclaimed; 'they are *all* Canadians, and but for the intrigues of petty politicians would be thoroughly united at the present day. The cause which I have at heart,' he continued warmly, 'is one too sacred and too delicate for the vulgar politician; it is one which requires the master hand of a statesman. The cause is ripening, but it needs an apostle; the people are preparing, but we want the *Man*.'

I told him that I thought his ideas were very far advanced, and that while I might merely be inclined to consider him an enthusiast, others would perhaps think him disloyal.

'I am no farther advanced,' he replied, 'than thousands of my fellow-countrymen; and,' he added proudly, 'I think our first loyalty is due to *ourselves*. It is very well to talk of loyalty to a country three thousand miles away, to which we are only bound by traditional ties, and towards whom almost one half of our people have no ties, even of blood; but we must consider what is best for our own country, and not be influenced by any sentimental ideas of loyalty towards England. Our task may

be a difficult one, but it will finally succeed. A great majority of our people have no sympathy with either of our present political parties, as the dictum of each is *self*; but the man or the party who first earnestly espouses the cause of independence, will soon attract the support of all those who are now lukewarm, and who take no interest in the welfare of their country.'

I have mentioned this conversation because it represents the ideas of many whom I met in the different provinces; and knowing that the feeling in favor of independence is not only entertained, but favorably entertained, by so many of the people, I am surprised that it has not attained more prominence as a public question; and I am convinced that in a very short time it will be the great question to be decided by the Canadian people.

At present the leaders of each party seem to fear to approach the subject, as they think their opponents will make use of the

cry of disloyalty to win the temporary support of their constituents; and I think it is better so; it is a question which will not bear being approached in a party spirit; it must be dealt with on the broadest and most liberal basis, and we must wait for the time when the best men of all parties, sinking their petty differences, will unite to give birth to the new nationality.

A question which involves so much could only be superficially treated in the compass of a short article like this, which is only intended to call the attention of the people to the ideas which have been almost insensibly growing and maturing amongst them; and any discussion of the merits or demerits of the question, or of the form of government which would be most desirable in the event of our becoming independent, can well be left until the question has come more prominently before the people.

ARGUS.

THE POETRY OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

EVERY poet, paradoxical as the assertion may at first seem, is essentially and inevitably more or less a philosopher. The higher his verse, the more important is the thought—or, we should rather say, faith—which underlies and inspires it. A skylark may sing out of pure fulness of heart; no man ever did. And the reason is surely plain enough. The mystery of being, the riddle of this painful earth, can never be wholly overlooked by the human mind, much less by the clear and susceptible soul of the true singer. Chaucer, Spenser, Keats, and several others, are not, as some critics have held, exceptions to this theory, although they may appear so to the careless reader. The 'joyous Paganism' which has been attributed to these sensuous poets, is clouded ever and anon by shadows of grief and doubt, by blank inward questionings, yearning cries that rise up suddenly to fall back again unanswered and unanswerable by the writers. It is—

'A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want; '*

and the very fact that an important section of our modern poets has found it necessary deliberately to 'trundle back their souls some hundred years'—to seek inspiration in classic or mediæval times, ignoring the present age, so pregnant with vast and momentous issues—simply shows us that these writers are making a futile attempt to do away, by artificial means, with the metaphysical and speculative element which has existed in poetry from all time, and which must exist so long as man possesses the faculties of reason and imagination. This granted, it must be evident that the works of any specially original and representative poet are valuable, not only on account of their intrinsic beauty, but as indications of the course of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the *Time-spirit*. The great poet is the *avant-courier* of the *Time-spirit*—the

* Shelley.

seer whose clear spiritual vision enables him to lead the van of the great army of thinkers in all ages.

A very important school of poets has risen into prominent notice within the last ten years, commonly spoken of as the pre-Raphaelite group. The appropriateness of such a name to the literary work of the school is not very apparent, nor are we aware that the designation is acknowledged by its leaders. It probably arose from the fact that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the eldest of the three poets to whom we refer, originated the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting some thirty-five years ago. About 1843, he, in conjunction with his sisters Maria and Christina Rossetti and several others, started a little serial entitled the *Germ*, which had a short but brilliant existence. In it appeared, if we remember rightly, Mr. Rossetti's famous poem, 'The Blessed Damosel'—which is, it must be admitted, a word-painting conceived very much after pre-Raphaelite ideas.

In 1856, Mr. William Morris published a selection of ballads, and somewhere about 1863, Mr. Rossetti came to the front again with a volume of translations from the early Italian poets, 'Dante and his Circle.' Still the school, as a poetical one, had created little stir, although pre-Raphaelite art was quite the rage, more especially in fashionable society. About the same time the poet referred to at the head of our sketch—Algernon Charles Swinburne—made his first appearance before the public. The volume was a modest one, entitled 'The Queen Mother and Rosamond,' and contained two tragedies executed after the Elizabethan model. They were dedicated to Mr. Rossetti, but at that time received little or no attention from the world of letters. To the merits and significance of this work, and those subsequently published, we shall afterwards allude, contenting ourselves meanwhile with an outline of Mr. Swinburne's literary life and labours. In the beginning of 1865 was published the volume entitled 'Poems and Ballads.' Such a contention as then arose amongst the critics is probably almost without parallel in the history of modern letters. The English press raised its powerful voice in almost absolute condemnation, and more than one newspaper scribbler vented his petty venom in scurrilous abuse of the

author. Higher class periodicals, however, were divided in their opinions; nearly all, it should be said, conceding—what the penny press generally ignored—the true genius and originality of the poet, even while condemning the immorality of his work. In the United States the book met with hardly less notice, but, as a rule—as was natural in a country less imbued with prejudice—the judgment of the public was more favourable. The reception accorded to the book in some quarters was such as to induce the publishers—Moxon & Co.—to withdraw it from sale. A younger firm espoused the cause of the questionable poet, and issued the 'Poems and Ballads' in exactly similar form; and the result fully justified their enterprise, for in a very short time the volume went through no less than seven editions. The fact that the book had been judged unfit for public perusal, was enough to create public curiosity, and no circulating library could afford to be without two or three copies of a work which had been placed in the *Index Expurgatorius*. Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of 'Chastelard,' though received with the same objections in the same quarters, became nearly as popular. 'Atalanta in Calydon,' another tragedy based on Greek models, evoked quite a different expression of opinion. There were no grounds on which to lay a charge of immorality, although a few immaculate critics objected, somewhat unreasonably one would think, to the spirit of classic paganism with which the poem is imbued. In or about 1868 was published 'A Song of Italy,' dedicated to Mazzini; then came an 'Ode to the French Republic'; and, in 1870, 'Songs before Sunrise,' a volume of republican verse. In 1874 was published 'Bothwell,' a companion tragedy to 'Chastelard'; and a year or so afterwards 'Erechtheus,' a Greek play after the model of 'Atalanta.' Since then Swinburne has written no poetry, save several fugitive pieces in periodicals. His prose works are 'William Blake, a Study'; 'Notes on Poems and Ballads,' a reply to the critics of that work; 'Essays and Studies,' a collection of fugitive pieces; 'Under the Microscope,' a satire directed against his critics; an essay upon the Elizabethan dramatist, George Chapman; a pamphlet entitled 'Notes of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade,' in effect a reply to Mr.

Carlyle's letter to the *Times* upon the Eastern question; and his latest brochure, 'A Note on Charlotte Brontë.'

In giving our judgment as to the above works, it is not our purpose to do more than allude to the controversy which has lately been raging as to the aim and end of art. Some of Mr. Swinburne's most startling theories are placed beyond the reach of serious examination, if we admit that he writes solely as an artist. But the plea is surely a poor one. Shelley, as we know, was never tired of inculcating the doctrine of 'art for art's sake'; but some of his works are a standing refutation of the theory that true poetry cannot afford to be didactic. We may be ready to admit that art is not to be made a handmaid to religion, or morality, or science. But no art, unless it be purely imitative, *can* exist without conveying some lesson. And here we come back to the point from which we started. Mr. Morris professes the negation of all philosophy; but in such lines as

Kiss me, love, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

and in his quaint but beautiful play, 'Love is enough,' he has laid down the lines of a very distinct and intelligible creed. The theory that art is a law unto itself was advanced by the defenders of Swinburne's verse, and is, we believe, the doctrine of the poet himself. But that a man, in the exercise of his art, should bring forward new principles and denounce old ones, and yet be responsible in no rational sense for these, seems to be the height of absurdity.

The least important of this poet's works are his early tragedies—'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamond.' While displaying some dramatic energy, along with a wonderful glow of generous warmth throughout, they are immature and diffuse. There are, however, several magnificent passages throughout the latter poem—as witness the subdued pathos and mournful music of King Henry's closing speech as he bids farewell to the corpse of Rosamond. In 'Poems and Ballads' we enter, as it were, into a strange and stormy sea;

But see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.*

* Matthew Arnold.

Repelled perhaps at first by the unfamiliarity of sentiment, and the chaotic melodies of verse, most readers, after a second or third perusal, will be drawn towards these poems with a strange fascination. Few, it is true, will find themselves in sympathy with the tide of fierce and infinite desire that throbs through the cadences of that most musical paraphrase of Sappho—'Anactoria'; nor will they find much pleasure in such passages as this:

Ah! ah! thy beauty—like a beast it bites,
Stings like an adder, like a serpent smites.

That I could eat thy body, and could taste,
The faint flakes from thy bosom to thy waist.

Still, as the poet has himself explained, the poem from which these lines are taken is simply the outcome of his endeavor to render fitly the spirit of the most passionate ode ever sung by the most passionate singer of ancient Greece. In the lingering melody of 'Dolores' we find more of Charles Baudelaire than of Sappho. In apostrophising Dolores, our Lady of Pain—an abstraction, of which it were best, perhaps, not to attempt definition—the poet cries, somewhat hysterically,

What ailed us, O Gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain!

Yet another phase of sentiment, as morbid as the last:

From too much love of living,
From fear of death set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever Gods there be,
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river,
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

These lines *may* be simply a dramatic expression of sentiment; but they seem more likely to represent in reality the fluctuations of a poetical and unsatisfied soul—'moods of fantastic sadness, nothing worth.'*

In 'Atalanta in Calydon' the erotic element is almost entirely absent. It is a Sophoclean tragedy, imbued throughout with the thoroughly Greek sentiment of patient submission to an inexorable Fate, save in one chorus, which is a passionate protest against the idea of a personal Deity. He who

* Arnold.

Smites without sword, and scourges without rod,
The supreme evil, God.

That this is not altogether a dramatic expression of feeling, but rather the utterance of the author's own belief, is evident enough, as a Greek chorus could hardly be expected to declaim against the *one* Deity. 'Chastelard,' again, is a poem of quite a different stamp. Its luscious and effeminate verse is well adapted to the theme, and the luckless lover of Mary Queen of Scots might have written the delicate little French *chansons* which are sprinkled through the drama. The poem, however, we are inclined to think, might, of all Mr. Swinburne's works, be best spared. Each of the volumes referred to, nevertheless, is of value as showing the state of the poet's mind at the time of their production. A passionate, intensely poetical soul—for we believe, since the time of Shelley, no man has been born with so boundless an enthusiasm for his art as Swinburne—such a soul, let loose upon the world in this nineteenth century, breathes an uncongenial atmosphere. The Philistines are upon him if he worships other gods than theirs. His mind may find refuge only in idealism of one sort or another. Like Shelley, he may idealise humanity, and worship it in the abstract; or like Keats he may throw his soul out towards nature. Mr. Swinburne, in his youth, seems to have followed the example of the latter. But his spirit had not the divine tranquillity of Keats; the injustice and folly of men around him, real or fancied, broke rudely into this dreamland of his, and roused his excitable temperament to what was almost a temporary frenzy. Doubt, however, is in most men but a transient condition of mind. Mr. Swinburne, like Byron and like Shelley, soon found a theme worthy of his powers, and his muse lighted her torch at the flame on the altar of Liberty—then burning brighter than for many a year. The enthusiasm which spread all over England during that glorious struggle for Italy's independence, of which Garibaldi and Mazzini were the leaders, touched the lips of this poet as with fire, and gave us the clarion-like music of the 'Song of Italy,' dedicated to the great republican writer:

Earth shall grow dim with all her golden things,
Pale people and hoar kings;

Yet, though the thrones and towers of nations fall,
Death hath no part in all,
In heaven, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor Italy, nor thee.

Mr. Swinburne's greatest and most characteristic work is, to our mind, the 'Songs before Sunrise.' In the prologue to this volume, which may be regarded as allegorical, are these lines—which may, or may not, contain a piece of personal spiritual history:

Then he stood up, and trod to dust,
Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,
And dreams of bitter things and sweet;
And shod, for sandals on his feet,
Patience, and knowledge of what must,
And of what may be, in the heat
And cold of years that rot and rust—

The time is past when such an one can 'sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangle's of Neæra's hair.*' The existence of Humanity, its claims for assistance and pity, have at length dawned upon the dreamer. The next piece to the prologue is an ode, of some length, in which the poet calls upon the nations of Europe to join in the 'Republic, One and Indivisible,' which shall gather together and regenerate man. Then we have 'Messidor,' with its fugue-like movement, and grand burden, 'Put in the sickles and reap.' The influence of Victor Hugo, to whom the book is dedicated, is clearly discernible in the most magnificent piece of all—'Mæter Triumphalis'—beginning thus:

Through the long years, the centuries brazen-gated,
Beside the barred inexorable doors,
From the morning till the evening have we waited,
Lest thy foot haply sound on the awful floors.

The floors untrodden of the sun's feet glimmer,
The star-unstricken pavements of the night,
Do the lights burn inside yet? The lights wax
dimmer,
On festal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them; it
may be

Dawn is at hand to strike the loud feast dumb,
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day be,
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom come.

The poet has at length found his ideal, and embraces it with all the passionate energy of his nature—

I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
At time to sharpen or to slacken strings,

* Milton.

I keep no pace of song with gold-perched singers,
Or chirps of linnets on the wrist of kings.

I am thy storm-bird in the days that darken,
The petrel in the wind that bears thy bark
To port through night and tempest; if thou hearken
My voice is in thy heavens before the lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy morning,
My cry is up before the day for thee,
I have heard thee and beheld thee and give
warning
Before thy wings divide the sky and sea.

Birds shall rise after, voiced and feathered fairer,
To see in summer what I see in spring,
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O thunder-
bearer,
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing.

The philosophy of this latter-day poet is still more completely shown forth in a rather long piece entitled 'The Hymn of Man,' written, as he tells us, during the session of the Œcumenical Council at Rome. The poem is a diatribe against the religious—or rather the theistic—idea, and a prophecy that it shall not much longer dominate the mind of Man. To any orthodox reader the sentiment of the 'Hymn of Man,' must be inexpressibly shocking, and for boldness the 'supreme blasphemy' of the closing part is without a parallel in contemporary literature. The orthodox conception of God is to the poet a hateful thing; man, according to Mr. Swinburne, is to shake off the theistic 'superstition':

For his face is set to the east, his feet on the past
and its dead,
The sun re-arisen is his priest, and the light
thereof hallows his head.

Who are ye that would bind him with curses, or
blind him with vapour of prayer,

Your night is as night that disperses when light is
alive in the air.

And after a torrent of incrimination unequalled in eloquence, even if false in sentiment, the poem closes—

Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master
of things!

Those who have studied, even in the slightest degree, the more modern developments of thought in England, will at once perceive that this poem is simply Positivism set to music. This visionary poet has, after all, reached the same conclusions as that school of philosophy, which, based on the writings of Auguste Comte, prides itself above all things on the tangible and practical nature of its teachings. The religion of Humanity, as expounded by Mr. John Morley and his like, is a cult devoid of mystery, and unattractive to idealists. It changes the basis of Faith and Hope as understood by Christians. It sinks the individual in the community and pitilessly regulates all human effort to its one object. It may be an illustration of the law of extremes, that such a faith should find its poet-laureate in one who has hitherto been distinguished by his avowed opposition to all restriction imposed on the individual. At any rate, he is certain to act as interpreter of the new religion to that large order of minds which are more imaginative than critical, and for this reason, if for no other, the works of this latter-day poet possess some interest, and must be regarded as an important contribution to modern literature.

GEORGE H. B. GRAY.

BAY SORREL.

‘O WHY do you saddle bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
And why do you saddle bay Sorrel to-day?
There are hacks in the stall, there are nags in the meadow,
The high-withered roan and the flea-bitten grey.’

‘I saddle bay Sorrel, that prince of bay horses,
Because past the gate of the castle I go;
If I meet the Black Earl, I would fain be well mounted,
For he is a judge of good horses, you know.’

‘Then why do you saddle bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
With pillion so heavy and housings so wide?’

‘By the turn of the road I might meet the Earl’s daughter,
And what if we met, and she asked for a ride?’

‘Then why do you gird on your sword and your sword-belt,
The hilt and the buckle will hurt her fair side?’

‘By the ford of the stream I might meet the Earl’s riders,
And what if we met, and he asked for my bride?’

He has saddled bay Sorrel, and patted bay Sorrel,
And loosened the blade of his sword in its sheath;
He has decked the wide pillion with gay flowing housings,
And seen to the strappings and girthings beneath.

He has sprung to the saddle: ‘Bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
I charge you that bravely you bear us to-day!’
He has passed by the castle, has met the Earl’s daughter;
She’s up on the crupper; they’re off and away!

There’s a flicker of steel in the ford by the willows;
A splashing of water, a shout and a cry;
In the tall, trampled grass more than one of the riders
Lies stiffly and grim with his face to the sky.

O, why is his grasp fixed so fast on the bridle?
And why is his sword not returned to its sheath,
Though the sounds of pursuit die away in the distance
And Sorrel is galloping home o’er the heath?

There is blood on the saddle, and blood on the housings,
That drops from the leather and clings to the braid;
She fancied at first ’twas the blood of the foeman
That trickled and fell from the edge of his blade.

’Tis the hand of a stranger, Earl’s daughter, Earl’s daughter,
Must hold you the stirrup and help you alight;
’Tis the hand of a stranger, bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
Must groom you and tend you and feed you to-night.

And never again will you greet him, bay Sorrel;
Your broad back will bear him—ay,—never again,
And only in dreams will you whinny with pleasure
At the touch of his palm on your long silken mane,
Bay Sorrel.

F. R.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THAT the evil of 'tipping' has assumed unpleasant proportions on this continent, any one who travels, more particularly in the United States, must know to his cost. Indeed, on the great lines of travel, 'tipping' is as much in vogue as on the pleasure routes of Europe. And there is this difference, that whereas in England or on the continent of Europe, you can bestow threepence upon a waiter or porter with a satisfying sense of being rather free-handed, in the United States you can not offer less than twenty or twenty-five cents and retain your self-respect. Such at least is my experience, and I dare say the experience of most travellers, though I admit that I labour under a disadvantage which may make some difference. I have the misfortune to *look* a greater capitalist than I am. It is perhaps my appearance that secures for me a superfluous degree of obsequiousness on the part of menials, which people who are greater capitalists than they look often fail to receive. It is true that I take a guilty pleasure in the hallucination of servants in this respect, which would be quite unalloyed if I did not find myself compelled to act up to my part, to some extent, in the matter of 'tips.' These delicate and sympathetic attentions are always followed by unmistakable appeals to my bounty. 'Stewards' in Pullman cars, baggage-men on steamboats, porters at hotels, waiters in restaurants—they all do it. I am so weak as to yield generally to their mute, inglorious appeals; and I doubt if the average traveller is any stronger. Of course the imbecility of yielding is obvious. When you know that a man is already adequately paid for serving you—by his employers, and through them by yourself—it is absurd to pay him over again. I know exactly how I should meet that Ethiopian of the Pullman car, when, whisking some imaginary dust from my person—I having recently removed the actual dust with my own particular whisk—he extends an eloquent palm. I should sit down with an

air of abstraction, softly hum a tune, and gaze out of the window. Or, to leave no rankling sense of injury in the claimant's mind, I should force him to admit the illegality of his demand. 'My man, and also my brother,' I should say, 'I shall not affect to misunderstand your actions. You want twenty-five cents. Now I know you would not expect me to give you that sum unless you thought yourself entitled to it. But reflect a moment: you are not entitled to it. In whisking from my person dust which only your microscopic eye could detect, or even in making up my bed last night an hour before I wanted to retire, in pretending to blacken my boots, in misinforming me as to the number of hours the train is behind time—in all these things you are only doing what for a certain price you have contracted to do. But I did not contract with you. Between you and me there is absolutely no privity of contract. Mr. Pullman is your man. You contract with him; he contracts with me. I pay him; he pays you. If he doesn't pay you enough, tell him so, or get another office, or strike, or do anything that is usual and proper. But don't look to me to adjust the balance between labour and capital. In spite of appearances, I assure you that I do not represent capital; not any more in fact than you, even in the most liberal use of the term, represent labour. Here we are at the station. Bless you! Farewell!' Now I can quite understand that something of this sort would be impressive. I have often told myself that this would be the manly thing to do; but, like many greater men, I have not the courage of my opinions. So I meekly pay, while I inwardly revolt, and I dare say that many people who can't afford to tip do the same. The people who have taught waiters, *et hoc genus omne*, to look for tips, deserve the execration of all travellers who only *look* like capitalists. How those get on who neither are, nor look like, capitalists, I can only imagine. They are doubtless free

from the annoyance of too much politeness; but I fancy they" are often subjected to the annoyance of none at all.

The whisk I have referred to incidentally as furnishing a specious pretext for a tip. The whisk, instead of a blessing, threatens to become a nuisance to travellers. For example. You step from the train at some 'getting-off place'—say Albany—where you have to wait five or six hours for a train to somewhere else—say Boston, to be particular. The 'steward' of the drawing-room car has 'dusted' you in a perfunctory way before you left it. This has cost you twenty-five cents. A few steps bring you to a large hotel. A negro meets you at the doorstep, and brandishes a whisk. You enter, and before you have time to protest or explain, you are being 'dusted' again. This annoys you, and you think that you would like to 'dust' that negro, though you don't tell him so. You know that your coat is wearing threadbare with endless and needless dusting, yet you say nothing. But you summon all your force of character, and offer your tormentor no gratuity. As you walk away, quite absent-mindedly, you catch sight of his face. He is despising you. Nevertheless you are strong, and saunter to the barber's shop where you propose to wash your hands. (Query, Why doesn't somebody offer to wash your hands for you. That *would* be a service, after you have been travelling all day.) At the door of the barber's shop a small boy faces you. He flourishes aloft—a whisk. Good! You are desperate. Your spirit, well-nigh broken by incessant whisking, rises at last. 'Ruffian!' you exclaim in an awful voice, 'desist. The man who lays his whisk upon me save in the way of kindness—that is, the man who dares to touch me with a whisk, dies! I have been whisked to that extent that it would ruffle the feathers and the temper of an archangel. Whisked into desperation, at last my blood is up; the lion in me is roused. Be warned in time! I shall be whisked no more!' This has the desired effect. The boy retires in confusion, and the master-barber, brought to an unwonted sense of shame, admits that 'parties has to go through a deal of whisking in *this* hotel.' The above incident actually befell me in the free and glorious Republic—subject to one exception. I did not address the

barber's boss exactly in these terms. They are what, on subsequent reflection, I determined that I should have said.

—'Build thee more stately mansions, oh! my soul!' is a command that nowadays might with great aptness be given to an architect or master-builder. Perhaps, 'build thee more appropriate or more congruous mansions, oh, my architect!' would be better. I wonder whether it would have any effect thus to apostrophise him, and whether it would make him see the unfitness of Mansard roofs to houses situated in the country amidst rural delights. In a city they are commanding and even stately, especially when not standing alone, as they have the great advantage of economising space, as for example, in the row of mansions on the Duke of Westminster's property in London and many other specimens nearer home. But for a country spot where one looks (alas! often in vain) for snugness and roominess and homeliness, these cold uncompromising houses are most undesirable and uncomfortable. We hear a great deal of people who 'beautify' their native towns by raising pumps for the poor, building town halls and market-places; but we are not so often told when a town has been 'uglified,' if I may use a word coined by Lewis Carroll. And yet how much more often is this the case, only, of course, no one likes to say so, when some well-meaning philanthropist, out of the kindness of his ignorant old heart, has built some horrid and offensive structure, intended to charm the eye and satisfy the mind. How would it look if an enterprising and artistic reporter, whose soul abhorred the ugly, were to inform his readers that, 'Yesterday, Mr. C——, at a great deal of unnecessary expense, opened the fountain he has been putting up for the inhabitants of the place. This benevolent old noodle has added one more blot to our already hideous town. The fountain in question was evidently designed by a madman and reared by imbeciles. Our best wish towards it is, that it may be speedily carried away in fragments by those unhappy ones who think it a "thing of beauty" and would like bits of it as relics.' Certainly Mr. C—— and all the natives of the town would be disgusted and annoyed, and the enterprising reporter would probably get discharged,

and very likely no good would have been done after all. And yet it is a very crying shame that people should build as their own wild imaginations move them to. What right has any one to shut out from his fellow creatures, bits of beauty and sunlight, and plant a huge, ungainly building in their stead? Imagine a poet or an artist who has been accustomed to take his daily 'walks abroad' down a certain road, at one particular spot of which he always stops to fill his senses with delight, for at that point may be seen the curve of a river, with a group of slender silver birches gracefully drooping over it, the foliage on the other side being dense and dark. One day he comes and finds that some one is building there; by-and-bye the birches are cut down, the river is no more seen, and, instead of an Italian house meeting the sight, suggestive of romance and poetry, or a pretty English cottage, bringing thoughts of a comfortable home, of love and kindness, he sees an enormous pile of bricks with meaningless gables and a straight verandah with high-flown decorations. Don't go up that straight path and ring the sharp bell, for the people who live there you may be sure are selfish; they have built selfishly, have never asked themselves, 'Am I trying to make up for shutting out a bit of Mother Nature from all who enjoyed and loved her, by doing my best to make my house a pleasant sight?' No, they have said, 'Does this house please me? Is it bigger than Mrs. R's and Mrs. I's.' If so, they are satisfied, and their aim in constructing the edifice has been attained.

—The writer of an article in the August number of the MONTHLY gives it as his opinion that Miss Mulock (Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik) has carried her works to an elevation of moral purity, in the largest sense of the words, to which no other novelist, male or female, has ever attained. Some of the guests round the Table may share this opinion. Certainly those who have sympathized in the fortunes of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'—and few readers who can appreciate fiction of a high class have not—can hardly help feeling some friendly and grateful interest in the writer of his delightful story. I therefore expect thanks for the brief extract from a private letter which I am going to give them:

6

'Our family became acquainted with Dinah Mulock just after the publication of her first book, "The Ogilvies," seven-and-twenty years ago. She was then three-and-twenty, and without being regularly pretty, was wonderfully effective looking. She has of late grown extremely stout, but she was a very graceful girl at that time, with large, grey, beautiful eyes; and she sang most exquisitely, having a great talent, almost amounting to genius, for music. We soon came to see a great deal of her, and a year after our intimacy began, we introduced her to the family of her future husband, my cousin George Craik, he being then a mere boy, eleven years younger than herself. It was not till many years afterwards, when he was twenty-five and she thirty-six, that an accident which he met with resulted in their becoming attached to one another. He was travelling one winter day from Glasgow to London, when the train went off the line, and he was injured so severely that he nearly lost his life, one leg having to be cut off almost at the thigh. He was at that time a stranger to London, and Dinah was almost the only person there whom he knew, so when asked for the name of some friend to send to, he gave her address. She came at once, and was with him from that time all through his illness. It ended in their becoming engaged, and two years after they were married. This you see was quite a piece of romance, and another incident almost as romantic has happened to her since her marriage. She has had no children of her own, but eight years ago she found a child. In the dawn of a cold January morning, a little girl nearly a year old was discovered by the roadside near her house, almost dead from exposure. Dinah took the little thing in, cared for it, and adopted it for her own. She and her husband, with their dear little Dorothy, live now in a very pretty house which they have built about ten miles from London. She is the most popular person in all the neighborhood. She is wonderfully energetic and helpful, and people from all quarters bring their joys and sorrows to her. You would scarcely imagine from her looks, perhaps, what a shrewd and practical woman of business she is, rapid and clear and decided in all she does. She makes a few enemies, but she makes many friends, and

she is one of the most unchangeable and faithful of women.'

—I cannot say that the advocacy of the guest at last month's Table has altogether convinced me of the advisability of keeping a diary; and, as the subject is of some importance, I should like to bespeak a little patience while I enlarge upon it somewhat. Never having kept a diary myself, it will be understood that I approach the subject from the standpoint of an outsider, dealing with it mainly, though not altogether, on 'high *priori*' grounds. The admission that silly people will keep silly diaries, and be thereby made sillier, or, at least, confirmed in their silliness, taken in connection with Carlyle's definition of mankind as 'mostly fools,' would lead to an inference as to the keeping of diaries too obvious to need pointing out; and it becomes a serious question for any one who meditates taking up the role of a diarist, to ascertain whether he belongs to Carlyle's majority or not. Assuming him to have settled that question to his own satisfaction, still it seems to me far from certain that keeping a diary would do him more good than harm. Even the wisest man is seldom perfectly free from an overweening sense of his self-importance; and keeping a diary can hardly do other than foster such a feeling. Your true diary must absolutely reek with Self,—with the great *I*, the eternal and irrepressible Ego. It must begin, centre, and end in SELF. It can cease to do so only by ceasing to be a diary. Such acquaintance as I have with diary-keepers, whether in the flesh, or in the spirit as embalmed in their diaries, has not furnished me with any serious exception to invalidate the axiom: Show me a diarist, and I will show you an egotist. Even if self-introspection be scrupulously avoided, and the diary be rigidly confined to events and opinions of an objective character, it can hardly help taking the form of 'I did this,' or 'I think that,' or 'So-and-so did such-and-such a thing to Mr.' Events are set down, not because they are worth setting down, or of the slightest intrinsic importance, but simply because they happened to the writer. A feminine habit of mind is induced. It is axiomatic that 'women care nothing for politics except their personalities.' Most men know how difficult it is to get an average woman really

interested in anything outside herself and the narrow circle of her relations and acquaintances. The idea of humanity as a whole, or of posterity, is too wide, too impersonal for her to grasp. Keeping a diary must tend to produce a similar tone of mind. In the ordinary life of a man nowadays, it cannot be possible that something worthy the dignity of preservation in black and white will happen oftener than very rarely, let alone every day. A diary kept in accordance with the usual determination to set something down each day, must then inevitably be a record of the merest wishy-washy commonplace,—a chronicle of the smallest of small beer. A narrow range of vision and a petty habit of mind will be induced. Voltaire, in his Charles XII., makes a remark to the effect that, under the operation of some law of mental perspective, men are apt to imagine that the events of their own time and country, passing as they do under their own immediate observation, are the most important that have befallen the human race since the creation of the world. In the case of the diarist, however, there is danger of the yet more grotesque result, that he will cease to be greatly interested even in the events of his own time and country, or in any save those in which he himself takes part, or in which he occupies a prominent place. An Eastern war, a famine in India, a crisis in France, will be dwarfed into the merest trifles in comparison with events so momentous as a visit to the theatre, a constitutional walk, a flirtation with a pretty girl, or a call from a frivolous acquaintance which results in the terrible record, 'an evening wasted.' Even when the diarist passes his life among public men and in public affairs, one can see from such an example as Greville—a man unquestionably far abler than the ordinary run—how strong a tendency there is in a diary to degenerate partly into a mere chronicle of scandal, back-biting, tittle-tattle, and backstairs gossip, and partly into a species of court of social justice—or injustice—where the diarist sets himself up on a lofty pedestal of superior wisdom and virtue, and, as self-constituted universal *ensor morum*, deals out his petty judgments on his whole circle of friends and acquaintances. It must have been an exquisite solace to a man like Greville, after having been ignominiously

worsted in an after-dinner contest of wit or argument with Macaulay or Brougham, to go home and 'take it out of them' in his diary. The revenge was a cheap one, however. John Stuart Mill has remarked somewhere upon the deterioration of character which results to a man from being habitually the 'king of his company,' as, for instance, an eldest brother who is looked up to by an awe-stricken and reverential circle of brothers and sisters, as a sort of infallible 'Sir Oracle,' who, when he opens his lips, let every dog bite his tongue. But no autocrat runs so monotonously unbroken a career of victory, or lords it over his company so absolutely, as the potentate who reigns in the pages of a diary. *There*, a Pepys can extinguish a Shakspeare; as thus: 'September 29, 1662. To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' Heaven preserve *me* from the tender mercies of a diarist in search of scalps to hang at his girdle! The taste of blood makes him dangerous, and there is no knowing whom he will bite. Perhaps it will be said that men like Greville or our imaginary autocrat belong to Carlyle's majority. If so, it is to be feared that the wise minority to whom alone it is permitted to keep diaries, is a very slender one indeed. In this age of self-assertion and general priggishness, the need is not to foster the sense of one's own importance, but rather its opposite—what Mill well calls the 'feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe.' Nor need there be any undue self-depreciation. The man who is most tender in his regard for the rights and feelings of others, will generally be found equally sensitive to any outrage on his own.

But if the dangers of the 'objective' diary are grave, those of the 'subjective' are graver; and in spite of the assurance of last month's guest to the contrary, I think it is well-nigh impossible to prevent diary-keeping from begetting a self-examinative and self-analytic habit of mind. Diaries of this character are mostly kept by young girls fresh from school. Their lives are passed in inaction. Having nothing to do, the time hangs heavily on their hands, and

their minds are thrown in upon themselves, a morbid condition of the brain and nervous system being the inevitable result. A girl in this state has 'feelings like nobody else,' which she is more than half inclined to fancy are revelations from heaven, a condition which occasionally degenerates into that species of morbid religious enthusiasm to which young women have been specially liable in all ages of the world, conspicuous examples of which may be seen in St. Catharine of Siena, Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Teresa, and, to come down to the present day, Louise Lateau, the Belgian stigmatic. The extremely morbid self-feeling and self-deception manifested by these *dévôtes*—who may be taken as typical though extreme examples of a numerous class—is precisely the sort of mental habit which the self-analytic diary seems well calculated to foster, especially in women, from the more subjective character of their life; though such instances as Boehm, Swedenborg, William Blake, and John Law show that men are very far from being free from a similar disposition to mistake subjective feelings for objective facts—to transmute dreams into realities. A typical example of the subjective diarist is Eugénie de Guérin, a woman who during a large portion of her life lived in an extremely unhealthy mental condition. Every one has known instances of people afflicted with a monomania on the subject of their health. The first act of one of these victims, on getting out of bed in the morning, is to rush to the looking-glass to examine the state of his tongue. Every passing ache or unusual feeling fills him with alarm. He is everlastingly quacking himself, being especially anxious respecting the latter half of the parting injunction of the old lady to her soldier-boy when embarking for the Crimea: 'Trust in God, and keep your bowels open'. Such people are objects of pity and half-amused contempt, and are nuisances to themselves and every one about them. But is the disposition to be eternally examining and analysing one's mental feelings and condition one whit more respectable than the analogous disposition with regard to one's bodily feelings and condition? Let Dr. Maudsley answer. His words have been already quoted at this Table, but they will bear listening to again: 'As the man whose every organ is in per-

fect health scarcely knows that he has a body, and only is made conscious that he has organs when something morbid is going on, so a healthy mind in the full exercise of its functions, is only awakened to self-consciousness by something morbid in the processes of its activity. To fly for refuge to the contemplation of one's feelings and thoughts is in direct frustration of the purposes of one's being as an element in Nature. . . . *It is only in actions that we truly live*, and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves. How mischievous, then, any encouragement of a morbid self-feeling, religious or otherwise, is likely to be, it is easy to perceive'. Even religion itself is degraded into a mere personal, self-regarding matter—a sort of other-world egotism. That diary-keeping really does tend to encourage self-contemplation, if not the morbid self-feeling spoken of by Dr. Maudsley, is unwittingly shown in the final remark of last month's guest, that 'each volume' of a diary, 'as it is laid away, should "fix" the glowing reflection of mental progress through active and earnest days.' But why photograph this 'glowing reflection,' unless for the purpose of future contemplation? and where is the essential difference between a physical coxcomb contemplating his bodily image—his pretty face, jaunty figure, and gorgeous get-up—in a looking-glass, and an intellectual coxcomb contemplating his mental image in the pages of a diary? Nineteenth-century civilization no doubt finds looking-glasses indispensable; but that diaries are not so is demonstrated by the insignificance of the number of people who keep them. The darkest blot on the character of Goethe is the colossal egotism which strikes a dominant note through his whole life, seeking to make everybody and everything subservient to Self. This profound self-love would of itself suffice to place an immeasurable gulf between him and Shakspeare, whose serene unconsciousness of self is something absolutely sublime. But then Shakspeare's was probably the sanest mind that ever illuminated this earth. Can one fancy the creator of Macbeth, Othello, and Lear keeping a diary of the trite commonplaces of everyday life. In Hamlet we have precisely the morbid temperament—fertile in self-contemplation but incapable of action—which would take naturally to keeping a diary, and accordingly

Shakspeare, with his inevitable and consummate truth to nature, represents him as a diarist, or something like one, in the passage :

'My tables :—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villan.'

His innate nobility of soul, however, saved the melancholy Dane from mere egotism.

The list given by last month's guest of the advantages of keeping a diary, is brief and not much to the purpose. It is a curious way of praising a thing to say that it is something else. A good commonplace-book is a good thing, but it is not a diary; and the less it resembles one the better it is likely to be as a commonplace-book. A man who should sit down daily for the purpose of writing out 'an intelligent comment on daily occurrences'—great and small (mostly the latter)—and 'a brief record of his honest opinions as to all he sees and reads'—trivial and important (mostly the former)—whether he possesses materials or knowledge sufficient to enable him to form an opinion, or whether his opinion is worth forming or worth recording, and who, in any case, sets it down, not because it is worth recording, but simply because it is *his* opinion, would be in a fair way of becoming a prig of the very first water; and a prig, too, who would get into the habit of dwelling upon trifles as matters of deepest importance. If a man must be forming opinions, let him at least form them on subjects about which it is worth while to form opinions; not about the wretched trivialities which go to make up ordinary life nowadays, and which must constitute the staple of every diary which is really what its name imports. *De minimis non curat sapiens*. A wise man does not bother his head about trifles. Consequently, no wise man will keep a genuine diary, which must, *ex vi termini*, concern itself mainly with trifles. Diaries which live, like those of Evelyn, Pepys, or Eugénie de Guérin, do so, not as diaries, but as literature or history. If one must 'keep' something, let it be a note-book in which will be recorded—not each day, but as occasion demands—only such thoughts, opinions, and events as are really worth preserving, carefully avoiding anything like egotism. A book of this kind will be free from all the evils incident to a diary, and productive of

all its benefits, including practice in writing English. From the general tenour of my remarks it will no doubt be gathered that, in my view, keeping a diary cannot be a mere amusement. Possibly it may be something better, although I cannot think so. Probably it will be something worse. It must be one or the other. It is not in its nature to have no other effect than mere recreation.

Our diarist is now tracked to his last stronghold. A diary, it seems, may 'in after years call up pleasant memories, and speak of "old times" in their own voice.' But how if the memories are unpleasant? Or, supposing them pleasant, how if the 'after years' are the reverse? In that case do not the words of the mighty mediæval Italian, as paraphrased by Tennyson, tell us that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things?' And if one has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, so that his lines have fallen in pleasant places through his whole life, why should he indolently luxuriate or dream lotos-like over past or present joys, when in this work-a-day world there is labour in abundance for ready hands and willing hearts. It needs not a diary to keep green the memory of things worth remembering. The trouble is to forget trivialities that ought to be forgotten. The chief events of a man's life are ineffaceably branded into his brain, as with a red hot iron. He cannot forget them if he would. The past cannot be undone or lived again. Shall we then waste our energies in sentimental reminiscence, in vain memories or more vain regrets? No! *Laborare est orare*. In a sense equally true, *Laborare est vivere*. 'It is only in actions that we truly live.' Then—to quote words of which those of Dr. Maudsley are a re-echo,—the words of Longfellow's noblest poem—his one inspiring utterance which will live forever—

'Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead !

—Room, friends, for the devil's advocate ! The sacred college is in full conclave, for another mortal has aspired to sanctity ; and all that influence and energy *can* do has been done to ensure his canonization. But before actually letting the candidate through his 'little go,' we will give ear to

what Diabolus (by his counsel learned in the law) has to say in the matter. Diabolus, my good fellow, we know you are always sure to vote for the 'pluck', but can't you make an exception, my friend, this once? Diabolus shakes his head. Come now, Diabolus, here is Mr. Alexander McLachlan, a canny Scot, who aspires to the laurels of a canonized poet, surely you will forgive anything to a Scot who has not become a minister? Still truculent? Oh! hang it, man, look at the neophyte's sponsors! here's the Reverend (don't wince) Mr. Begg, who assures us that the aspirant is a gifted and peerless poet, one of those few who add to the world's real capital stock of thought. There can be no mistake about it, for the witness was told as much by two solvent and respectable parties, the *Scottish American Journal* and the *Toronto Globe*, good men and true, and eminent judges of poetry both of them, especially the latter. You see, Diabolus, your function for once is superseded, you can merely appear as part of the pageant, just to take a formal objection and then hold the match while we seal the poet's patent of nobility. But Diabolus protests, and as he is strong of lungs and insists on a hearing, we must fain let him have his way. Quoth the Evil One grimly: Meseemeth that this man is no poet, and I crave the judgment of this court in my favour in that behalf. It is well in all cases of dispute to consider well our 'fundamentals.' Now a Poet in the true old times was called a 'maker', and a 'maker' he has got to be yet, or no real poetry is in him. Consider it well, gentlemen; not a hasher, or a compounder, or a reproducer, or a warmer-up of other folks' ideas; not a purloiner of scraps or an experimentalist on versifications, but a maker or creator. His choice of subjects generally stamps your would-be poet, and too often brands him 'poetaster' on the forehead. For instance (says Diabolus, skimming over the leaves of the Rev. Mr. Begg's brief, and smiling somewhat truculently), if we find a poet indulging in such *slightly* hackneyed self-questioning as 'Why did I leave thee? oh, why did I part from thee, lovely Cartha, thou stream of my heart?' we conclude we are on the track of a versifier and nothing more. As a rule the 'bonny Scot' has a sufficient reason for parting; and seldom allows the love of his country, though 'a

languing that nane save the weary can know,' to interfere with his business prospects in a strange land. But this would not look well in numerous verse, so we have the happy (but old) device of the oft-repeated query, 'Oh, why did I leave thee?' . . . and so on *da capo*; but only echo answers, and its answer is 'why?' Furthermore, the true poet strikes a keynote of thought, and the groundlings echo it. Tennyson sings:

'My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

What then were God to such as I?'

and he answers his own expression of sceptical, doubtful, yearning, in the words we know so well:

'What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil!'

McLachlan (continues the Devil, who had read the foregoing lines from his own pocket—the pirated American—edition with much expression) can tell us the same tale with a difference. 'Oh! why have we longings infinite, and affections deep and high, and glorious dreams of immortal things, if they are but born to die? Are they will-o'-wispes that gleam where the deadly nightshade grows? Do they end in *dust and ashes* all? And the voice still cried, "Who knows?"' McLachlan also sings,

'The dark veil at last is withdrawn,
Rejoice in the light of the glorious dawn.'

One Wordsworth (continues the advocate, settling down to his work and placing the wisp of his tail on Tennyson to keep the place)—one Wordsworth, whose case, when it came before this honorable court, and my own well intentioned but, I am now willing to confess, mistaken endeavors to throw it out, I well remember, has written some pretty lines upon the daffodils. 'A poor thing, Sir, but my own,' he might well have said, for it was he who first pointed out the humanity—ay, and the divinity, that lay hidden in the flowers of the field. McLachlan sings that, 'There are gleams of Thee and glory in the daffodil,' and we can assure him that we would have taken Wordsworth's word for it, without any necessity for him to shove *his* oar in.

I could do more than all this, and could point out in our well-known poets the very Pierian springs which our friend McLachlan has used as mere taps at which to fill his pint pot. The stoup is his own, and like some wooden buckets, leaves a taste of its own upon the borrowed nectar. But, at the same time, we may safely assert that had Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning never written, Mr. McLachlan would have produced a very different brewage. Is it your pleasure, my Lords, that his handiwork should be placed 'side by side with Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality?' Placet or non-placet? The non-placets have it.

—No doubt, Mr. Host, you and your staff of reviewers have other things to attend to than that of shedding light on the obfuscated intellect of a contemporary who happens to be preternaturally dull of comprehension. Doubtless, then, you will not object to allow a guest at this Table to expose the profound obtuseness or wilful blindness of the *Christian Guardian*, in the matter of your well deserved denunciation of the republication, at this time of day and in this country, of such a work as Gideon Ouseley's 'Old Catholicism.' The point—as to stigmatising Roman Catholics as idolaters—taken in the 'Note' printed in your last number under the head of 'Book Reviews,' was so obvious, that, had I not read the *Guardian's* reply, or what it intended for a reply, in its issue of the 10th Sept., I should have thought that no one of average intellect could have missed it. The point was, in effect, that a person guilty of what another holds to be idolatry, is not necessarily an idolater, and that to stigmatise him as such may be mere vulgar abuse. According to the logic of the *Guardian*, Moses must have been an idolater when he worshipped in front of the burning bush; and the Jewish high-priest was equally one, when, in the holy of holies, he paid adoration to what his senses assured him was a mere cloud. Mohammedans charge the Trinitarian with polytheism, as worshipping three Gods, and the Christian with idolatry, because he worships Christ—a mere man in their eyes. Professor Clifford, too, in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review* which the *Guardian* praised so highly, in one sweeping generalisation, which includes

Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian alike, fastens the same charge of idolatry upon the theist or deist of every age and clime, as being the worshipper of an idol—not made with hands, it is true, but manufactured by the human brain. His words are, that man has ‘made all Gods, and shall unmake them.’ Prof. Clifford’s contention, no doubt, would be that the five senses give no more evidence of a God existing in space, than they do of a God existing in the wafer of the Catholic mass. He would probably say that, in both cases, the superstition or imagination (that is, the *belief*) of the worshipper equally projects God into the object outside his mind, whether that object be the material bread or the material universe. According to the *Guardian*, the ‘belief’ of Moses, of the Jewish high-priest, of the Trinitarian, the Christian, and the theist or deist, makes no difference in the nature of the act of worship performed by them, and ought not to influence our estimate of them, or the language which we use towards them. In short, to adopt the *Guardian*’s own illustration, every man who makes a false statement is a liar, no matter how firmly he may believe in the truth of what he says; and every man whose ideas as to the modes in which the Deity manifests Himself, differ from those of the editor of the *Guardian*, is an idolater. Does argumentation of this character really call for any more formal refutation than merely to strip it of all disguise and shew it in its naked deformity? I think not.

The editor of the *Guardian* is no doubt aware that, during several centuries, *universal* Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, or that God was present in it. Does he then stigmatise the Christianity of that age as idolatry, and brand as idolaters the whole body of Christians who then lived, including such men as Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Aquinas, Chaucer, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Copernicus, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, and St Xavier; including also most of the leading reformers, such as Luther and Melancthon, who maintained, under the name of consubstantiation or impanation, the doctrine that, ‘after consecration, the body and blood of Christ are substantially present in the bread and wine;’ a belief embodied, with little or no variation,

in the Augsburg, Westminster, and other Protestant Confessions, as well as in the thirty-nine Articles, a document accepted with certain limitations by Methodists themselves. Wesley himself believed in the Real Presence, and consequently, by the *Guardian*’s shewing, was an idolater in theory, and was kept from becoming one in practice, only by not acting out his professed belief, as he ought to have done. The duty of every Christian is to worship God wherever, in feeling after Him, he finds Him; and if Wesley found Him *really present* in the consecrated bread and wine, he ought to have worshipped Him there. The whole Christian world, then, being given over to ‘idolatry’ for several centuries preceding the year 1500 or thereabouts (indeed, the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century), will the editor of the *Guardian* be kind enough to tell us what, during those centuries, had become of the Christian religion, which we have been in the habit of fancying has descended to us in an unbroken stream from Christ and his Apostles? Perhaps he will say that Christianity continued to exist, though in a corrupt form. But the question is not one of mere corruption. The commandment, ‘Thou shalt have none other gods before me,’ is an essential part of Christianity, and an idolater, by violating that commandment, *ipso facto* ceases to be a Christian. The argument of the *Guardian*, then, commits it to the position that Christianity had no existence during several centuries prior to the year 1500, and that the three hundred million members of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Lutheran Churches now living in the world, besides an important section of the Anglican Church, are not our fellow-Christians. And this is Christian charity, as exemplified in one of our leading religious journals in this nineteenth century after Christ!

—Whoever does or reads or writes all he means to do or read or write during a season of leisure? How discontentedly do we often survey the contents of a little library we take with us on a holiday excursion,—the Wordsworth we meant to study, the volumes of Ruskin or Carlyle we meant to dream over, but which have perhaps

been hardly opened. To such the following reflections may give a little comfort. 'But who reads all the books he takes in a journey with him? The imagination makes the preparations for departure; and the current of business, the interruptions that occur, carry off with them the uncut volumes of 'Dante, Newton, and Pascal; but it is already something to have promised to look at them; it is the little seed of the ideal which slumbers, and can slumber a long time without losing its fertilizing power. We preserve the love of letters without having the time to read, and that is the main thing.' We may console ourselves, then, with the idea, that when in the rush and bustle of life we look longingly at the backs of the books in our libraries or even in the book-shops, we are preserving the 'little seed of the ideal—the 'love of letters' which is the 'main thing.' Perhaps it may be due to this, in part, that it is almost a liberal education in itself to be brought up among books, even when they are but slightly looked into. There is a sort of atmosphere about a library; the books gather around themselves associations vague but real, almost as if the authors were there with living companionship. Few writers do not feel the stimulus of writing among books. It is one of the justifications of collecting a library around one, a thing which, in this so called *practical* age, will doubtless be more and more regarded as an extravagance.

—The last man I should have suspected of giving an opinion on the Dunkin Act was the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell. After Dunbar fight, and before he was Lord Protector, his army being quartered in Edinburgh, and Dundas still holding out in the castle, Oliver sent a civil message to the Presbyterian ministers who had taken refuge there, bidding them come out and preach to their flocks. At considerable length the ministers demurred, and one of their numerous grounds of refusal was that men of civil employment (godly corporals, to wit) do usurp their sacred calling, at which they take much umbrage. To this Oliver makes incisive answer, exposing their pretensions to a monopoly of preaching with such vigorous arguments as we can well imagine. The only passage I need quote is this: 'Your

pretended fear lest Error should step in' (the true papistical reason for keeping the scriptures from the unlearned commonalty) '*is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.*' (Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by T. Carlyle. Letter cxlviii., vol. 2, p. 211, edition 1857). Ah! Oliver, it seemed to your straightforward mind the very *reductio ad absurdum* to say of any given proposition,—that it resembled a course which now commends itself to so many amongst us! Would that controversialists might adopt your trenchant conclusions, or, at the very least, condense their arguments into three pithy sentences like those I have given!

—May I, a bashful visitor from the country, venture to take one of the chairs round the Table for a few moments' talk with the outspoken conversationalist who discourses so eloquently about 'the consistency of some of our religious journals?' Not that I am going to attempt the defence of those journals. That is their own matter—no easy one either, if one may judge from the samples of style set before us. But I was rather taken aback by the logic of the 'digression on the merits of the Dunkin Act.' It was so kind, certainly, to inform readers that Mr. Allen's argument 'proved to a demonstration' that said Act is 'an outrage on liberty.' Some of those less skilled in dialectics might have failed to see it. Some might even have committed the blunder of pinning their faith to the sleeve of FIDELIS's able and temperate rejoinder, with its somewhat formidable array of evidence on the workings of the Maine law and other points. But why pile Pelion on Ossa to no purpose, by going on to give 'equally unanswerable proof' that it is also 'unjust in principle'? One is reminded of the suitor, Irish of course, who, when asked by the judge to explain the cause of the non-appearance of a witness, proceeded to assign a number of reasons, the first being that the man was dead.

As if that which is an outrage on liberty were at all *likely* to be otherwise than unjust in principle. But what is the 'unanswerable proof?' 'In seeking to put down

a certain traffic it punishes only one party to it.' It will be news to the promoters of the Act that it punishes anybody. They fondly supposed that its aim was to protect and to save, not to punish. I do not suppose it would be claimed that the Deadly Weapons Act punished the dealers in that particular kind of hardware, though its enforcement will be pretty sure to interfere with a profitable branch of business. Again, if *punishing* is involved, may it not be fairly asked if the loss of his daily drams is not as severe an infliction to the toper, as the loss of his pence to the publican? Once more, I have always thought one of the strongest arguments against prohibition, was the fact that the penalty would fall upon the moderate drinker, as well as upon the seller and the drunkard. But alas for misplaced sympathy! The poor seller is after all, it is now discovered, the tempted one and the victim. In search of a short and easy cut to affluence he invests in whiskey, exposes his glasses, etc., in the most inviting manner. He knows of course that a chief source of his expected gains will be the depraved appetites of poor wretches, whose manhood, if not already gone, is oozing out with every glass, and whose wives and children are often suffering poverty and physical pain, and always the thousand-fold worse pangs of mental and moral anguish in consequence. He knows all this, and sets up his sign, fondly hoping, of course, that these poor wretches will not enter to tempt him. He is consistent, no doubt, and prays still more fervently that other young and middle-aged men who are yet respectable may not tempt him to the still worse crime of becoming instrumental in their downfall. But, poor man! They would come in spite of his prayers; they did tempt him, and alas! he fell. And now to punish him by depriving him of his liberty to go on sinning, increasing his stores of anguish, and prolonging the miseries of his temptation!

But 'stop the demand' and the supply will cease. This is to deal with the evil at the fountain. Well, is not that included in the prohibitionist's programme? But how will that help the case of the poor victim of unjust legislation, the seller? His occupation is gone all the same. I fail to see that it matters much after all, whether you take the cart from behind the horse, or the

horse from before the cart. Can the Table see it?

The proof that the 'Act legalizes robbery' seems to me another gem of logic. So much property is engaged in the liquor traffic, so many people are dependent upon it. All this property is to be destroyed, all these people to be robbed? How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where then is the robbery? Oh, the traffic thus destroyed is '*a perfectly legal one*, be it remembered.' (The italics are mine). Perfectly legal after it has been, by the conditions of the problem, declared illegal, prohibited by the law of the land. This is new light for lawmakers indeed. 'Once legal, always legal,' will henceforth, I suppose, take rank as a maxim in our courts. If the newly discovered principle can only be extended so as to have an *ex post facto* application, what consolation for the descendants of the much wronged slaveholders, and all others who have ever suffered from fickle legislation, or the fancied progress of society!

But the dry-goods argument! Well, I cannot attack that. I fear there is temptation and preying on human frailty and passion even there. It is quite clear that we cannot correct every evil, cannot remove every form of temptation, by Act of Parliament. The thing is absurd; I see it. *Ergo*, we must not attempt to correct any evil, however great, or to remove any temptation, however deadly, by legislation. Yes, *ergo*, that settles the question. Friends of humanity and progress, it's all up with you. All prohibitory legislation, all attempts to facilitate social progress and to protect the weak by legislation, are wrong and wicked. They are liable to lessen somebody's gains, and so punish the wrong party. *Ergo*, they are unjust in principle. They may interfere with somebody's 'perfectly legal' business. *Ergo*, they tend to legalize 'robbery.' The method cannot be applied to every possible form and grade of social evil and temptation; *ergo*, I don't see what, exactly, but listen at the Table and you shall learn.

'Every grocer in Toronto knows that it is impossible to make a living out of "dry groceries" alone.' This is indeed news to a poor ignoramus from a small country town which, in its slowness, supports severe

ral 'dry groceries' very well indeed. But please enlighten me. Are there absolutely no 'dry groceries' in Toronto whose proprietors are making a living? And if not, what is the obvious inference? There are, I feel sure, in Toronto, a great many individuals and families who never patronize the *wet* departments of the groceries they patronize. Are all these indebted to the consumers of the fiery liquid for a percentage on all the groceries they buy? And if so, are they unable or unwilling to pay the full value of the groceries they use, a fair percentage to the grocer included? Will 'dry' grocers and consumers of 'dry' groceries please rise and explain?

—The subject of Prohibition and Dunkin Acts has been perhaps sufficiently before the readers of this Magazine. I wish, however, to notice two or three points in the remarks of a guest at the Table last month. One of these was to the effect that because jewellers' shops, &c., were temptations to female extravagance, these might as reasonably be prohibited as the liquor traffic. Now will our friend really maintain that the evils caused by such temptations to extravagance, can for a moment be compared to the evils caused by the liquor traffic, which not merely tempts to the grossest and most impoverishing extravagance, but, in millions of cases, to the mental, moral and physical ruin of the unhappy victims? If any other traffic entailed anything like the disease, and the misery, and the degeneration, mental and physical, which are its direct effects, and the poverty, and brutality, and anguish which are its indirect results, I think there could be little question as to whether or no, for the good of society, it should be suspended. The trade of the jeweller is, on the whole, useful to society, though extravagant and self-indulgent people may exercise their extravagant propensities in this as in other ways. But few who care to look closely into the matter will maintain that the liquor traffic is, on the whole, useful to society, any more than the opium trade of China, which, no doubt, was very lucrative to a good many traders. But will our friend say, that for the sake of the interests of these traders, a commerce so destructive to humanity should have been perpetuated? If men engage in a traffic which they know has the most

fatal effects on numbers of their fellow-men, do they indeed deserve to have their own pecuniary interests so jealously and tenderly guarded? Are they solicitous to prevent their customers from ruining themselves, soul and body? Do they grieve when the bread of starving children is sold to them for the poison which sends the unnatural father home to maltreat, if not to murder, those he has solemnly sworn to cherish? And even if there are many liquor-sellers who would not knowingly contribute to such results, (though they cannot clear themselves from the responsibility of helping to bring them about), can they claim the immunity which other trades do not possess, from loss caused by great social changes? No one ever claimed compensation for the silk-weavers of Coventry, who were at least innocent of injury to others. No one thinks of compensating the merchants who are perhaps ruined by great rises and falls in prices, or changes in tariff. The liquor-seller, alone is to be protected from all possible loss by the society of which he is—as a rule—the worst enemy. Our friend may not be convinced that the liquor traffic is injurious to society, but were he convinced of this, as are advocates of the Dunkin Act and kindred measures, would he really think that, nevertheless, the injury to society should be perpetuated for the sake of guarding the pecuniary interests of the comparative few, which are in direct antagonism to the interests—mental, moral, and physical—of the whole community? The thing is preposterous. Then, as to another point. Our friend says that grocers cannot make a living without selling spirits. Now there are grocers who conscientiously refuse to sell spirits, and who do make a living notwithstanding, although they have to contend with heavy odds in the competition with other grocers who do sell spirits, and in consequence sell other commodities cheaper. Do such men—who prefer to lose rather than incur the responsibility of injuring their fellow-men—deserve no consideration? As for the selling of liquor in groceries, this is admitted by careful observers to be the most injurious kind of liquor-selling. More wives and mothers are led into intemperance in this way than in any other, for not only does an insidious temptation meet many who would not

otherwise be exposed to it ; but it is by no means uncommon for grocers to create and foster the habit of intemperance in their female customers by treating them in order to promote the sale of their goods. Many and many a family owes its utter misery, in the ruin of the mother, to the circum-

stance of liquor being sold in the grocery or provision shop. But this is of little account, so that the grocer may go on making his large profits. If a little of the sympathy shown to those who *live* by the traffic, could only be extended to those who are *killed* by it!

CURRENT EVENTS

THE retirement of M. Cauchon from the Government, is one of those unspeakable blessings which even his friends of the past four years can enjoy with mute complacency. So far as we have observed, none of the Liberal journals has honoured him with a political obituary. He died and made no sign, and no survivor has decorated his tomb with *immortelles*, pronounced a eulogy, or penned an epitaph in honour of the man. It may be that the grief of the dominant party lies too deep for tears, and many fathoms out of hearing, if it could form itself into words ; but it seems far more probable that, having exhaustively analysed his character during his public lifetime, it finds there is nothing left for flattery or censure to utter. It is said in the Scriptures that 'the memory of the wicked shall rot ;' M. Cauchon, if we may accept the strictures of his recent allies, was, while yet alive, in a state of moral putrescence—or at least his offences were, or they would not have ascended so rankly to the upper air. Such being the case, it is perhaps wise in them to bury their dead out of their sight in silence and without display. The charitable maxim which bids us 'speak nought but good about the dead,' may be applied to the politically, as well as the physically, departed ; and, in that case, the only proper thing to say about the future Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, must be, to use a Hibernicism, to say nothing. The ex-minister, whatever his moral weaknesses may be, has proved himself a man of unquestionable energy, and he is the master of a certain forcible and flippant fluency which is none the less effective because

it is adorned by a jerky and spluttering utterance. The *Parliamentary Companion* informs us that he is descended from a member of the *Conseil Supérieur*, who came to Canada in 1636 ; but it does not tell us whether he was any connection of the famous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who betrayed his country and sacrificed poor Joan of Arc, in 1431. Judging from the political course of the Minister, we should think it not improbable that the relationship might be traced. Be that as it may, our ex-minister has been a busy man in the world of Canadian life, social and political. An editor, wielding a vigorous and trenchant pen, a colonel of militia, a mayor over and over again, a railway and steamboat projector, an author in a small way, and a legislator and minister, it cannot be said that M. Cauchon has been an idle or useless member of society. He was a member of the Lower House from 1844 to 1877, with the exception of about four years and a half, during which he was Speaker of the Senate. A member of three or four Administrations, he seemed to have been born to be a placeman, singularly indifferent to the complexion of the Cabinet, anxious only to keep in, or restlessly intriguing till he succeeded in getting in. Resigning the Speakership after the session of 1872, like the war-horse in Job he said 'Ha ! ha !' for he smelt 'the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' and hied him down to the Commons to be ready to do service on the side of virtue in the matter of the Scandal. In due time the *ci-devant* Conservative found himself in office once more—the leader of the party

he had spent half a lifetime in denouncing, with a tainted reputation, a record besmirched by his new allies, disliked by all and respected by none—a bitter morsel rolling under the Reform tongue. Perhaps we shall some day learn the secret history of that strange appointment. No explanation hitherto given is at all feasible; there may have been some deep purpose in the move, certainly a deeper one than has yet appeared. It can only be blindly conjectured that the Premier was the plaything of some dire necessity when he consented to shoulder this weird and uncanny 'old man of the sea.' M. Cauchon certainly brought no accession of strength to the Government; the members of the Liberal party in Quebec were, without doubt, highly chagrined at the elevation of an old enemy, whose only merit was that, with the other rats, he had left a sinking ship. Even his *penchant* for talking on every conceivable question had disappeared, or was kept in check by the Premier and Mr. Blake. When he spoke on clerical questions he invariably put his foot in it; Ultramontane as before, the Liberal disguise sat uneasily on him, for his views were unchanged—*lupus pilum mutat, non mentem*. We spoke of M. Cauchon's departure to Manitoba as a political decease; but that may turn out to be a mistake. He has been so long an *intrigant* in public life, is so energetic a man of business and of the world, that even a five years' retirement may only whet his appetite for new triumphs in the old arena. Should he again appear in the same rôle, it is to be hoped that his temporary exile may not have been lost upon him. The winter air of Winnipeg 'bites shrewdly,' and in the limpid purity of its sky he may lose his ill savour and return a morally deodorized politician. At any rate, it is not too much to hope than he will then prove at least as zealous for the interests of his country as he has always been for his own.

The new Minister of Inland Revenue, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, is, in every way, a valuable accession to the Cabinet. A young man, not yet thirty-six years of age, he has manifested an amount of ability, coupled with a sobriety of judgment, which marks him out as a leader of party. The address which he delivered last June before *Le Club Canadien* at Quebec, has now ac-

quired new significance; it is no longer the able utterance of a promising legislator, but must serve as the manifesto of the Quebec Liberals—the best expression of their matured opinions. M. Laurier naturally skimmed over the wildnesses of his predecessors, the *Rouges*; and the apologies he offered for the apostles of *L'Avenir* were not without force and justice. It is true that, as Sir F. Hincks showed a week or two ago, he claims more for them than the sober chronicler can allow. Practically they had little weight in the progress of legislation. In the midst of a devout people, they were almost all Voltairian; they were suspected of entertaining Communistic principles, and they were certainly republicans. These and other features in their scheme of reform, supplemented by many ungrounded suspicions and imputations, deprived them of that influence to which their ability and earnestness would seem to have entitled them. The *habitant*, who is naturally conservative, both in politics and religion, could not endure the wild theories of these children of 1848 and grandchildren of 1792. Their utterances were lavishly garnished and peppered and curried, but they wanted substance; there was too little wholesome nourishment in the food they served up—*la soupe valait mieux que le poisson*. Contact with the world of practical politics, however, soon changed the attitude and modified the views of these ardent and high-spirited young men; and the moment they acquired a recognized *status* as a Parliamentary party, the process of political education began. The retirement of Papineau, whom the *Rouges* had looked up to as a master in Israel, was in every way an advantage to them. It enabled Sir Antoine Dorion, whose mild and tolerant disposition made him naturally opposed to extreme views, to attract his party towards reasonable and constitutional views. Whether he would have succeeded in taming his irrepressible brother, *l'enfant terrible*, who was one of M. Laurier's predecessors as M. P. for Drummond and Arthabaska, may be doubted; but both he and M. Papin, a singular contrast physically to the brothers Dorion, were prematurely snatched away. Now, for the second time, though under more favourable auspices, the *Rouges* are again in power. The responsibilities of office appear to

have completed the work begun in Opposition, and they now appeal to their Quebec fellow-citizens, not as sons of the Revolution, flaunting the *bonnet rouge*, but as British Liberals treading in the footsteps of Fox, Grey, Russell, and Macaulay. M. Laurier, in his Quebec address, made light of the charge of inconsistency, and he was right in doing so. It is the parrot cry of those who are too obtuse to learn anything by experience, or too crass and stubborn to profit by it. The Liberal party of Quebec is distinctly National in its principles and aims, and it is, therefore, a great gain to the Administration to have secured the services of its young leader, from whose unquestionable force and vigour of mind, not less than from his oratorical power, Canada, and especially his compatriots of Quebec, have a right to expect great things in the future. The *Globe* congratulates the new Minister on the fact, that he enters upon his official career unpolluted by the breath of scandal. That is certainly something to be grateful for; yet the halcyon time will be but of brief duration. Though he 'be as pure as snow,' he shall not escape calumny in these degenerate times. The Opposition will soon find or invent a 'job,' and had the *Globe* been with the 'outs,' and M. Laurier a Conservative, it would have gone hard with it if his reputation had not been definitively pulled down about his ears more than a twelvemonth ago.

Recent events have again brought into prominence a subject concerning which M. Laurier gives no uncertain sound—the illegal interference of the Quebec clergy with the freedom of election. No greater contrast can be imagined than is manifest between the straightforward and ingenuous declaration of principle in the new Minister's Lecture, and the faltering hesitancy of the *soi disant* Ontario Reformer, whose chief energies are expended in a futile effort to induce the Protestant horse to run canily, harnessed to the Vatican coach. 'The constitution of this country is based upon the freely expressed will of the elector.' Change an elector's opinion by argument, if you can; 'if, however, notwithstanding all arguments, the opinion of the electors remains the same, but by intimidation or fraud they are forced to vote in a different sense, the opinion they express

is not their opinion, and then the constitution is violated.' M. Laurier appears to think that some of the Ultramontane clergy are hardly aware of the tendency of their illegal assumptions—'there are some who say that the clergy have a right to dictate to the people their duties. I reply simply this. We are under the rule of the Queen of England, under the authority of a constitution which was granted to us as an act of justice; and if the exercise of the rights which you claim should have the effect of preventing the proper working of that constitution, and exposing us to all the consequences of that act, the clergy themselves would have none of it.' The Conservative journals understood well M. Laurier's position, and immediately denounced him in unmeasured terms. He was 'placing the authority of parliamentary majorities which make civil laws, good and bad, above the authority of the Church, which proclaims immutable truth,' he was putting himself in antagonism with the Bishops, 'the natural custodians of the doctrine, and who have, in a collective letter, unanimously protested against the judgment of the Supreme Court, and especially condemned the assertions of Judge Taschereau'; when he uses 'the terms fear, intimidation, terror, he alludes to the threats of those eternal punishments which are the sanction of the Divine law'; and, finally, he had the temerity to reproach the hierarchy 'with exposing the country, by claiming rights incompatible with our society, to consequences impossible to foretell.' It will be some time before Reformer editors in Ontario 'who have nothing to reform,' will render themselves obnoxious, on that score, to *Le Nouveau Monde*, *La Minerve*, or *Le Courrier* of St. Hyacinthe.

The Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome appears to be wiser in its generation than the Ultramontane clergy of Quebec, and it seems not improbable that it has recently administered a rebuke to the overzealous members of the hierarchy they will not soon forget. Rome has trouble enough upon its hands in Europe. Germany and Italy are open foes, not because they desire to be so, but because the Vatican has forced them to assume the defensive. Austria has something else to think about, and cares as little for Ultramontanism as France, which has just declared against

clericalism by an overwhelming majority. The turbulent faithful of Belgium and the humane, though infidel, Turk, are the only allies left his Holiness in Europe. In Quebec, on the other hand, there are the makings of an Ultramontane paradise, if a little prudence and ecclesiastical finesse be judiciously employed. Bishop Bourget and his disciples of Rimouski and Three Rivers showed their hands prematurely, and received a sudden check from the Supreme Court. The decision of Judge Casault, in the matter of the Bonaventure petition, again drove them into some outlandish doctrines about the unlawfulness of keeping certain oaths, including the oath of office. Their Lordships down in Quebec appear to regard every Roman Catholic judge as absolutely their own property, mind, soul, and conscience. He is to be a machine for recording the fiat of the church; his own knowledge of the law, his own experience in administering, his solemn obligations to God and the State to decide according to his honest convictions, all go for nothing. 'The Church has said it, and it must be so,' will be a sufficient quittance ticket for him, if not in this world, at any rate in the next. Does not the Gospel tell men to fear Him 'who can cast both body and soul in hell?' and is not the priest His representative, with delegated powers equally awful? What is conscience? Is not the priest keeper of the conscience? In short, neither the Judge nor the simple elector has any right to pronounce a judgment or cast a vote contrary to the express instructions of the clergy. That was the true meaning of the Pastoral of 1875, of the Programme, of the many political manifestoes of the ex-Bishop of Montreal and the Bishop of Three Rivers, and that is what is meant by Ultramontanism. In the case of Judge Casault, an appeal was made to Rome. It had been proposed to eject the Judge from the Directorate of Laval University, because of his decision on an election petition. The answer was exceedingly curt, and it assigned no reasons for the conclusion arrived at—Judge Casault was to continue a director of Laval. Perhaps if we had access to the secret correspondence between the Propaganda and the Bishops, the full extent of the rebuke would be made apparent. The Apostolic Delegate, like his Irish brethren in the Canadian episcopate,

is an Ultramontane in religion only, and he is shrewd enough to see the folly of the Quebec hierarchy. When Dr. Conroy first set foot in Canada, it was whispered that he came here chiefly to set the Quebec house in order. The appearance of a new Pastoral, designed to clear up 'misconceptions,' is a fruit of his mission. The hierarchy does not meddle with men or political parties; it merely lays down certain principles, to be applied by every man according to his conscience. His Holiness never did such a thing as they were erroneously charged withal; although only the other day he proclaimed himself the patron of McMahon, and his bishops and clergy in France laboured with their utmost might to overturn the constitution of the country and to cast it once again into the fiery furnace of revolution. The Quebec Bishops, forsooth, only intended to denounce Liberal Catholics and not Catholic Liberals—a miserable bit of paronomasia characteristic of them. They denounced the Supreme Court of this country for deciding according to law; have they retracted their denunciation? They, through their clergy and notably the Bishop of Three Rivers, asserted the right of priests to threaten with eternal punishment all who did not vote with the Conservatives; have they ceased to assert that 'liberty of the church'? Not at all, and the palinode Rome has forced from them, in fact retracts nothing. The assertion that they eschew politics is valuable or not according to the meaning of politics as distinguished from religion. If the freedom of election be not a matter with which the State has exclusively to do, it has no province it can call its own. The Bishop's Pastoral, in fact, not only palters with Canadians in a double sense, but is deliberately framed to deceive the Vatican, where peace between State and Church in Canada is, for the present, earnestly desired. The missive of 1875 is reaffirmed, and what did *La Minerve* say of it in the spring of this year? Speaking of its political opponents, that Ultramontane journal observes: 'They approve of the ideas promulgated by Judges Ritchie and Tascheureau, and, through them, cast a heavy reproach in the face of the Canadian episcopate for their collective letter of September, 1875. This conduct not only falls within the field of what might be called "Political

Liberalism," but also of that "liberalism" condemned by Pius IX.' So that political Liberalism and Liberal Catholicism are synonymous, and the Bishops gravely assure us that they condemn the latter without presuming to meddle with the former. They consign a man, in short, to eternal perdition for voting for a Liberal Catholic; but they would not, for a moment, censure the voter for supporting the same candidate in his character of Political Liberal. Such are sacerdotal candour and upright dealing. Fortunately, the State is strong enough to vindicate its own authority; and, in spite of episcopal grimace, the so-called 'liberty of the church,' which practically means the enthralment of the people, is not likely soon to come again into conflict with British freedom.

There is little of general interest to record in the ordinary course of Canadian politics. The party demonstrations are over, if the three meetings which Mr. Cartwright proposes to hold in his own constituency be excepted. The Finance Minister has wisely stored up the treasures of eloquence until their dispenser can be the sole possessor of the field—the cynosure of such eyes as the drowsy eloquence of fifty picnics has not closed in weary somnolence. Sir John Macdonald held out to the last, like a well-seasoned veteran as he is. He had out-talked Dr. Tupper on his own side, and the poet of Niagara, the tuneful Plumb; and even the Premier himself succumbed, like them, beneath the burden of popular education in the politically true and pure. It must be said, however, that Sir John's later efforts were decidedly tame. Even at Hamilton, where no effort had been spared to make a 'crowning triumph,' neither the vast concourse, nor even the prospect of a happy release from travel and travail, seems to have elevated him to anything like the true concert-pitch. He appears to have been thoroughly worn out, as indeed the public must also be, after such a surfeit of platitude as both sides have served up to them during the past six months.

It is difficult to see what good purpose these party demonstrations have served. It cannot be alleged that the electorate has received any new light upon a single public question. Everybody is as much in the dark as ever concerning the aims of

either of the factions, unless they may be condensed into the single word—office. To the dispassionate onlooker the effect of the party picnics has appeared distinctly and palpably demoralizing. It has impressed upon the people the worst of all convictions, that the trade in politics is essentially and necessarily a base, paltry, and ignoble one; it has familiarized the public ear with scurrilous and intemperate language and with a confirmed tendency to palter with truth; it has diffused a taste for slander in its most reckless and virulent forms; and it has rudely shaken public confidence in the very existence of political virtue, honour, or principle. The elegant extracts which might be made from the speeches of the leaders alone, would, if collected, shock the least sensitive and delicate of minds. Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Rymal, and worst of all, Mr. Mills, have disgraced themselves by their ignoble efforts at satire, and the Premier unfortunately has done himself little credit by some of the words he uttered in passion. The Minister of the Interior, however, is *par excellence* a philosopher, and the bad language he uttered was carefully chosen beforehand and spoken in cold blood. What could be more disgusting than that culminating beastliness of the season, in which he compared some of his fellow legislators to the most loathsome of 'vermin?' Whether Dr. Tupper and Mr. Macdougall deserve such unworthy treatment or not, the public will insist upon it that a Minister of the Crown shall have some regard to the decencies and proprieties of life, and that if he cannot meet his opponents in argument, he shall leave them alone. After all, a foul tongue is tenfold a greater curse to its owner and to all around him, than a 'foul garment.' The abusive language used at these demonstrations is the natural result of the decay and putrescence of parties in the Dominion, and until our public men have something nobler to discourse upon than one another's vileness and corruption, Canadians can expect nothing higher or better.

These picnics have aided in the elucidation of no single political principle. The only one mooted, for it has never been discussed on its merits by a single speaker, Reform or Conservative, is that of reform in our fiscal policy. Take up a speech of Sir John Macdonald's or Dr. Tupper's, on

one side, or one of the Premier's or Mr. Cartwright's on the other, and what sort of light do they throw upon the question which is the main issue of the hour? Have not all their utterances served only to make darkness visible? The *Globe* tells us that Sir John is not in earnest; it may be doubted whether any of our politicians can be called sincere, when they speak of a matter solely from the party point of view, and think they have discharged their whole duty when they have badgered their opponents, and distorted even their own view of the subject. As for Mr. Mills, he holds a brief for Mr. Wells and a few well-conned books, and is as innocent of any attempt to examine dispassionately what is good for his country as the king of Ashantee. He is afflicted, in fact, with a sort of economic colour-blindness, and recites his lesson about the producer and consumer as a parrot would do, by rote, and without knowledge or reflection. The paltry disputes about what Sir Alexander Galt did many years ago, and what Sir John Macdonald said in 1872, are only specimens of the essentially inadequate view our public men take on broad questions of public policy. Then again, there is the constant practice of impugning motives. Mr. Mackenzie has himself been most undeservedly its victim, and that fact certainly may be fairly pleaded in extenuation of his occasional outbursts of passion. Sir John Macdonald is another although a more patient sufferer from the same vile habit. He is charged with insincerity in his advocacy of a National policy, and one of the leading ministerial journals, in comparatively mild language, considering its antecedents, charitably observes, 'we believe Sir John's protection to be all moonshine, his pledges as empty as the air, his intentions as frail as his political rectitude is when he wants money to carry elections, and so on *ad nauseam*. There is certainly an improvement in the style here. It is better to insinuate that a public man is lying, deceiving, and intending to betray them, than to say so in bold, plain Anglo-Saxon. The times are happily gone by when brother Reformers were berated in the language of the fish-market. Sir John is not, like Dr. Rolph, limned as 'weak and deceitful,' or 'despised and laughed at,' or, like Malcolm Cameron, 'deep, dark, designing, cruel, malignant,

traitorous,' or again, like 'douce' David Christie, a 'most sickening specimen of toadyism to Popery,' with the courage 'oozing out of his fat carcass' when engaged in 'a conspiracy for the purpose of libelling Mr. Brown, and committing a falsehood as great as ever lay upon the soul of the convicted perjurer.' Sir John may further congratulate himself that he has not yet been pilloried with a learned Judge, as 'a blatant pot-house politician.' Even leading 'organs' are beginning to have some regard to the proprieties and amenities of political controversy.

Still the language of to-day is quite strong enough. It is, however, not so much that, as the *animus* of the assault, which deserves reprobation. It is the meanest of all party tricks to impute base motives and impeach an opponent's good faith, for the obvious reason that such blows cannot be parried either by evidence, argument, or solemn protestation. And, after all, what does it matter whether Sir John be in earnest or not? If the people decide in favour of a national fiscal policy at the polls, the sincerity or insincerity of one leader is of no importance whatever. To make its point, the journalist who searches the ex-Premier's heart, should make it plain that an entire majority, elected to revise our financial system, are all hypocrites, that they will unite with Sir John in deluding the people with false pledges and with the solemn assertion of principles which they do not believe and have no intention of urging upon Parliament. Thus the argument is either trivial or senseless, or else another blow will be struck at public confidence, and all public men must come to be regarded with suspicion and distrust. To that pitiful issue of the party system we are rapidly drifting.

Another most unreasonable piece of political strategy is the constant iteration of innumerable questions about what duties Sir John will impose on this and that manufactured article, whether he will give the iron-workers, or the sugar-refiners, or the woollen mills two and a half or five per cent. Now let it be considered for a moment, what all this badinage amounts to. It presupposes that the right honourable gentleman walks about the country with a tariff ready drawn and stereotyped, in his pocket. It involves the grossly absurd notion that a

public man, not a professed financier, un-conversant with trade details, out of office, and denied access to the material for such a purpose in the hands of a Finance Minister, can or ought to state one after another, every item of a tariff to be introduced, if at all, a couple of years hence. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that by immemorial practice, the secrets of the Minister are carefully guarded up to the last moment, by a seizure of the telegraph lines, and that Mr. Cartwright himself did not finally know what his tariff would be, on at least one occasion, until the very afternoon on which he made his statement. In point of fact the manner in which the charges are rung up and down the gamut of the percentages is much more absurd than the series of questions put to the unhappy Winkle in *Pickwick*: 'Then he was asked whether he had not seen her a hundred times—whether he could not swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he did not know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so on.' Moreover Sir John Macdonald does not affect any detailed knowledge of financial matters; they have never fallen within his province, and he has not yet expressed any intention of being his own Finance Minister. Put Mr. Blake in Sir John's place, and then let these captious and unreasonable Reformers confess what they would think of catechising him in a similar fashion. At this moment, without the requisite information at hand, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir Alex. Galt, and Mr. Tilley, even if they put their heads together, could not pretend to fix a scale of duties for 1879. And of that, Mr. Gurney, of Hamilton, and the other gentlemen who are in the habit of posing the ex-Premier, must be fully aware. To do what they require would involve no less a gift than accurate foreknowledge of what the state of trade will then be, and also what commercial attitude the Americans may choose to assume—which is past all human conjecture.

The plain question before the country may be as clearly put as we believe it is clearly understood. It is a question not of details—which must be considered and adjusted when the time comes, and not before—but of principle. What Mr. Cartwright's policy is we know, without having the slightest

suspicion of the character of his next budget; what Nationalists believe to be the true Canadian policy, whether they call themselves Reformers, Conservatives, or Independents, we also know, and the issue is between them. There is no need of complicating the matter, or darkening counsel with words without knowledge. Cuttle-fish tactics may suit trading politicians, but happily this is not a party question, and the distinction between the principles involved is so broad and palpable, as to render any effort to confuse the subject by irrelevant suggestion, vain and futile. Col. Shaw, the Consul for the United States, at Toronto, has, perhaps without intending it, shed some additional light upon the subject. In a recent report, he informed his government that the markets of Ontario were American markets, and that it was not possible for Canadians now to establish manufactures which could successfully compete with those over the border. The first part of this statement is unhappily 'over' true, and the second only requires for its verification the continuance for another ten years of the policy definitively adopted by Ministers. If, however, the people, when they have an opportunity of declaring their will at the polls, insist upon a reversal of that policy, there is no reason whatever why our Dominion should not be, not merely a self-satisfying nation in all the manufactured articles produced by the United States, but an exporter profitably to the Union, to Great Britain, to the West Indies, and Australia, and, in the end, to the Continent of Europe. Ontario now rejoices in its agricultural resources, but the time is not far distant when these will avail her no longer, and her power and prestige as the first Province of the Dominion will be irrecoverably past. Without manufactures, in a land where nature has done so much to provide for them a home, Provincial decrepitude and decay can be the only issue. Quebec stands still more in need of manufacturing industry. The emigration of which the clergy and the journals complain, is inevitable so long as the Government refuses to adjust the duties it requires for revenue purposes so as to assist in reviving struggling industries and keeping our capital and labor at home. If the Government did not depend mainly on the Customs for its resources, there might be little to com-

plain of. The arguments of the closet economists about capital and labour, the producer and consumer, and the elements of price might then have some relevancy. But our position is one not contemplated in the books. The Dominion has undertaken vast responsibilities. It has assumed control over the breadth of this great continent, where it is at its widest; it has agreed to construct gigantic public works with comparatively meagre resources; and south of it there is a strong, vigorous, and masterful nation, full of resources, eager to extend its commercial, if not its territorial, domain, and utterly selfish and exclusive in its fiscal system. Such being the case, Canada's duty should be obvious. She had manufactures, and has lost them through the fatuous policy of her rulers. Yet even the doctrinaires admit that they are necessary to round and complete our nationality and ensure our constant and steady progress. Their plan, however, is, to let things take their chance, trusting that Providence will, for once, reverse its solemn decree, and help those who refuse to help themselves. With a 'Chinese wall' and cannon-crowned ramparts in their front, Canadians are to toil and spin, and weave and forge, under fire and at the mercy of an enemy whose life is passed in sally and raid under the cover of a merciless fiscal cannonade. This may be economically sound policy, but it is practically suicidal and pernicious. The announcement by M. Laurier that the Government proposed to re-open negotiations for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, might possibly be cheering, if any good were likely to come of them. The new Minister's party, indeed men of all parties in Quebec, are of necessity Nationalists in fiscal matters. No man could hope to be returned, except in some outlandish constituency, who did not pledge himself to do something for Canadian industry. The promise of Reciprocity is a sop for Cerberus, and, we fear, a delusive one. If Canada again goes to Washington as a suppliant, she will either get nothing by the humiliation, or else she must suffer for it. The Americans, even were they ever so fairly disposed, could not possibly concede the reduction of duties which any admissible system of reciprocity must involve. For many a long year the United States will, of necessity, maintain a high tariff, and

although the Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago Boards of Trade may clamor for reciprocity, they will prove comparatively powerless against the immense manufacturing interests of New England and the Eastern States. At present there is an eagerness in some quarters to resort to any change which may promise to raise trade from its existing state of depression; but the feeling is vague and ephemeral, and will certainly vanish when the hard and calculating spirit of haggling over terms is once at work. If an equitable reciprocity arrangement could be come to, there can be no doubt about its beneficial effects on both sides of the line; but such a result of any renewed negotiations, especially if the first advance be made from this side, is hardly to be expected. It is much more likely that our Government, in its eagerness to get rid of a popular movement which is assuming unmanageable proportions in Ontario and Quebec, will either fail ignominiously, or enter into a compact which will place the Dominion entirely at the mercy of its neighbours, and deprive Parliament of any power of legislating in favour of Canadian interests, at least for ten or twenty years to come. Moreover, we must consult our duty, as well as our dignity, as a British colony; the possible sources from which we are in the future to meet the heavy burdens which must fall upon us and upon posterity; and the effect of any such treaty upon our independent progress as a nation. The Zollverein arrangement is a favourite one with some Americans; and that would mean annexation without avowed political union. The notion entertained by our neighbours is that by some such compact they could ride rough-shod over the Dominion, and extend their 'Chinese wall' so as to shut out England from the trade of one of her own possessions. If it be said that we must treat England as we treat the United States, the question again crops up—How is our revenue then to be raised? The Government may go, if they choose, to Washington, and knock timorously at the door as suppliants; but, as sure as they do they will either be outwitted or sent empty away.

In Mr. Blake's Teeswater address, he again referred to Imperial Federation. The leading Government journal of Ontario

has not, up to this moment, favoured the public with the full text of that address, but it may be presumed that the reporter's notes are carefully stored up, and that it will appear, with a critical and exegetical commentary, before many days. It is now some years since Mr. Brown declared that the relations between England and Canada were anomalous, and must, before long, be readjusted upon a sounder and more enduring basis. His journal, to judge from some recent articles, is disposed on the whole to favour the plan of Federation, if only workable machinery can be devised for its practical operation. It is quite certain that if a *plebiscite*, though we by no means desire it, could be taken, a vast majority of Canadians, and we believe of Australian, South African, and West Indian colonists would record their votes promptly in favour of a closer union with the mother-country. It is all very well to sneer at Canadian loyalty as something merely sentimental—a phrase always on the lips of those who have no emotions, and are innocently unconscious of their potency in determining the future of nations as well as individuals. But the allegation is simply untrue. Sentiment may do much, but the loyalty of Canadians rests on a deep-seated conviction that their material progress, and all that makes for their advancement as a nation, are bound up in British connection, and that these would receive an incalculable impetus from a closer relationship with England. Our position to the north of the great American Republic gives the subject peculiar interest to all who look forward and endeavour to forecast the future. Three eventual destinies lie before us, and in the ultimate analysis only two. Independence, with our geographical contiguity with the United States, could only mean final absorption into the Union; and annexation is perhaps more distasteful to the people of Canada than any prospect the speculative politician could possibly hold out to them. Perhaps those in England whose insular pride and prejudices lead them to make light of the Colonies, and to talk gaily as well as glibly about the coming separation, would pause if they could peer far enough into the future to see the American Union stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and perhaps to the shores of Guiana, its alliances courted by

England's enemies in Europe, and itself, in all but the name, a European power, ambitious as Russia, fickle and restless as France, and warily self-seeking like Germany.

With such a power, under its existing form of government, and with its unpalatable code of commercial and social morality, and its ways and manners altogether, Canada desires no closer alliance than that of friendly intercourse in trade, and in the ordinary, pleasant way of good neighbouring. She has a cordial liking for her cousin Jonathan, and even relishes his amusing swagger and grandiloquence; but amity, not matrimony must be the end of all. In the October number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Lord Blachford publishes a criticism on Sir Julius Vogel's article which was reprinted in the September issue of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*. Lord Blachford, better known as Sir Frederic Rogers, Mr. Gladstone's Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is an able writer, and, from his former official position, fully conversant with Britain's possessions over the sea. Unfortunately, however, that position has not been wholly an advantage to one who proposes to treat of 'The Integrity of the British Empire.' He invariably takes the Downing-street view of matters—the parish or vestry view, as it has been called—and still more unfortunately, he adheres religiously to the traditions of a political school whose maxims England has almost completely discarded. His Lordship fully admits Sir Julius Vogel's alternative. 'As the colonies develop,' he says (p. 369), 'they must either become separate nations or they must have a share—eventually the greater share—in the government of the British Confederacy.' There can be no mistake, therefore, about Canada's destiny: for, as she could not maintain her independence any longer than the forbearance of her neighbours permitted it to continue, the alternative with us is, Federation or Annexation. The words in parenthesis, 'eventually the greater share,' furnish the key to Lord Blachford's hostility to any plan of federal union; he is afraid that England would be 'swamped,' as Sir Julius says, in her own Parliament. Supposing representation to be based simply on population, this would, no doubt, eventually occur; but when and where did England ever so construct a representative system? Lon-

don is entitled, on such a theory, to a larger representation than all Scotland, and bids fair, in half a century, to be entitled, in a similar way, to as many members as all Ireland. Moreover, a federative league of autonomous colonies could not possibly claim in the Federal body a representation by heads. England will always continue the wealthiest member of the Empire; she is in the van, and must bear the brunt of European collisions, and therefore would continue to possess, of right and of necessity, a largely preponderating influence in the councils of the Federated Empire. Indeed, it is singular that, in commenting upon the plan proposed by Sir Julius Vogel, Lord Blachford overlooked the paragraph in which that objection is met. 'To resume,' said Sir Julius, 'the control or representative power should correspond with the contribution.' And, again, speaking of the dread of swamping the House of Commons with colonial votes, he observed: 'If their fears were to be justified, there would be small hope of federation,' &c. To the ordinary insular prejudices of Englishmen, Lord Blachford superadds a narrowness of view peculiar to the official mind, which is the offspring of tradition and routine. If his Lordship anywhere grows speculative, it is to fancy the seat of Imperial rule transferred to Melbourne or Ottawa, and England reduced to the position of thrall to her own children. If Federation conferred no other benefit upon the Empire, the breadth and keenness of vision it might impart to the British mind at home would be its sufficient justification. In summing up the benefits a closer connection with the Colonies might be expected to bestow, Sir Julius Vogel referred to the vast field which would be opened for the investment of British capital. Becoming better acquainted with their possessions beyond the sea, they would learn more of the ample character of the security they could command and the sterling probity of the colonial character. English money would cease to flow into the bottomless pit of Russian, Turkish, and Egyptian investments, and would at once remunerate the capitalist and aid in building up and consolidating the Empire. So gross is English ignorance about this country's geography, social and commercial status, and financial position, that we habitually suffer vica-

riously for the sins of neighbours over the frontier. No Southern or Western State repudiates its debt without inflicting an injury on Canadian credit; every movement in favour of greenbacks and against the resumption of specie payment excites a reflex influence for harm upon us. Now, when Lord Blachford refers to this branch of the argument, all he can find to say is, that it 'suggests a passing apprehension lest, among other things, of the phrase "confederation" may be begotten the substance "guarantee"' (p. 365). Supposing that were the case, what of it? England has guaranteed two great loans for Canada, for the Intercolonial and Pacific railways—both of which were demanded by the Imperial Government mainly for Imperial purposes—and how much has the mother-country been out of pocket by them? It is this constant spirit of sneering and grudging and grumbling about cost and risk, characteristic of the political school to which Lord Blachford belongs, that is the gravest cause of complaint in the Colonies. Federation, in fact, so far from introducing or necessitating a frequent application for Imperial guarantees, would, in the long run, cause them to be unknown even as matters of history. Why are such Imperial assurances now required and conceded? Simply because of the ignorance which prevails in the United Kingdom, and the fact that the Government is better acquainted with the solid value of the security than the capitalists or brokers are. Guarantees, where, as in the case of the Dominion, they are mere matters of form, are, in fact, a confession of ignorance on the very face of them. They virtually admit that the British creditor knows so little of the credit, the resources, and the *bona fides* of his fellow-subjects within a week's sailing of the United Kingdom, that he is afraid to take a financial leap in the dark without being well assured by Imperial endorsement.

More than that, it is within the bounds of possibility that Federation would not only serve as an instructor of the mother-country in material things, but that she might find something valuable to learn in the educational and municipal institutions of Canada and Australia. The Dominion is, and has long been, a training school for the men, women, and children who flock to it from the United Kingdom; its people

have had to dispel their ignorance, direct their energies, and fit them for self-government; and, therefore, now that England has resolved to discharge her duty to the masses, even the self-complacent conceit of some of her public men might learn some lessons from the sturdy stripling who has set up to manhood to the north of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. The insular position of the United Kingdom, and its historical triumphs, have not been without countervailing disadvantages. It is not so long since Englishmen looked upon the continental nations much as they regard the colonies now; to be a foreigner was much the same as being a barbarian in the old Greek sense. The advantages of a closer relationship between Great Britain and her colonies would be reciprocal, and a healthy interchange of ideas, sympathies, and aspirations would infuse new blood into the Empire, and, by quickening its circulation, impart renewed life and vigor to the whole.

Lord Blachford tells us that in the constitutionally governed colonies, the very name of Empire is an empty form (p. 361). No doubt this is the case: but here he heals the skin, without probing the sore. The subject of colonial complaint is the very fact to which his lordship alludes; but in presenting his alternative between separation and federation, he prefers the former, whilst Canadians and Australasians desire the latter. It is not necessary to consider here what position Britain would occupy amongst the nations if she were shorn of her colonies; but it is a noticeable fact that although the slightest whisper of danger to her supremacy in India stirs the English nation to its depths, public men can talk as lightly about flinging away the colonies, peopled mainly by their own fellow-countrymen, as the French philosopher did about Louis XV.'s 'arpenes of snow' on the St. Lawrence. There seems to be a want of foresight and prescience in high places at home, at which we can only marvel in hopeless and helpless silence. Within twenty-four hours of the panic which was followed by the Franco-German war, Mr. (now Lord) Hammond, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, remarked to his new chief, Earl Granville, that 'in all his experience he had never known so great a lull in foreign affairs.' It now appears that the Colonial office is also purblind—the slave of routine and pre-

cedent—without a thought or an idea about the morrows that are yet to be. His Lordship asks what interest we have in the command of the Mediterranean, the road to India, or the balance of power? &c., (p. 363), and even goes so far as to deny Canadians any concern in the Trent affair, with all its possible risks and dangers. It may be replied to all this that we take an interest, and—what is more than can be said of the mass of Englishmen—an intelligent interest, in all that affects the Empire to which we belong, and to the great family of nations growing ever closer and closer together as the years roll by. Australia is as materially concerned in the Eastern question as England, and Canada, with a Russian fleet in her Atlantic or Pacific waters, would hardly be a merely curious spectator. We have a neighbour at our doors, who looks upon the Czar as his natural ally, and may some day be found an effective one. A European war deprived England of the thirteen colonies; another gave the Americans an opportunity of assailing Britain and invading Canada; and similar events, on a larger and more terrible scale, may await England and her North American Dominion in the future. The red-tapist remedy is the cowardly one of sending a loyal colony adrift to be the easy prey of the buccanners to the south of it; honour and patriotism demand a more intimate bond between parent and child, a solidarity of interests, an intimate union in all that concerns the common welfare of the Imperial household. The one would leave its offspring as a foundling on the door-step of a neighbour; the other would rear and cherish it beneath the good old family roof-tree. On another occasion, the machinery required under the Federal system may command our attention. This branch of the subject appears to be the great stumbling-block in its way. Lord Blachford does not deal with it so fully as might have been expected. Notwithstanding his great experience, the native vigour of his mind, and the unquestionable power with which he wields his pen, the ex-Under-Secretary's paper is eminently disappointing. The vista opened up by anticipations of the future, too soon approaches the vanishing-point where all that is not confused becomes infinitesimally minute. The principles and practice of the hour are

familiar to the active man of to-day, and he talks about them as if their aspect and importance would never seem belittled by the lapse of time. There is a shrinking from the thought and trouble involved in the slightest constitutional change. Time-honoured institutions must be modified and old historic landmarks removed; let us leave well alone, for 'to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundantly.' If ever the crisis should arise when the Federative problem must be faced, the worshipper of traditional precedent fancies that he will be found equal to it; but the time has not yet arrived. The ship of Imperial state floats smoothly and swimmingly down the current; when about to 'shoot Niagara,' the captain *s'avisera*. In short, the first and chief commandment of the political decalogue enjoins the statesman never to do to-day what he can put off till to-morrow. On the other hand, Lord Beaconsfield, with Semitic inspiration, has fastened upon the Federal idea as if it were the idle pageant of a dream. His Federal Empire would be an oriental fancy, as unpractical as it would be anachronistic. Let the question be once decided, however, that Federation is a necessity, and it will go hard with Anglo-Saxon intelligence and ingenuity but a practicable scheme will be speedily forthcoming. The plea of distance between Britain and her Colonies is a palpable absurdity. Is Canada farther away now, in these days of cable telegraphs, ocean steamboats, and railways, than Kerry was in 1798, or Inverness not so many years ago? Is it farther off even now than California, Oregon, or New Mexico are from Washington? All difficulties of this sort are merely flies on the wheel of progress; what must be done to consolidate the British Empire will be done, as certainly as that to-morrow's sun will pass under review, with the successive hours, the vast domain Britain can call her own. For the present a Representative Council would be a fitting inauguration of the new *régime*. India has its Advisory Council, and notwithstanding Lord Blachford's objection, its views do not fetter either Lord Salisbury or Lord Lytton. Why should not the Colonies take some part in matters which concern the Empire as a whole? For our part, we believe that a revival and reconstruction of the Privy Council on its old basis,

and with enlarged powers, would afford the means ready at hand to set the Imperial machinery to work. Every reader of constitutional history knows what that venerable body once was, and how the Cabinet, originally a mere committee unknown to the Constitution, gradually usurped all its functions. There is now a splendid opportunity for rehabilitating the time-honoured Privy Council of England, and making it the Representative Council of a Federated Empire. By a plan of that sort, any jealousy caused by tampering with the House of Lords, or any trepidation amongst the heroes of red tape, might be obviated. As we before remarked, however, the all-important need of the hour is a clear expression of opinion against separation, against annexation, and firmly and definitively for Federation; the *modus operandi* will soon disclose itself.

The complete scheme of University examinations for women has at length been laid before the public. Unfortunately, lack of space will prevent any full discussion of the plan in this number; but it is a subject which may be conveniently reserved for a more favourable opportunity. Let us here briefly sketch the 'Statutory Provisions' adopted by the Senate. The examinations are to be held in Toronto, or at such other places as comply with the conditions. There must be a local committee guaranteeing the attendance of at least six candidates, and also the expenses incurred. The local committee itself must be approved of by the Senate, as well its regulations. Board and lodging are to be provided at reasonable rates by the committee, and two of its members must superintend the examination. The subjects are mainly the same as those stated in these pages a couple of months since. This part of the scheme we do not propose to analyze at present, merely adding that the examinations are to be held in June, simultaneously with the ordinary June examinations for matriculation. Now it need hardly be said that to those who desire a complete and thorough scheme for higher female education, the Senate provisions must appear sadly inadequate. The burden of securing a local examination in any of our centres of population is left to voluntary effort. A young woman, not

over well provided with this world's goods, must either set about stirring up five ladies to take some interest in her aspirations, and they must be willing to advertise for five more candidates, guarantee their fees, and provide them with boarding-houses, or she must resign all hope of being recognized by the Senate. Now why should all these obstacles be thrown in the way of those women who desire to be educated and thoroughly cultured? Why should not the University, or at any rate the Government, do as much for them as it does for young men? It may be said that the University being only an examining body should not be required to enlarge the scope of its operations outside Toronto; but now that they have undertaken to do so, why not do it liberally and in a practical way? If the University Senate is not prepared to incur additional expense, why does not the Minister of Education come to their aid? It is our firm conviction that it would have been less burdensome upon the ladies of the outside cities and towns, and decidedly more convenient, if the Senate had named a certain number of places and stated that examinations would be held there next June, provided six names were given in, say six weeks before the examination, and the fees paid in advance. Suppose then that five had prepared themselves for examination, their labours would not be made futile, because they could be transferred in ample time from, say, a proposed Guelph or Woodstock list to a Hamilton or London one. There would be a certain stability about the scheme in that case which is entirely wanting in that just promulgated. Why should the culture of our young women be dependent upon the fashion, the caprice, the enterprise or want of enterprise, and the interest or lack of interest prevailing amongst the influential and well-to-do matrons of any locality. If female education be worth securing at all, it ought to be secured by firmly established arrangements, not made the sport of whim, or subjected in any way to vicissitude or chance. Moreover, the vital point—the teaching required by the female aspirant—is left altogether to haphazard. Mr. Thomas Hughes recently admitted that there was a danger of the local University examinations giving rise to the notion that cramming to pass or for

honours was the sole object of study. This is a danger which must arise wherever the machinery of examination is afforded without the machinery for thorough instruction. Why should not University College be thrown open to female students, as M. Pernet bravely suggested at the Commencement last month. Young men, it is said, are trained there with a view to entering professions; women are not. But that argument lost all its force when Parliament decided that no instruction should be imparted in the College, specifically professional. It was the avowed purpose of the University Act to make it an academical institution for general culture of a higher character; and that being the case, we contend that its advantages should be accessible to all, irrespective of sex. The State having taken upon itself the task of training young men, and affording them a liberal education, is bound, on every principle of fairness, to do the same for our young women; and if any antiquated prejudice closes the doors of University College against them, the Government is in duty bound to provide like advantages for them elsewhere. Every one is ready to approve of a movement to secure some show of affording superior education for women. No one denies their intellectual capacity, their power of application, their eager desire to learn and be well-trained in language, science, art, and philosophy, or their aptitude and success in passing examinations whenever they have had the opportunity. With what justice, then, or on what principle, does the Government provide the means of training youths of the one sex, whilst it utterly neglects those of the other? It is true that the University endowment will not admit of any lavish expenditure, and we are far from blaming the Senate because they have made so meagre a beginning. But the opening of University College to female students would, instead of involving an additional outlay, absolutely increase the revenue by an increase in fees. It is our contention, in fine, that if it be the duty of the State to provide and superintend superior education for one sex, it is equally their duty to provide it for both sexes. It ought not to be 'left,' as a contemporary journal says, 'to the women themselves,' for that is surely reversing the order of nature and society, which usually requires self-help

from man and man's help for woman. Nor can we agree with those who propose to stake the future of female culture upon this University 'experiment'; because we have a lurking suspicion that it is foredoomed to failure, from its unstable and essentially incomplete character. Any plan, to carry with it the elements of permanent success, must be '*totus, teres, atque rotundus*'—not fragmentary and unsubstantial. The Minister of Education could not better signalize his tenure of office than by framing a measure which would place the interests of higher female education on a sound, equitable, and permanent basis.

A Southern journal has shrewdly observed that President Hayes adopted his Southern policy with the view of dividing the Democrats, and that by it he has only succeeded in dividing his own party, the Republican. Congress has met, and has not proved quite so refractory as was expected. The Democrats have a majority in the House, and Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, but their party, notwithstanding some temporary chagrin at the success of the frauds by which Tilden was deprived of the Presidency, are favourably disposed to Hayes, on account of his Southern policy, and with the Administration Republicans can easily control the House. It was in the Senate, however, that the most serious trouble was anticipated. The Upper House in the United States is a most important body, confirming or rejecting all Executive appointments, accepting or refusing to accept all treaties, and, in addition, discharging the ordinary duties of a co-ordinate branch of the legislature. The Republican majority there is small, and it was feared that the Democrats, aided by the recalcitrant Republicans under Conkling, Blaine, and others, would embarrass the President and bring business to a deadlock as in Andrew Johnson's time. That danger, however, has been tided over by the adhesion of a few carpet-baggers and one negro from Mississippi, who, in plain language, have been bribed by select places on favourite committees. Ohio, at its recent elections, was gained by the Democrats, and yet, singularly enough, the result was a triumph to the President; whereas in Iowa, where the Republicans were successful, he was distinctly censured by a

large majority of the people; so completely are the old parties disintegrated. Mr. Hayes has announced in advance his intention not to seek a second term, so that he is practically independent of popular clamour. Yet he has virtually abandoned 'Civil Service Reform,' and under Secretary Sherman's management will probably play fast and loose with the specie question. Gen. Terry's abortive mission to Fort Walsh, as described by a correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, is of singular interest, even though it resulted in failure. The *hauteur* of Sitting Bull and his brother chiefs, their odd appearance and strange speeches, their appeals to the 'White Mother,' whose subjects they claim to be, and the appearance of a squaw as an orator—the crowning insult to the American Commission—read like a chapter in Drake or Parkman. 'You have told us lies, and we have been deceived too often. Go back to the other side where you belong; we belong here and intend to stay here. Go back and take it easy in going,' *i.e.* be so long in going that you will never come back. These were, in brief, the replies of Sitting Bull and his friends, accompanied by much hand-shaking of the British officers, and a series of studied insults to the Americans. The journals on the other side are profuse in their acknowledgments of Canadian courtesy and international good faith; but what is better, they are seriously contrasting our Indian policy with the iniquitous system which has too long been upheld by the cupidity of ministers and agents.

As we anticipated, France, by the decisive majority of one hundred and eighteen, has pronounced in favour of the Republic and against the usurpation of the 16th May. Notwithstanding the vile means to secure a triumph for the motley coalition of Monarchists and Imperialists, the Opposition has triumphed without violence and with a singular abstinence from abusive or turbulent language. The President's personal appeals, Fourtou's prefectorial and police machinery, episcopal, sacerdotal, and even Papal influence, partial judges, tyrannical edicts, the gagging of the press, the prison and the fine, have all been in vain. The question is—What next? And here all is rumour and uncertainty. According to some, the Ministry, or at least De Broglie

and Gen. Berthaut, the Minister at War, are anxious to resign. According to others, McMahon's self-conceit has not yet received a mortal blow, and he is meditating another dissolution, and a new election to take place 'under a state of siege.' This seems exceedingly improbable, because the Marshal, however impervious his obstinate spirit may be to popular opinion, cannot fail to see the fearful risk he would incur of casting France once more into the throes of revolution. Next May, the Paris Exposition is to be opened, and it is likely that he will make considerable sacrifices of personal feeling and prejudice, rather than reduce France to the verge of insurrection so short a time before it. He could easily make concessions sufficiently broad to conciliate a large section of the Left, without in any way compromising his dignity; and for that reason we believe that he will attempt to form a *quasi* Liberal Cabinet by means of Dufaure.

In the East the tables are suddenly turned. Russia has won a brilliant victory in Armenia, where it was least expected. Moukhtar's Pasha's army has been practically broken up, Kars is invested, and an

army is on the road to Erzeroum. On the Low, Suleiman Pasha, who succeeded the Fabian Mehemet Ali, and from whom some dashing and rapid exploit was expected, has abandoned his old line and taken refuge at Rasgrad, whither the Czarevitch has followed him, after leaving a sufficient force to mask Rustchuk. In the west, Osman Pasha still holds the powerful post of Plevna, and has hitherto defied the engineering genius of Todleben and the reckless bravery of the Russo-Roumanian army. A diversion by Servia would no doubt cut off Osman's connections, and it is obvious that Plevna cannot be taken until he and his 130,000 are cooped up within their lines of circumvallation. Servia, however, holds back, and Russia is making assurance doubly sure by connecting Plevna by railway with the Danube. It is quite manifest that Turkey has reached the end of her tether; she has fought with desperate valour, but the sanguinary contest is clearly approaching its close. It will then be seen what Europe will do to place the suffering Slavs in a secure position for the future.

October 25th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

COUNT FRONTENAC, AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV. By Francis Parkman. Boston; Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

Mr. Parkman's latest contribution to Canadian history, if possible, surpasses in interest the previous volumes of the series. The bold, clear-cut figure of Frontenac stands out in Franco-Canadian history in all its imposing dignity. During nearly twenty-seven years, with an interval of seven about midway in his career, the grand, haughty, brave, petulant, and chivalrous old man occupied a foremost place in Canadian story, during a turbulent period of intestine strife, battle with the Iroquois, and national intrigue and rivalry. These most

thrilling chapters from the heroic and romantic period of our own early history, are full of intense interest, and must have exerted at once a fascinating and inspiring influence upon the mind of our author. Before entering upon an account of this volume, it may not be amiss to point out some chronological points which may be of service to students, and especially to the younger of them. Four names occupy the most prominent positions under the French *régime*, Jacques Cartier, the voyager, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the French system, François de Laval, the sturdy champion of the Church, and Louis de Buade, Count Frontenac, the foe of England. Now Cartier arrived off Quebec, then Stadacona, in 1535; Champlain died in 1635, ex-

actly a century afterwards, during the greater part of which, from the departure of Roberval, the Viceroy, with Cartier, till the founding of Quebec (1543-1608), the country was almost entirely abandoned by the French. Champlain's term of office as first Governor under the nominal viceroyalty of Louis de Bourbon, began in 1612, two hundred years before the war with the United States. Laval arrived in Canada in 1659, a century before the capture of Quebec by Wolfe (1759), and he died in 1708, exactly the same period of time after Champlain's founding of Quebec. Champlain's rule, beginning in 1612, dates exactly sixty years before Frontenac's arrival, 1672; and Frontenac's death, towards the close of 1698 (Nov. 28), was as nearly as possible sixty years before the English victory on the plains of Abraham. This volume, therefore, includes the period between 1672 and 1698, both inclusive, and it may be divided thus:—From 1672 to 1682, exactly a decade, Frontenac's first term; seven years of disaster under the *Sieur de la Barre* and Denonville, 1682 to 1689; Frontenac's second term, almost a decade also, from 1689 to his death.

Mr. Parkman opens his volume with one of those graphic chapters in which we are afforded a glimpse of Versailles under Louis Quatorze. Presumably to comply with the courteous maxim, *place aux dames*, the reader is first presented to Frontenac's lively and high-spirited wife, the favourite friend of Mlle. de Montpensier, Henry of Navarre's granddaughter, until, like all violently attached friends, especially of the fair sex, they fell out for ever. The episode at Orleans, which the Princess and her three Countesses, de Bréauté, de Fiesque, and de Frontenac, attempted to hold for Condé at the breaking out of the war of the Froude, makes of the wife of Canada's future ruler, a graceful and interesting figure. Frontenac himself was of Basque origin, and in addition to pride of race, he could claim the highest rank among the French *noblesse*. His grandfather, one of Henry the Fourth's grantees, had been sent to the Medici of Florence on a matrimonial mission; his father was *maître d'hôtel* in the household of Louis XIII., who was godfather to our count, and gave him his Christian name. His wife, Anne de la Grange-Trianon, was the daughter of a fickle and weak-minded neighbour, the *Sieur de Neuville*, who first consented to the marriage and then repented. Frontenac and his love made a runaway match one fine day in 1648, and were married at St. Pierre des Bœufs, a church at which the consent of the parents was dispensed with. The couple did not live long together. He was imperious and exacting; she proud, self-willed, and fond of pleasure. She bore him one son, which she did not take the trouble to rear herself, and they lived apart, she surviving him some years.

Frontenac had meanwhile seen considerable service in the French army, fighting in the Low Countries and in Italy. Some bits of scandal were, of course, told about his appointment in Canada. It was said that Frontenac was a favourite of Mlle. de Mortemart, afterwards Mad. de Montespan, and that the king desired to get him out of the way; another story was that his Sacred Majesty 'was attracted by the charms of Mad. de Frontenac.' The first may be true, but the latter could have had no solid foundation, as no aspersion has been cast on the fair fame of Mad. de Frontenac. She was her husband's friend and spy in Paris during his entire career, and although their tempers were too nearly alike for conjugal felicity under the same roof-tree, they were fast friends when the Atlantic rolled between them. Frontenac left her all his property, and directed that his heart should be sent to her in a case of lead or silver. A spiteful story was told by his enemies, that she refused the latter bequest, with the remark, 'that she had never had it (his heart) when he was living, and did not want it when he was dead.'

The Comte de Frontenac was fifty-two years old when he disembarked at Quebec. The almost youthful delight with which he describes the splendid panorama which unfolded itself there, as he glided up the St. Lawrence and cast anchor in the midst of that grandest of Canadian scenes, seems to have been chilled by no forebodings of the anxieties, the vexations, the toils and victories and disappointments which ended only when he sank to sleep twenty-seven years after. Bishop Laval and the able Talon, the Intendant, were there before him. Let us therefore endeavour to take stock of the man, before proceeding to sketch briefly the memorable career in which his strongly marked character unfolded itself. Mr. Parkman does not spare piquant and even harsh epithets, when limning his hero. He was a man in whom pride of race and pride of patrician dignity were united in proportions which appear excessive even in those times of aristocratic *hauteur* and arrogance. He was doggedly self-willed and pertinacious; he could brook no rival, nor endure the slightest opposition. 'When his temper was roused, he would fight with haughty and impracticable obstinacy for any position which he had once assumed, however trivial or however mistaken' (pp. 45, 46). He was intolerant and unmanageable in the extreme when thwarted, and his enemies used to say that in his paroxysms of rage he would foam at the mouth. On the other hand, he was a man of great sagacity and unsurpassed bravery, sometimes verging upon reckless audacity. 'Few white men ever excelled or approached him in the art of dealing with the Indians' (p. 69). His natural haughtiness

stood him in good stead, for it extorted their instinctive respect. They were his children, and, in their eyes, he was the greatest of all the 'Onontios.' 'There was a sympathetic relation between him and them. He conformed to their ways, borrowed their rhetoric, flattered them on occasion with tenderness, or berated them roundly when they had offended him. 'They admired the proud and fiery soldier who played with their children and gave beads and trinkets to their wives; who read their secret thoughts and never feared them, but smiled on them when their hearts were true, or frowned and threatened them when they did amiss' (p. 70). And see a curious account of Frontenac unbending so far as to brandish a hatchet in the air, sing the war-song, and lead the war dance (p. 254). Moreover, notwithstanding his violent temper, 'there were intervals when he displayed a surprising moderation and patience. By fits he could be magnanimous' (p. 71). Here, as elsewhere, it appears to us that Mr. Parkman unwittingly does an injustice to Frontenac. He was naturally disposed to be good-tempered and conciliatory; and so long as he was not thwarted by clerical or mercantile 'rings,' he never failed to show the better side of his proud nature. There was much to sour even a less arbitrary and self-asserting disposition than his. It might be added that he was a man of fallen fortunes, and expected to repair them in Canada. In St. Simon's Memoirs we read: 'He was a man of excellent parts, living much in society, and completely ruined. He found it hard to bear the imperious temper of his wife; and he was given the government of Canada to deliver him from her, and afford him some means of living.' To sum up in our author's words:—'Frontenac has been called a mere soldier. He was an excellent soldier and more besides. He was a man of vigorous and cultivated mind, penetrating observation, and ample travel and experience. His zeal for the colony, however, was often counteracted by the violence of his prejudices, and by two other influences. First, he was a ruined man, who meant to mend his fortunes; and his wish that Canada should prosper was joined with a determination to reap a goodly part of her prosperity for himself. Again, he could not endure a rival; opposition maddened him, and, when crossed or thwarted, he forgot everything but his passion. Signs of storm quickly showed themselves between him and the Intendant Talon; but the danger was averted by the departure of that official for France' (p. 21).

Frontenac's first term, so far as its incidents are recorded in history, was a series of quarrels between the Governor on the one side and the Bishop, the Jesuits, and some of the traders, on the other. The quarrel with the Church was of old standing. Some time be-

fore Laval's arrival, the State and the Jesuits had been at dagger's point. Three successive Governors, predecessors of Frontenac, namely, Argenson, D'Avangour, and Mézy, as well as Dumesnil, who was not only Intendant, but also chief agent of the Company of 'One Hundred Associates,'—were all successively involved in conflicts with the Bishop (See Parkman's *French Régime*, ch. v.-ix, inclusive). The Bishop of *Petræ in partibus* was in fact a thorough Ultramontane, as well as an unflinching soldier of the Church militant. He was determined to have no Gallicanism in New France, and all his schemes had but one purpose—the thorough subordination of the State to the Church. When Frontenac arrived, these two inflexible spirits, as a matter of course, came into conflict. The causes, and even the agents, in these quarrels, were exceedingly various to all appearance; but at bottom, the hostility of the Church was the sole cause of all. As our author remarks, 'The key to nearly all these disputes lies in the relations between Frontenac and the Church. The fundamental quarrel was generally covered by superficial issues, and it was rarely that the Governor fell out with anybody who was not in league with the Bishop and the Jesuits' (p. 68). Now this is true, so far as it goes; but it appears to us extremely unjust to Frontenac. Had he been the first Viceroy who had complained of the overbearing attitude of Laval or the evil machinations of the Jesuits and their mercantile protégés, the case would assume a different aspect. But it was far otherwise. As Mr. Parkman himself remarks elsewhere (*French Régime*, p. 107), 'Argenson was Governor when the crozier and the sword began to clash, which is merely another way of saying that he was Governor when Laval arrived.' Hitherto the Jesuits had been busy enough as *intriguants*, but they wanted an astute, bold, and determined leader, and they found one in the new Bishop, whose life was spent in ceaseless efforts to overshadow the State with the ghostly power of the Church. Frontenac, in resisting assumption and intrigue, was merely obeying the orders and instructions repeated a hundred times to divers Governors and Intendants, by Louis himself, and by Colbert. The standing direction to the colonial rulers was to show all due respect to the Bishop and Clergy, but not to permit them to make the slightest encroachment upon the civil domain; and when Frontenac resisted the Bishop and the Jesuits, and allied himself with the Récollets, a Franciscan fraternity, he was only following his instructions. Duchesneau and Champigny were mere creatures of the clergy, and aided them in thwarting the Governor by every means in their power, and those means were ample. Moreover, Frontenac had been expressly ordered to stop the wild courses of the *couvreurs*

de bois or bushrangers, many of whom were young men of dash, and well-connected, but who, from a love of adventure, had almost sunk to the level of the savages. Hence the quarrel with Perrot, Governor of Montreal, and the Abbé Fénélon, a relation of the sainted Archbishop of Cambrai. They were backed by the Jesuits, as usual; so that instead of Frontenac being, as Mr. Parkman seems to convey, disposed to fall 'out with any body in league with the Jesuits,' it was the Jesuits who always sided with those who transgressed the royal orders, or had placed themselves in hostility to Frontenac. On the question of the sale of brandy to the Indians, the clergy were certainly right; but it must not be forgotten that the rivalry between the French and the English and Dutch for the furs of the North-west, was a struggle for existence—a matter of life or death for one party or the other. It was French brandy against New England and New York rum; and certainly we who belong to an Empire which has persisted in carrying on a deadly and nefarious trade in opium with the Chinese by force of arms, have no right to cast a stone at the French rulers of the seventeenth century. The anomalous position of the Intendant was also a constant cause of trouble upon which we cannot dilate here. Suffice it to say that, after many attempts to heal the breach between the parties, Frontenac was recalled in 1682, the year in which Bossuet proposed and secured the adoption of the famous four articles that formed the basis of Gallicanism.

To Frontenac succeeded the *Sieur de la Barre* and the beginning of the struggle with New York and the Iroquois. He was a sort of 'Johnnie Cope,' always boasting before he met the enemy, and always shrinking when he came to close quarters. Denonville, who followed, was a man of greater capacity and more courageous spirit, but his treachery in sending to the French galleys the Indian chiefs he had invited to a parley at Fort Frontenac, was not only dastardly in itself, but brought upon the Colony fearful retribution in the Lachine massacre of 1689. During this interregnum, as we may call it, two Indian chiefs came into prominence at the conferences—Big Mouth, an Iroquois, a shrewd old politician, with great oratorical powers, and Kondiaronk or the Rat, a man of eminent ability, craft, and power, a Huron chief of Michilimackinac. Those who are apt to regard Machiavellianism in diplomacy as a peculiar adjunct to civilization, will find themselves undeceived by a study of the career of these two red-skins. Frontenac returned to Canada in his seventieth year, with a faithful assistant as Governor of Montreal. The greatest and bravest part of his life-work was done during the nine years that were yet to be granted him. His wars with the Iroquois, his diplomatic

fencing with Dongan, the Governor of New York, and above all, his triumph over Sir William Phips, the Massachusetts invader of Quebec, are perhaps sufficiently well known to the reader. It was during these eventful years that the star of Frontenac shone most brightly. Notwithstanding petty annoyances at headquarters, and neglect at home, the brave and indomitable old hero struggled on until he passed quietly away, just as the goal was reached. Let us think what we may of the hero's imperious and fiery temper, he makes a grand figure in our history. With all his faults, he alone had the brain and the mettle for that perilous crisis, and his name and memory deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. Two heroines, whose story we had intended to detail, must pass with a bare mention: the one was French, Madelaine, a seignior's daughter, fourteen years of age, the little Maid of Verchères, who in the absence of father and mother successfully defended their home against the Iroquois (p. 302 *et seq.*); and Hannah Dunstan of Haverhill, a New England Jael, who avenged her slaughtered kin with the Indian tomahawk. Mr. Parkman's book is so deeply interesting that we have overpassed our allotted space, and with the mere announcement of the concluding volume yet to come, on 'Montcalm and the Fall of New France,' this cursory and imperfect notice must be brought to a close.

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SPIRITE: A FANTASY. By Théophile Gautier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

No better examples of the peculiar characteristics of French literature could well be desired than are to be found in this work and in the pages of 'S. Brohl & Co.,' one of its predecessors in this series. In the latter tale, the author was in his own element. The scene was laid partly in Paris, and partly in the country; but even when amongst the Alpine valleys, the characters and events all pointed to Paris as their natural centre of attraction. Villainy did not, in the hands of M. Cherbuliez, suggest that heavy villainy which drags deep remorse in its tracks; Samuel Brohl was sufficiently punished by the loss of an alliance with an eligible fortune, and, above all, by an exile from those charming *salons* where elegant ladies and gentlemen chatted lightly and wittily upon the most appropriate subjects. Virtue was rewarded by that Paradise still remaining open to it, and Virtue, well satisfied, looked for no higher well-being. It was a novel of society, and did not hint at the deeper problems of our nature, and in this class of literature the French genius excels.

In '*Spirite*,' M. Gautier has chosen a sub-

ject for which the writers of his race have shown but slight aptitude. The supernatural must not be trifled with, and woe to those who think they may do so with impunity! If the machinery by which it is introduced jars ever such a little upon the senses, if the apparition falls short of our expectations and does not justify the sacrifice of probabilities by some redeeming qualities, it would have been far better never to have attempted to present before us the unrepresentable. An author who brings a disembodied spirit upon his canvas must attend to several things; and first of all, and before he can expect his readers to believe in and love his creature, belief and love must have attended its creation. We are carried away by our feelings when we hear 'quaint, delicate Ariel' picture the delights of his promised liberty; it is the outcome of the sympathy that Shakspeare felt when he limned that fleeting portrait. Then, too, the scene of the apparition must suit its ghostly visitant.

The 'still-vex'd Bermoothes' are an appropriate stage for a spirit; so are the woods round Athens, beneath the sheen of a mid-summer moon. Even a crowded city may not seem amiss, if we approach it in the spirit of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and remember that 'all these mirrors and upholstery cannot conceal from us the fact that this or any drawing-room is simply a section of definite space, where so many God-created souls do, for the time being, meet together.' Unfortunately, however, French authors have never shown any great capacity for representing the supernatural, and have systematically violated these fundamental rules. De Quincey has drawn our attention to the fact that French literature is too intensely steeped in French manners to admit of any influences from without, and it is evidently, therefore, unable to represent the future condition of disembodied souls apart from those manners and sentiments. Accordingly, we find Spirite, the pure and innocent soul of a young maiden who has died for the lack of the love of the hero, Guy de Malivert, employing the exceptional facilities afforded her by Providence of conversing with her lover after death (facilities, too, obtained by a fervent prayer she uttered when donning the 'funeral-veil' of the professed nun), in recounting to him her *toilettes*, and the way she did her hair.

The draught of *nepenthe* must have sadly lost its strength in these days. Perhaps some ardent prohibitionist has juggled the keepers of the gates of Hades into passing an act against the use of that cup of deep forgetfulness which was supposed to wipe out from the tablets of the soul all the pettinesses of its earthly sojourn. Or it may be that a Parisian *dévoûte* adheres so passionately to the memory of her former *confections*, that 'nor Jordan's

flood nor Death's cold stream' can make her forget her 'dress of tarlatan over white silk, trimmed with strings of pearls and blue velvet,' and 'her hair tied with bands of velvet of the same colour, twisted with pearls,' and so on.

How tantalizing, our fair readers will exclaim, how infinitely provoking to have one's mind dwell for untold centuries upon dresses which one's own good taste must apprise one cannot *always* remain in fashion, and that, too, in a world where (presumably) no dresses are needed by the spirit that is 'disentangled from the heavy day, lately so burdensome.' My dear friends, you are too hasty. Spirits appear (or, at least, Spirite does) in a 'white drapery, which seemed made of moonlight.' A 'chignon,' too, is not out of the way among these celestial denizens of the upper spheres. 'Ideal muslin' is very ordinary wear up there, which strikes us, from our knowledge of the real article, and to use a current vulgarism, rather *too* thin, and apt to require a special dispensation to provide against attacks of 'ideal rheumatism.' These costumes, however, are cheap, and we are kindly allowed to peep behind the scenes and see how they are made. Angels, it seems, are their own Worths—provided, we suppose, they have a natural talent in that direction. Spirite, 'with a little tinted vapor, reproduces her former dresses, and places the same ribbons and flowers in her hair which she used to wear.' This vapor, too (can it be in any manner allied to the Keely-motor vapor?), affords the departed soul, when tired of the music of the spheres and a close inspection of the Milky Way, with the means of taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. Fashioned into an iron-gray trotter, drawing a superb sleigh, and driven by a Russian coachman in green caftan, the useful gas whirls Spirite along the snow-covered drives, invisible to any but the hero and Madame d'Ymbercourt, a young widow who is in love with him, and of whom the dear departed was jealous while on earth, and whom she is determined to spite by taking an unfair advantage of her own demise. The drive having effected its purpose, 'horse, coachman, and vehicle drive directly through a large landau that was crossing their path, like a mist,' and Malivert and his horse are left trembling in company.

The other accomplishments of Spirite are equally marvellous. Her first manifestation to Guy is accompanied by a sigh, 'low, sweet, and aerial;' so much so, in fact, that Guy puts it down to 'the cat moaning in her sleep.' She plays the piano divinely; 'her hands no longer pretended to touch the keys, but the melodies came forth from the piano in visible waves of colour' (perhaps this is the spiritual word for chromatic scales). But it is only when they are well acquainted, that Guy has such manifestations as these allowed to him.

At first a sigh, a whisper, an invisible power that compels him to write down Spirite's confession with his own pen, is all he is permitted to experience. Then a delicate hand, the 'supple, patrician wrist disappearing in a mist of laces,' signals and beckons him, and at last she is made visible to him both in her natural shape and in the all-efulgent glory of the traditional budding wings and glorious robes of light. She describes to him her home in the spirit-world. 'The atmosphere was a shimmering light, shining like a dust of diamonds. I soon perceived that each grain of this dazzling dust was a soul. . . I rushed in a second through millions of miles across the flashings of auroras, rainbow reflections, irradiations of gold and silver, diamond phosphorescence, starry dartings.' This is the heaven of a Parisian scene-painter, and its inhabitants are still steeped to the core, as we have seen, with Parisian sentiment. How different from the way in which true genius depicts the disembodied spirit, freed of all touch or taint of race, dropping the conventional exterior of its mind at the same moment that it loses the encumbrance of its body! Listen to Richter's 'Dream of the Universe'—Richter, who was called by Taine a Jack Pudding: 'Two thoughts are the wings with which I fly: the thought of *here* and the thought of *there*. . . I looked, and in a moment came a twilight,—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy,—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of the stars. . . Then mine eyes were opened, and I saw that darkness had become light and light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of creation were filled with the sea of light; and in this sea the suns floated like ash-grey blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds.'

It is enough; the poet has spoken, and his conception embraces the whole universe. This picture is a *whole*; the French *littérateur* gives you instead a jumble of white, blue, and green stars, mixed up with a network of pyrotechnics.

The mundane part of the tale is sufficiently interesting. The writer evidently respects the privileges of rank, as we see by his description of the Duchess, who looked very grand, although 'painted with entire disregard of all illusion.' The remark that 'no one passing the Duke in the street could have doubted his rank for an instant,' is worthy of Lothair; but we think no Duke would care to have his figure likened to the 'lengthened lines of a greyhound of high pedigree.' Neither do we think the Parisian youth would care to vouch for the correctness of Spirite's delineation of their ways and their manners. Some melancholy youths, it seems, cast passionate and crushing looks at her by stealth. Others,

again, 'heaved deep sighs.' Yet another set, 'more bold, ventured a few moral and poetic phrases on the felicity of a well-assorted union! Bold! We should think so! The gay young dogs! If this is the ardent way young Parisians lay siege to ladies' hearts, no wonder mothers and fathers find it necessary to exercise so much surveillance over their daughters. There is no knowing what a young man might not do with a few 'well-assorted moral and poetic phrases' of this nature.

The translation is apparently well done, as far, at least, as we can judge without having the original before us. 'Singing as falsely as possible the airs which they cannot make out to remember,' is the only glaring fault we have noticed.

NICHOLAS MINTURN: 'A STUDY IN A STORY. Author of 'Seven Oaks,' 'Arthur Bonnicastle,' etc. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

Dr. Holland is an interesting and suggestive writer on public topics; but 'Nicholas Minturn' is hardly a book that will advance his reputation as a novelist. As a story, it is decidedly less interesting than 'Seven Oaks,' and the characters to whom we are introduced are hardly of a higher type. Nicholas the hero,—tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look,—is a young man so inane in the beginning of the book, that not even the prospect of an European tour can rouse him into anything like animation. Fortunately, however, a catastrophe at sea and falling in love with a beautiful invalid whose life he saves, make a man of him, and he suddenly blossoms out into a generous and judicious philanthropist, able to see the defects of all existing charities, and to suggest the necessary reforms, to which, however, he meets with but a cold response. His own private schemes, conceived and worked out with surprising wisdom for so young a reformer, turn out as successful as they deserve to be, and the book ends with a little ovation from his pauper *protégés*. As a contrast to the simple, genuine character of Nicholas, we have Mr. Benson, a type very similar to that of Mr. Belcher in 'Seven Oaks,' except that the present specimen is not quite such an unnatural and unmitigated villain. He is introduced as the 'model man,' and we follow his inward history to see a calculating selfishness and greed of gain sapping the springs of rectitude and deadening the voice of conscience, till in the close he proves faithless to all his trusts, and barely escapes the ignominy of a criminal trial, by a suicide which passes as murder, affording at least a wholesome warning in this mammon-worshipping age, of the

depths to which a man may fall before he is aware, who has given himself up to the race for wealth. Still Mr. Benson strikes us as, at least, a somewhat exaggerated portrait, suffering very much by contrast with a character in some respects similar, Mr. Bulstrode, in 'Middelmarch.' Minturn's friend, Glezen, has more life and individuality than the hero, —though his facetiousness, too, seems a little overdrawn, even for an American. The principal female characters are less happily drawn, —indeed even the heroine gives us hardly any impression of individuality beyond the facts of her invalidism and general amiability. Miss Coates is a little better, but preternaturally analytic and philosophical; while her vulgar, well-meaning mother is decidedly the most real woman in the book, though we see and hear a little too much of her. Altogether, the story does not introduce us to very interesting people, and even the humour is rather heavy. Occasionally, too, the tone has a decidedly false ring, as for instance, in the 'rehearsal of the attitudes' for the wedding, and in such passages as the following:—

'To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a *princely* home, as its mistress, with the man she loved—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death—was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it.

'Nicholas,' said the bride, with tears in her eyes, 'you have earned that.'

'Then I have earned something better than money,' he responded.

'And you have earned me, too,' she added, clasping his arm and looking up into his eyes.'

The best thing in the book is its treatment of the problem of pauperism, and its exposure of the false philanthropy of many of the present attempts at mitigating the evil. Such passages as the following deserve careful consideration among ourselves:

'There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "helping hands" for this, that, or the other. There were asylums for orphans and half-orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with each other for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading each other's field.

'How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations, was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They

were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give.

"Why Grace," he went on, give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and, whenever we will, we may do them good, by helping them to help themselves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives.'

All that Dr. Holland says and suggests about the treatment of the pauper classes is valuable, and the plans he makes Nicholas pursue might advantageously be tried by those who are desirous of elevating the masses. In this respect the book, it may be hoped, will have a wide and beneficial influence.

EVERGREEN LEAVES: BEING NOTES FROM MY TRAVEL BOOK. By Toofie. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

This is a book of the useful information kind—a well intended attempt to impart a good deal of knowledge about things not generally known, under the very thin guise of a very slight story. It is evidently meant to prepare the minds of youthful tourists for profiting to the utmost by prospective travels in England and Scotland, and for this purpose it may serve to some extent as a handbook to be used upon the spot, since to remember a tithe of the historical and archaeological information with which the volume is stored, would be as serious a tax on the memory as 'Mangnall's Questions.' The characters in the slight thread of story which acts as the sugar-coating of the more instructive portion of the book, are of the type usual in works which convey information by the asking and answering of questions; their individuality is not more striking than that of lay-figures in general, unless we except 'Artist Annie,' who is usually to be found sketching ruins or doing something in character with the soubriquet by which she is invariably designated. The perpetual recurrence of French and German phrases, which is some-

what irritating to the ordinary reader, is doubtless intended as a little useful practice in these languages, otherwise they might possibly suggest a little affectation in the users of them. It is always to be remembered, however, that the book is intended to be profitable rather than entertaining, although it is by no means destitute of the latter quality, a fact for which we can vouch from experience and observation. Perhaps we can best illustrate its general character by the following extract, premising that archaeology is evidently the author's strong point. Elise the '*chroniclerin*' *loquitur* :

'These fair domains,' said Elise, 'of which Naworth is the baronial seat, have been in the possession of four Border families, and have descended three times by female inheritance. Henry II. bestowed the Gilsland barony upon Hubert de Vallibus or de Vaux, of Tryernain. Maud de Vaux, heiress of her family, married Thomas de Multon, of Asker-ton, thus uniting the estates of the two families. Maud de Multon brought the estates to the Dacres, whose seat was Dacre Castle, now used as a farm-house.

'This once powerful family had their name from exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre, during the Crusades in the time of Cœur de Lion; the name was originally written D'Acre. The last Lord Dacre was killed when a boy, leaving three sisters joint heiresses, and the estates and titles again descended by female inheritance. The second sister died; Anne, the eldest, married Philip, Earl of Arundel, and Elizabeth, his brother, Lord William Howard, "Belted Will," the sons of that Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth for the attempt to release and marry Mary Stuart. The estates were for many years forfeited to the crown; after long delay they were restored—the baronies of Burgh and of Greystock were given to Arundel, and the barony of Gilsland to Lord William Howard; but even after this judgment was given in favour of the heiresses, possession was withheld for several years, and poor Arundel never enjoyed his position; he was imprisoned eight years, and finally died by poison.'

From this specimen it will be seen how richly the book is stored with information calculated to give a warmer interest in visiting the places described, although the enthusiastic young reader must be warned that travelling companions so high-toned, accomplished, and universally informed at Mr. Hopetoun, Elise, Fred, and 'Artist Annie,' are by no means to be met with every day. Perhaps it is as well, as their superior culture is occasionally just a little oppressive. The following little scrap of conversation, also from the encyclopædic Elise, might change places with the passage from Goldsmith quoted by the

mouse or the griffin, we forget which, in 'Alice in Wonderland' :—

'They are descended from Gospatrie, Earl of Northumberland,' said Elise, 'who was related through his mother with Gospatrie the Great, and a daughter of his house married one of the Christian family so prominent in the Isle of Man. Gospatrie the Great was a descendant of King Ethelred through his mother Elgiva, daughter of that King; the family was connected with the Nevilles, and Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was the common ancestor of three Queens, Catharine Parr, Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth Tudor.'

After this specimen of the erudition of Canadian young ladies, who will venture to assert that 'higher education' is neglected among us?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- RAINSFORD'S SERMONS AND BIBLE READINGS. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- NORMAN STANLEY'S CRUSADE: Or, The Dunkin Act in Turnipham. By Arthur W. Moore. Montreal: John Dougall & Son. 1877.
- BENNER'S PROPHECIES OF FUTURE UPS AND DOWNS IN PRICES. WHAT YEARS TO MAKE MONEY ON PIG-IRON, HOGS, CORN, AND PROVISIONS. By Samuel Benner, An Ohio Farmer. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- STATUTES OF CANADA. 40 Victoria, 1877. Vols. 1 and 2. Ottawa: Printed by Brown Chamberlain, Law Printer to the Queen. 1877.
- THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD, according to Revelation and Science. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.
- AMERICAN HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS: Accompanied with numerous illustrations from original designs, and colored maps. By G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- DOMESTIC EXPLOSIVES, AND OTHER SIXTH COLUMN FANCIES. (From the New York Times). By W. L. Alden. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., 1877.
- WHAT DO WE OWE TO THE REFORMATION. By Rev. J. C. Ryle M.A. London: John F. Shaw & Co., 1877.
- AMERICAN ADDRESSES, with a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- LIGHT: A series of simple, entertaining, and inexpensive experiments in the Phenomena of Light, for the use of students of every age. By Alfred M. Mayer and Charles Barnard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS. By Grant Allen, B.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, &c. Historically and Scientifically considered. By W. B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1877.
- OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN. By the author of 'Helen's Babies.' Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

militia and six hundred Indians, and reached Swan Creek, a short distance from Frenchtown, on the evening of the 21st January.—At daybreak on the 22nd the British force commenced the attack, and, after a severe contest in which both sides lost heavily, the United States force surrendered. General Winchester was captured some time before the final surrender by the Wyandot chief Roundhead, and conducted by his captor to Colonel Proctor. The British loss in this action amounted to twenty-four killed, and thirteen officers and one hundred and fifty-eight men wounded. The United States forces had upwards of two hundred men killed, and one general, three field officers, nine captains, twenty subalterns, twenty-seven sergeants, and four hundred and thirty-five rank and file taken prisoners. The glory of this gallant exploit was unfortunately tarnished by the massacre, on the following day, of a number of wounded prisoners. An alarm having been raised that General Harrison was approaching, the Indians, as was but too often the case under similar circumstances, disencumbered themselves of their prisoners by killing them. In acknowledgment of his success upon this occasion, Sir George Prevost, as commander-in-chief in British North America, promoted Colonel Proctor to the rank of Brigadier General, a promotion which was subsequently confirmed by the Prince Regent.—On the 6th of February, two companies of riflemen, under Captain Forsythe, crossed the St. Lawrence and made a raid upon Brockville. After wounding a militia sentry, and firing into a number of houses, the enemy retired, carrying away with them fifty-two of the inhabitants as prisoners. Amongst the prisoners were several elderly gentlemen who had retired from the militia retaining their rank, and

whose names were paraded by their captors as two majors, three captains, and two lieutenants of Canadian militia taken prisoners.—February 22nd. With a view to put a stop to these predatory incursions from the United States' side of the river, an attack was made by the garrison of Prescott, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell, upon the village of Ogdensburgh. The troops moved across the river upon the ice, and, after a sharp contest, drove the enemy from the village with a loss of twenty men killed and a considerable number wounded. Four brass field-pieces, seven pieces of iron ordnance, several hundred stand of arms, and a considerable quantity of stores, fell into the hands of the British, who lost seven killed, and seven officers (including Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell) and forty-one men wounded. After having destroyed two small schooners and two gunboats, Colonel McDonnell retired to his quarters at Prescott.—April 27th. The United States squadron of sixteen vessels, under Commodore Chauncey, having on board 2500 troops commanded by General Dearborn, appeared in the early morning off York, and soon bore down upon Gibraltar Point and the western flank of the town. Major-General Sheaffe, who commanded the British forces in Upper Canada, at once detached Captain McNeil at the head of two companies of the 8th, supported by two hundred of the militia and some Indians under Colonel Givens, to keep the enemy at bay so as to give time to destroy the public property and prepare for retreat upon Kingston. The United States troops disembarked at the mouth of the Humber under cover of a heavy fire from the fleet, which killed Captain McNeil and the greater part of his grenadiers, who were drawn up in line on the top of the bank. The United States riflemen,

under Captain Forsyth, pushed forward under shelter of the trees and covered the landing of General Pike's division of about one thousand men. The British force, having already sustained a heavy loss, and being so greatly outnumbered, slowly fell back upon the town. General Pike pushed steadily forward, and early in the afternoon found himself in front of the old French fort, which his troops at once proceeded to occupy. Before, however, the defence had entirely ceased, a tremendous explosion took place, and friend and foe were enveloped in one common destruction. This catastrophe put an end to the contest, which cost the British force 62 killed and 72 wounded, besides Lieut.-Colonel Chewett and 293 of the militia who were compelled to surrender prisoners of war. The loss of the United States troops, caused mainly by the explosion of the magazine, was much heavier: upwards of 320 men were killed and wounded, General Pike being amongst the number. During the advance of the enemy, General Sheaffe had destroyed a ship which was on the stocks, the dockyard, and such stores as could not be taken away; and having despatched, under escort, all the stores which could be removed, had himself followed with the remainder of his forces, and commenced his retreat to Kingston. The United States troops burned the halls and offices used by the Legislature and Courts of Justice; destroyed the library, and all the papers and records, including the library of the town; robbed the church, and plundered private property to a considerable extent. A few of the books belonging to the public library were returned by Commodore Chauncey, but by far the greater part were taken away or destroyed.—May 2nd. The United States forces evacuated York.—April 23rd. General Proctor, in further-

ance of his plan of attacking General Harrison's force in detail, assembled his forces and set out for the Miami, hoping to arrive there before some considerable reinforcements which were expected by General Harrison could reach that officer. He ascended the river, and arrived opposite Fort Meigs on the 28th, his force at that time amounting to about 520 regulars, 400 militia, and nearly 1200 Indians.—On the 5th May, Brigadier-General Clay, who had arrived with two battalions, assaulted the British batteries and carried them, but, having been drawn into a pursuit by the Indians, was cut off by General Proctor's main body, and, after a sharp action, the greater portion of the assailants were killed or captured. The loss of the enemy was over seven hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners (nearly five hundred prisoners were taken); the British loss was comparatively trifling, amounting to fifteen killed and forty-five wounded. The Indians and militia, however willing to engage in the active duties of a campaign, were ill fitted for the steady drudgery of ordinary siege operations, and, consequently, notwithstanding his recent success, General Proctor found himself compelled to relinquish his attempt upon Fort Meigs. He accordingly raised the siege, but was allowed to carry off his guns and stores without molestation. The main object of the attack had, however, been attained, as General Harrison found himself unable to commence offensive operations until he could receive reinforcements.—After his successful attack upon Toronto, General Dearborn prepared for an attack upon Fort George; and, having obtained reinforcements from Sackett's Harbour, commenced operations on the 26th of May, when Fort Niagara opened a heavy cannonade upon Fort George, by which the latter

fort sustained considerable damage. The fire was resumed on the morning of the 27th, aided by the guns of the United States fleet, which covered the landing of the enemy. For three hours General Vincent gallantly opposed the enemy, but, finding it useless longer to resist a force which greatly outnumbered his own, and which was, moreover, supported by the guns of a powerful fleet, he at length ordered the guns to be spiked and the magazine to be blown up. He then commenced a retreat, in excellent order, to Queenston, leaving to the United States troops a dismantled fortress and a few damaged houses. On the day following General Vincent withdrew the garrison from Fort Erie and his other outposts, and continued his retreat to Forty-Mile Creek. The British loss on this occasion was 52 killed and about 300 wounded and missing. The loss of the United States troops is stated at 39 killed and 111 wounded.—On the 5th of May, Sir James Yeo, a British naval officer, had arrived at Quebec with several officers of the royal navy and four hundred and fifty seamen. Captains Barclay, Pring, and Finnis, who had come overland from Halifax, were already busily engaged at Kingston in putting the fleet into a state of preparation to meet the enemy. The Governor-General accompanied Sir James Yeo to Kingston, with a view to immediate offensive operations.—May 27th. Sir James Yeo, having completed his preparations, the British fleet of seven vessels, mounting about one hundred guns, sailed from Kingston, having on board nearly one thousand troops, under the immediate command of the Governor-General, Sir George Prevost, who had with him Colonel Baynes, Adjutant-General. The 28th was spent in reconnoitering. On the 29th the troops were landed, and, led on by Colonel

Baynes, soon compelled the enemy to retire to cover of his forts and block-houses. The barracks and a new frigate on the stocks were set on fire by the British troops; and General Brown, who commanded the United States forces, believing his position untenable, gave orders to destroy the public buildings and naval stores. At this crisis, when a complete victory was almost gained, Sir George Prevost directed the withdrawal of the troops, thus snatching the fruits of victory from his own forces, and enabling the United States troops to return and save from destruction a considerable amount of public property. The British loss in this affair was one officer and forty-seven men killed, twelve officers and nearly two hundred men wounded and missing.—June 5th. The British advanced pickets fell back from Stony Creek owing to the near approach of the United States forces from Fort George. General Vincent having, upon the advice of Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, Deputy Adjutant-General, decided to make a night attack upon the United States troops, moved up about eleven o'clock in the evening with the 49th and part of the 8th regiments, altogether about seven hundred men. Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, who had previously reconnoitred the position, led the attack with his usual gallantry, and completely surprised the enemy, who, besides their loss in killed and wounded, had two brigadier-generals (Chandler and Winder), seven officers, and one hundred and sixteen men taken prisoners. Three guns, a brass howitzer, and three tumbrils also fell into the hands of the British. General Vincent withdrew his force before daylight lest the discovery of his numerical inferiority should not only neutralize the effect his spirited attack had produced, but encourage the enemy to risk an action which, in view of his superior

numbers, could hardly fail to be disastrous to his opponent. The British loss in this affair was heavy, amounting to one officer and twenty-two men killed, twelve officers and one hundred and fifteen men wounded, and fifty-five men missing ; but the effect upon the enemy, who were thereby thrown back to the frontier and reduced from an offensive to a defensive force, compelled to depend upon their own resources, can hardly be overestimated. In the morning the United States troops re-occupied their camp, but only remained in it long enough to destroy their tents and stores, after which they commenced a retreat to Forty-Mile Creek, where the British fleet found them on the 7th, and on the following morning opened fire and summoned them to surrender. Although declining to surrender, the United States commander thought it prudent to fall back upon Fort George. Supported by the fleet, the British force pressed upon their rear, and the fleet captured twelve batteaux, containing officers' baggage and stores.—June 23rd. Lieut.-Colonel Børstler, of the United States army, was despatched from Fort George with the 14th United States Infantry, two field-guns, and some dragoons, amounting together to a little over six hundred men, to surprise the British outpost at the Beaver Dam. The expedition was planned and the men were assembled with rapidity and secrecy ; but, in spite of the precautions taken, the object and destination of the expedition became known to a few persons, amongst whom was James Secord, a militiaman, who had been severely wounded at Queenston. Secord, crippled by his wounds, was unable to move, but his wife, Mary, animated by the love of her country, undertook a mission which a man, strictly guarded as the lines of the United States army were, could hardly hope to

accomplish. With womanly tact, she threw the United States sentry off his guard, passed the lines, and, once in the woods, made her way rapidly, and reached the British outpost by nightfall. Her errand was soon communicated to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, who at once made his own preparations, and notified Major de Haren. At daybreak on the 24th Børstler's force encountered Kerr's Mohawks. Kerr, not having more than thirty Indians, had recourse to the tactics of his countrymen, and hung upon the flanks and rear of his enemy, inflicting such loss as he could and harassing his march. On emerging from the woods into a clearing (near the present village of Thorold) Colonel Børstler found himself confronted by Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's detachment, so placed that their weakness might not be discovered ; and upon his flanks and rear Kerr's Indians, and the few militia whom the noise of the firing had attracted from their homes, kept up an incessant but desultory attack. At this moment Fitzgibbon, whose cool, soldierlike bearing cannot fail to excite the warmest admiration, advanced with a white handkerchief and coolly proposed to Børstler that he should surrender. The United States commander, bewildered by the incessant yells of the Indians, and, as he believed, surrounded by the enemy, agreed to capitulate, and actually surrendered five hundred and twelve men, two field guns, and the colours of the 14th United States Infantry to a lieutenant of the 49th in command of a detachment of forty-six men, supported by about as many Indians and militia. Fortunately the self-command of Lieutenant Fitzgibbon never for one moment deserted him, and he, therefore, managed to prolong the arrangement of the capitulation so that by the time it was actually signed, Major de Haren had

